

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND*

December

15c

In Canada



The
Girl
in the
Spotlight
— Bette Davis

Gary Cooper's Gallant Fight for Freedom
Shirley Temple's Chum Speaks Up!



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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Next Month
SCREENLAND
Will Present
The Best Serial
Ever Written
About Hollywood
By Margaret
E. Sangster

America's noted novelist, poet, and short story writer—one of the most popular writing personalities of the day, read by millions.

We are proud and happy to announce this new serial because it is the first time Miss Sangster has ever turned her talents to a full-length fiction story about Hollywood. Noted for her penetrating short stories of modern romance, and her fine verse, she has hitherto been unpersuaded to develop the mighty theme of the magic movie capital; but SCREENLAND, convinced that no other writer in America is so perfectly equipped to portray the many moods and emotions of the colorful cinema stars, finally succeeded in signing Margaret E. Sangster to write for you a complete novel—the novel—of Hollywood. You will soon see on the screen the picturization of "Surgical Call," her last published magazine serial. Now prepare to enjoy her new novel of Hollywood, beginning in the next issue of SCREENLAND—a novel of high romance; the amazing love story of two great movie stars. You may think you can recognize them!

Remember—Margaret E. Sangster's new serial, beginning in the January issue on sale December 3rd.

December, 1935

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You're having English
breakfast with Binnie
Barnes. "Eat hearty!"

By Betty Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes

BINNIE BARNES lives in the Hollywood hills, in what she describes as a "tiny little place" on a twisty road.

Following the twisty road, I came to her number on a white terrace lined with a row of blue and yellow flower-filled pots. She has a lemon-yellow door—it reminds Binnie of a door to a cocktail room in a very swank hotel. There is a small mirror in the outside panel of the door set at a height convenient for the arriving guest. "Is my nose shining, my hat at its most becoming angle, my lipstick deep enough?"—are all problems that can be settled before the gray-haired colored man answers the doorbell.

Binnie, tall and stunning and slim, came upstairs to greet me. Her bedrooms are downstairs, as is common in hillside homes.

"We're serving our English breakfast at noon," she told me. "Over here, nobody could possibly get away with so much food in the early morning. At home it's usually so chilly you wake up hungry, but with this climate, we work up an appetite first."

"We walk," chimed in Mrs. Pat Haworth, Binnie's charming English house guest. "We never think of taking out the car."

"We're not trying to serve as huge a breakfast today as we do at home," said Binnie.

The sun was attempting a record outside, but inside the "little high house" it was delightfully cool. The living room, large and many-windowed, was done in cool tones of yellow and soft green, varied with beige and brown, the curtains of flowered blue adding the one



Binnie is a British beauty who likes good food and believes in preparing and enjoying it.

bright touch to the mellow surroundings.

"Breakfast always makes me think of a fireplace," smiled Binnie, her auburn head gilded by a sunbeam in a wide-flung window. "Here we have the fireplace, but who'd dare light a fire in it? And look at that adorable bridge table there that turns into a fire-screen and is simply crying to be used!" It's a white table, adorable indeed!

"At home we have a fireplace in every room," remembered Binnie, "but the one in your bedroom isn't likely to be lit when you waken, so it's usually dark and cold when your eyes open to find someone beside your bed with a cup of tea. That's to help you get up. Just a nice cup of tea and

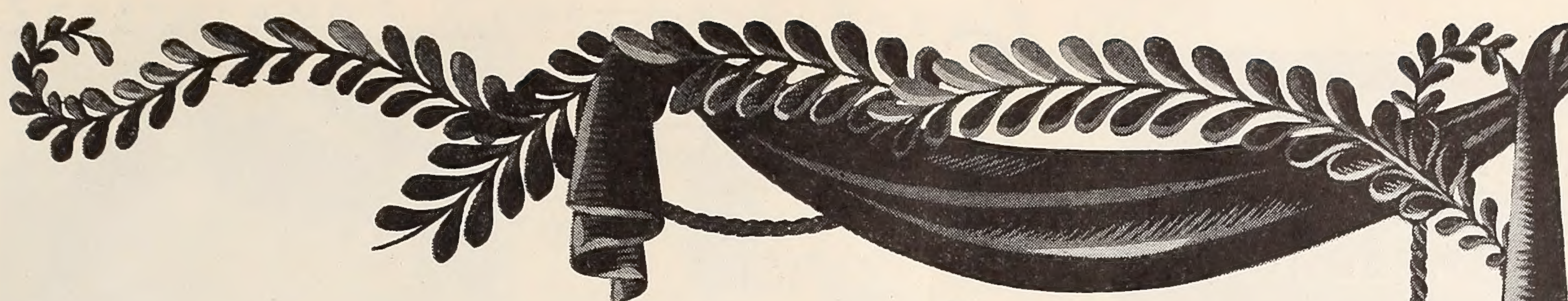
a wafer of bread-and-butter. It gives you courage to climb out of bed."

"The thing I like about the cup of tea at the bedside is the nice china it comes in," said Mrs. Pat. "I think one of the secrets of a successful hostess is her china. It helps make the food attractive."

"Coming back to fireplaces," went on Binnie, "in the dining room there's always a fire burning. Well, maybe not in summer, but I always think of breakfast in winter or fall. We grab the newspaper and huddle over the fire. We drag the table as close to it as we can get, or perhaps we take our plates and sit on the hearth. Anyway, we eat a bit, read a bit, and roast a bit!"

"Did you ever taste a smoked haddock, cooked in milk with a little chopped onion, and served with a poached egg on top? My dear, you haven't lived!"

"If it's a country house, the food is served spread out on the buffet in dishes that (Continued on page 89)



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remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . .
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production ever done in talking pictures."

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FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

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By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

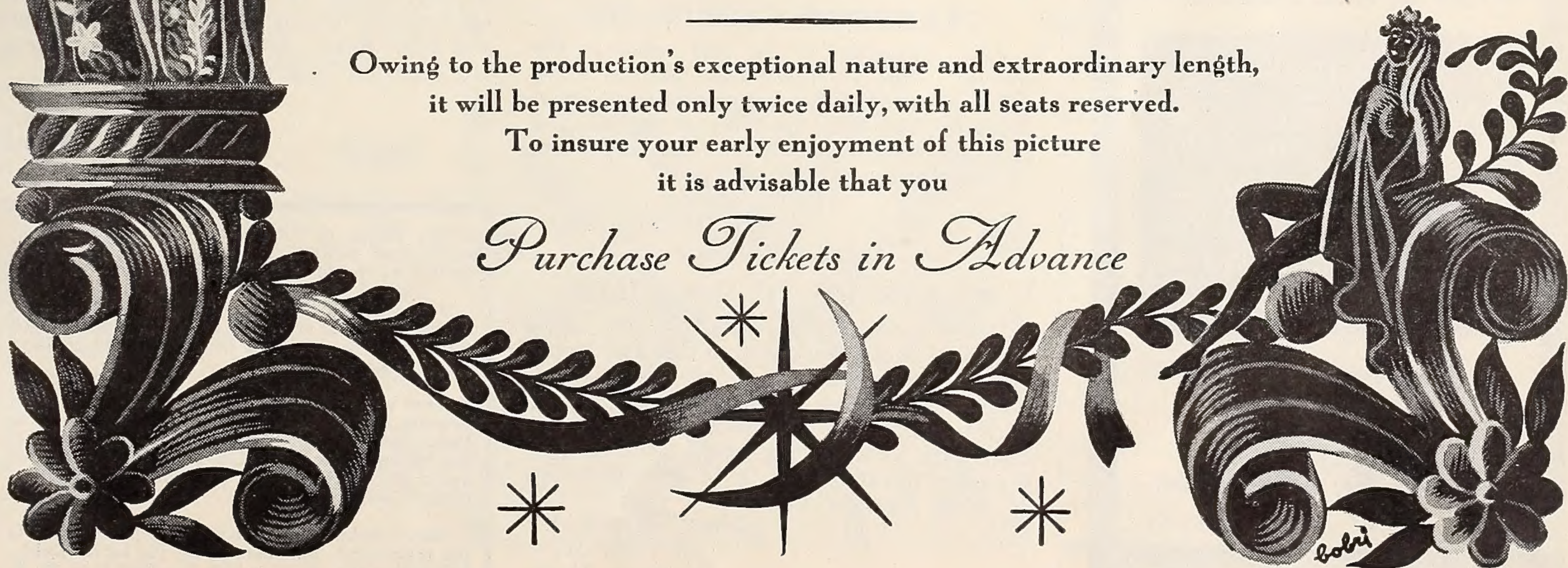
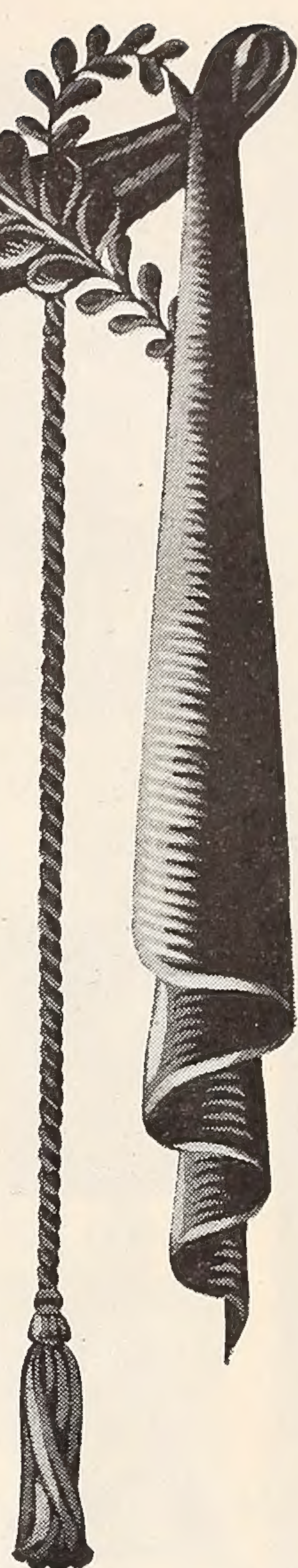
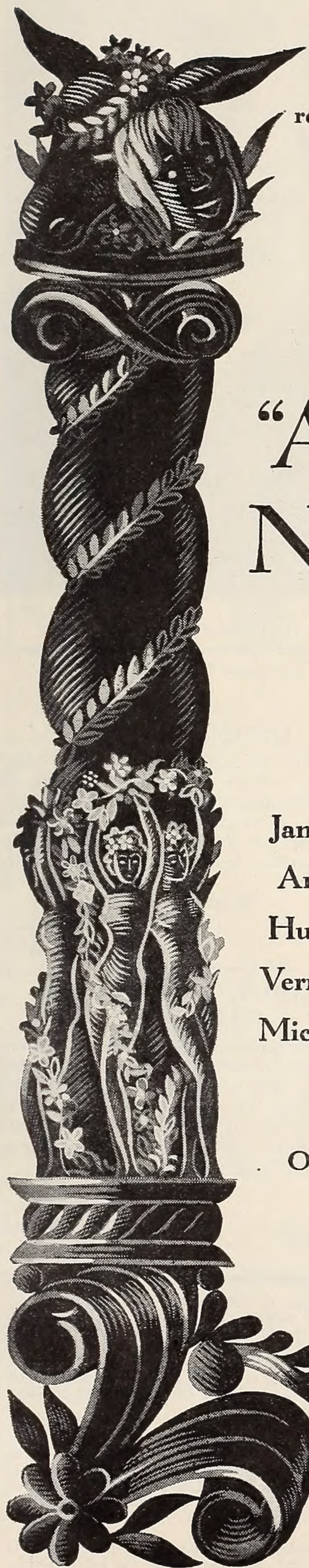
James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

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*New York to London
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FEAT IN ALL HISTORY*

GB THANKS

Walter Huston • George Arliss for graciously contributing portrayals of the President of the U. S. and the Prime Minister of England . . .

*Directed by MAURICE ELVEY
COMING SOON*

A  *Production*
* Courtesy of M. G. M.

Salutes and Snubs

Where the readers tell the world the public's opinion of stars and films. Let's hear from you!

THE SHIRLEY BUDGET PLAN

As long as Shirley Temple is allowed to spend only a quarter of her weekly personal budget of \$4.25 for candy, all is serene on the Beckwith waterfront! My daughter thought a quarter a week was "simply terrible" until she heard about Shirley's allowance.

Mrs. F. K. Beckwith,
6300-14th N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

A DIG AT MR. DISNEY

Who Killed Cock Robin, anyway? In my opinion none other than Walt Disney himself. Puleese, Mr. Disney, leave the ribaldry and sophistication to Mae West and return to the naïve fantasy that has made you justly famous.

W. Ward Wright,
R. R. #3,
Logansport, Ind.

WHAT! NO MUSTACHE?

First to grow a mustache was Ricardo Cortez. Next came Clark Gable, then Maurice Chevalier—and now our own Jack Oakie. What are we coming to? Ah, there, Baby LeRoy, and how's your mustache coming along?

Jeanne Hayner,
25 Birch St.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

CRAWFORD CARRIES ON

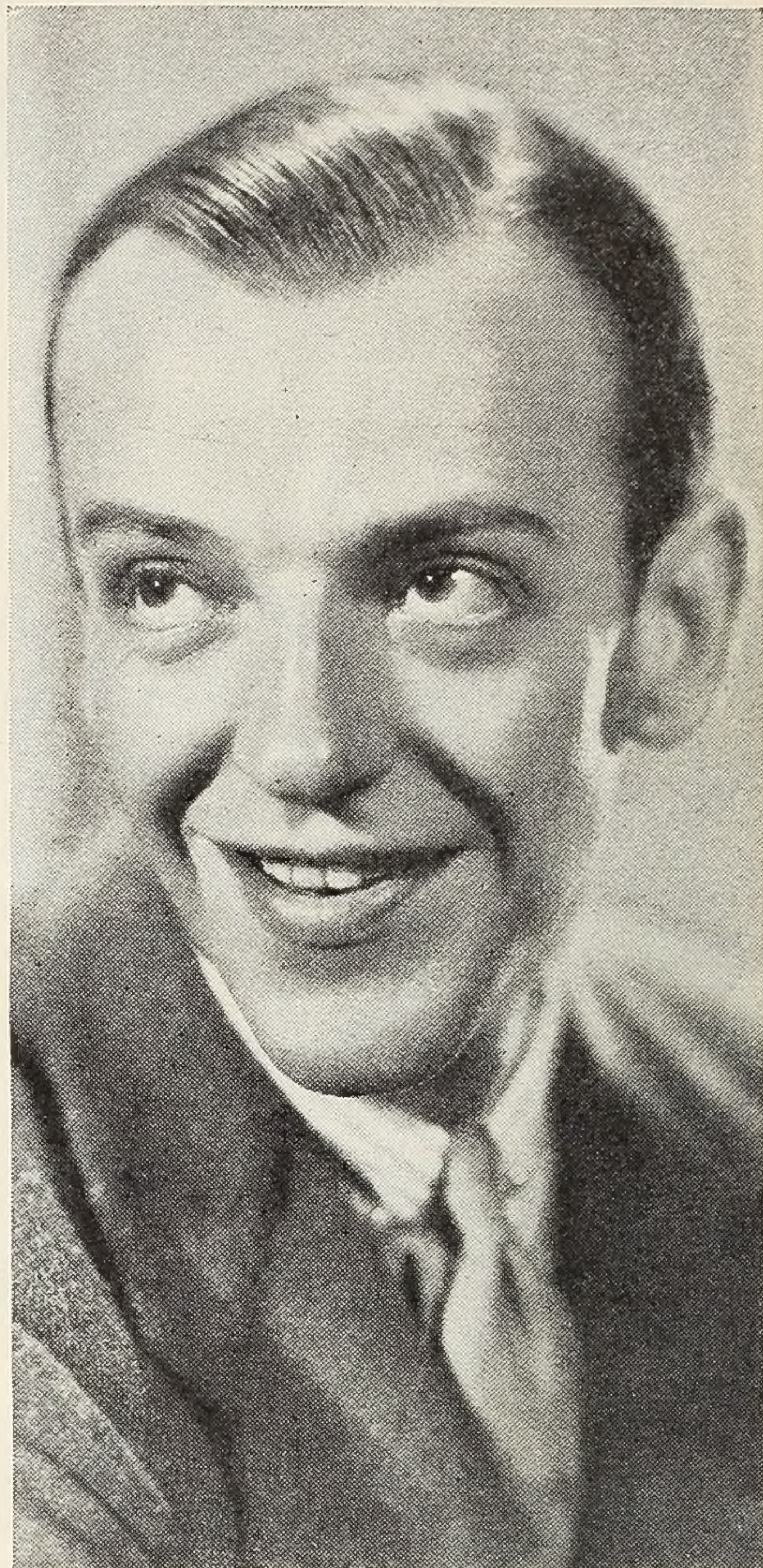
Joan Crawford is the best sport in the movies. She certainly can take it. I've read slam after slam regarding her facial make-up, but Joan has the courage to take them all without a murmur and keep right on making-up as she pleases.

Helen Benker,
North Attleboro, Mass.

WANTS 'EM TO GO WILDE

After seeing the teamwork of the man-with-the-cheshire-cat-grin, (Edward Everett Horton), and the very-much-alive-young-man, (Ross Alexander), in "Going Highbrow," I wonder someone does not cast them in something good. Aren't they born for the two leads in "The Importance of Being Earnest"?

Mary Barger,
40 Park St.,
Brockton, Mass.



Here's Fred Astaire giving another "command" performance. He's at the top of our page by readers' request.

UNANIMOUS!

Up to this writing I've seen "Top Hat" four times. Fred and Ginger make all troubles and cares float away like a bubble. Garbo and Dietrich place the burdens of the world on our shoulders, so for that it's good-to-be-alive feeling give me Astaire and Rogers.

Mildred Sheridan,
1591 Dorchester Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

TIP (BUT GOOD) FROM CANADA

Our Governor-General elect, John Buchan, is a celebrated novelist. I would very much like to see the greatest of his published works, "Witch Wood," on the screen. The ideal lovers would be Katharine Hepburn and John Beal. Wouldn't everyone like to see a second "Little Minister"?

Patricia Kelley,
12 Freeman Place,
Hamilton, Ontario

This forum of interesting, and enlightening, opinion on everything pertaining to pictures, is written by the film-goers themselves.

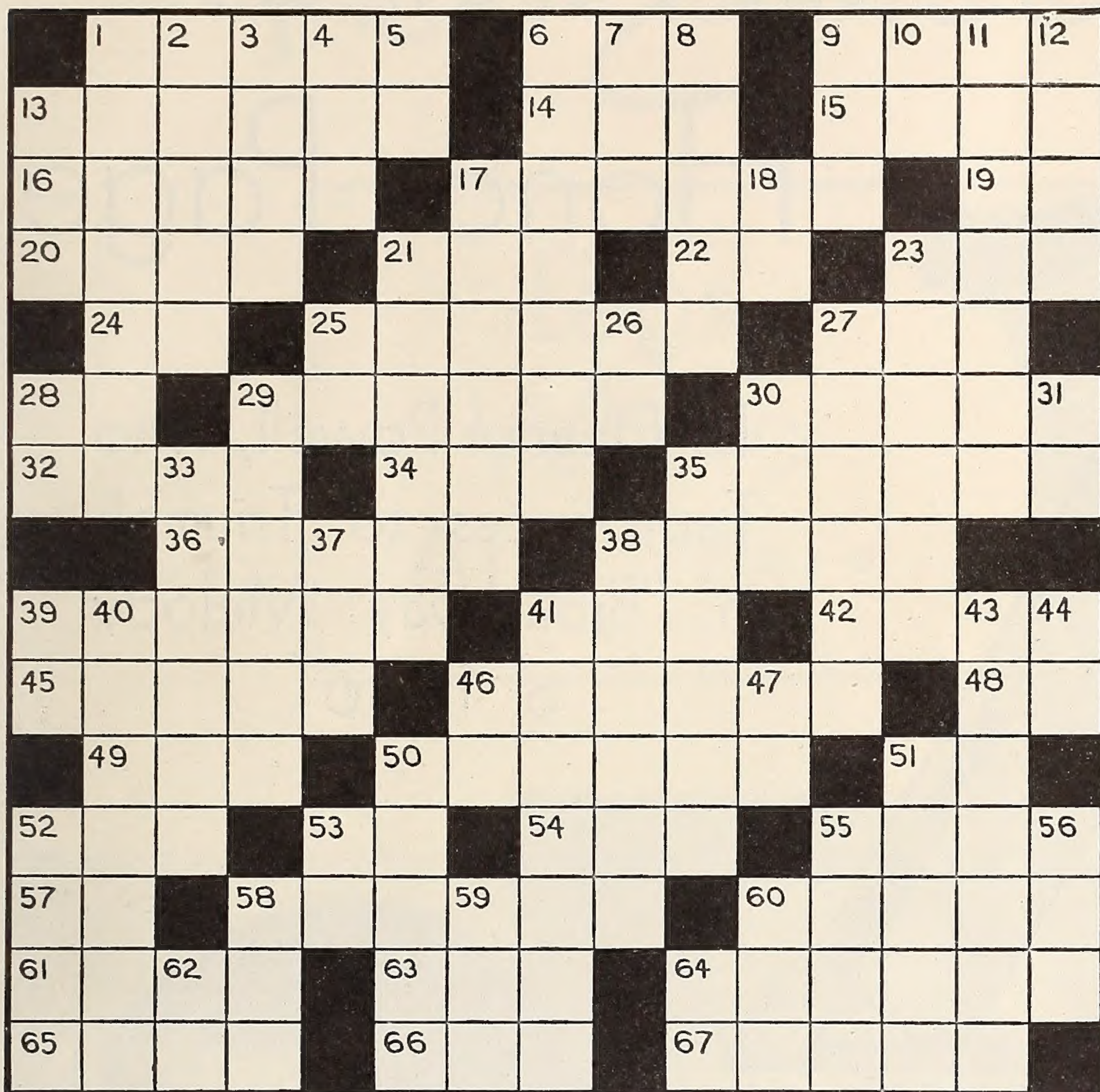
Here you will find discussed a wide variety of subjects, critical estimates of stars, directors, and pictures, with a zest that comes from the courage of conviction.

Have you an opinion to express, a Salute to a favorite, or a Snub for something you don't like about some recent picture or performance? If you have—please send it in, and make your views heard in Hollywood and everywhere that screen-interest exists.

Please make your letters brief, (fifty words is the maximum), and mail them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Team-mate of late Marie Dressler
6. What you do at a sad picture
9. To keep
13. Bill Powell's ex-wife
14. Possessive pronoun
15. A singing star uses her talent on this
16. Get up
17. Becky Sharp
19. The husband of Mrs.
20. Pleading
21. A sailor
22. Canadian province (abbrev.)
23. Encountered
24. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
25. Leading lady in "Black Fury"
27. What a sheep would say in a talkie
28. One
29. Contradicted
30. The Farmer who Takes a Wife
32. Part of scenery in a Western
34. Aviatrix in "Wings in The Dark"
35. Bumped
36. Joby Ralston's husband
38. Semi-precious stone
39. Polished, as shoes
41. State in which movies are made (abbrev.)
42. Condition of tide
45. Brought forcibly (as to court)
46. Stirred up
48. Therefore
49. Of the matter, in law
50. Naughty Marietta's hero
51. Mountain peak (abbrev.)
52. To find the sum of
53. Exclamation
54. Bebe Daniels' husband
55. Star of "No More Ladies"
57. Prefix meaning two
58. Succession of related things
60. Comedienne of beloved memory
61. In
63. To deface
64. Star of "The Scarlet

Pimpernel"

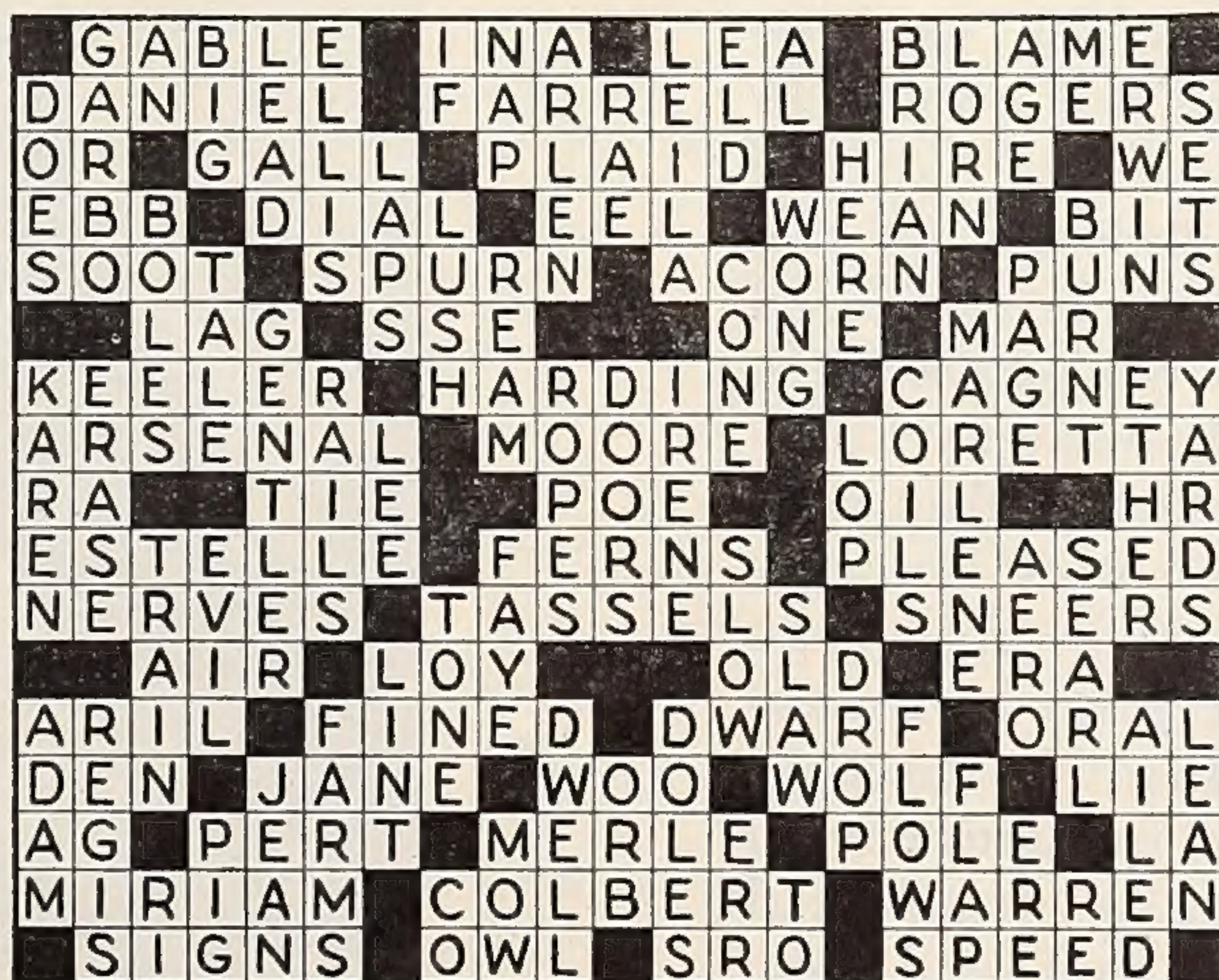
65. Conceited stars have too much of these
66. Insect
67. Passageway in the theatre

DOWN

1. Star of "The Devil Is A Woman"
2. Projecting window
3. Girl's name
4. Malt liquor
5. Compass point (abbrev.)
6. "Curly Top"
7. Over (poetic)
8. Salty
9. What every actor thinks he is not
10. Either
11. Soft drink
12. Move quickly
13. Brimless hat
17. Star of "Page Miss Glory"
18. Since
21. Rang mournfully
23. Loose cloak
25. Pronoun
26. Widower of Lilyan Tashman
27. Charles Ruggles' comedy team-mate

28. Part of to be
29. Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim"
30. In behalf of
31. Public notice (abbrev.)
33. Glided over water
35. Ruby Keeler's husband
37. Guided
38. Brings about
39. Be still!
40. Co-star of "Peter Ibbertson"
41. Star of "She Married Her Boss"
43. Co-star of "Top Hat"
44. River in Italy
46. Note of the scale
47. Printer's measure
50. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
51. Chaste
52. The boy with the Irish Rose
53. Pronoun
55. Parts of the face
56. Comic actor in "George White's 1935 Scandals"
58. Ship's call for help
59. Saladin in "The Crusades"
60. Me, in a French version
62. Toward
64. Exclamation of triumph

Answer
to
Last
Month's
Puzzle



"Reduced 37 POUNDS with DILEX-REDUSOLS"

writes Mrs. H. H. LANGLEY



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Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols...the absolutely harmless capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed. Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions...physicians will tell you it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

Remember you reduce 12 pounds...or no cost!

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Enclosed find \$3.00 for which please send, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.

Send one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 (plus 23c. postage).

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SCREENLAND

Honor Page

To Eleanor Powell, who
Tap-Dances to Triumph
in "Broadway Melody
of 1936"



Here's the New
Girl with the
Winning Grin
and the Wonder-
ful Toes. Her Taps
are Tops!

TAP, tap! Tappety-tap-tap-tap! See those toes! Watch those taps—can't count 'em, just enjoy 'em. Eleanor Powell is dancing; and not since Fred Astaire's film début has a movie audience been so electrified. This lithe, lovely girl is the modern spirit of rhythm, as much of an artist in her own way as Pavlova was. She's gay and gracious; her dancing has a sense of humor; and when she chooses she can whirl in the ballet with the best of them. It remained for Hollywood to make the world Powell-conscious, even though in her case as in Astaire's, Broadway knew and applauded her dancing in many revues. But now she has really arrived. If SCREENLAND may indulge in a prediction—and ours have a way of coming true—Eleanor Powell will have most of the girls in America rushing to take tap lessons, which leads us further to remark that this Powell girl is a good influence with her bright and breezy manner, her quite unaffected charm, and her whole-souled devotion to the dance.



The Editor's Page.



An Open Letter to Marlene

DEAR Dietrich:

So you're going into the Great Silence!

No more vulgar publicity. No more interviews. No more fun in public. After all the excitement you caused at Carole Lombard's party, too—or was it *your* party? You'll remember you arrived in shorts, though most of the guests wore slacks, or skirts; and somehow the infamous photographers actually followed you around and took pictures. It's Hollywood's strangest coincidence, how you hate publicity and how you always get it.

And now—the retreat. The ice. The new act. Dietrich is To Be Aloof. No more interviews. No more reporters. And where have we heard *that* before?

It isn't as though you can't take care of yourself in encounters with the Press. I remember when I saw you in New York, upon your return from that European vacation. Gorgeous, glittering, glamorous, looking the utter woman of the world; but underneath, I thought, somehow devilishly amusing, and darned real. You proved it. As it happened, your new ring, acquired in Paris, was up for discussion—an amazing red, white, and blue—ruby, diamond, and sapphire affair, sparkling on your white hand with its absurdly long finger-nails. I said: "The ring is real but what about the nails?"

Before I'd quite finished you glided over to me and in one swift gesture scratched at my hand, gently



but firmly. "See? The nails are real, too!" you said with a mean grin.

I asked for it and I got it. But what would a reporter get if he asked you about von Sternberg?

And now, the new act. You've never been a real mystery woman like Garbo, who to me proved her sincerity when in her first and only night-club appearance in years she came dressed just as she was. *You* are always arrayed even as the lilies of the field, and who has a better right than the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and

very probably in the world? But you can't suddenly hide a barrel of glamor under a bushel of bunk. You should make at least two big box-office pictures before relying solely upon your Art. Think it over. Don't forget that it's the newspapers and magazines which, admiring your beauty, have kept your lovely image alive the past two years. What? Your mind is made up?

Well, suppose I take you at your word. Suppose I don't publish one more picture of you, whether wearing shorts or swan-feathers, at anybody's party. Suppose I—what's that? Can it be a prophetic voice from out of the future, in case your next picture isn't a howling hit? Can it be saying: "Falling for publicity again, can't help it! How about using this nice new picture of Dietrich taken at the last costume party, attired simply as Eve?" Then I'll say, "Nuts to you, Marlene."

Delight Evans

ONE MINUTE

Where do all the stars go at the magic moment when their working day is done? Here is the answer as told by a famous author

YOU walk up Hollywood Boulevard. They're not on the Boulevard—not any more.

You drive down to Malibu Beach. No, they're not at the Beach.

They're not at the Fun House. And they're not at the night clubs. And they're not at the studio—working.

Here you've come all the way to Hollywood to see the big, bright movie stars, and the only stars in evidence are high above you in the blue California heavens.

Times have changed, they tell you. The stars don't go out like they used to, five, ten, fifteen years ago.

Yes, in those days, Hollywood was heralded as a second Babylon, and visitors from everywhere flocked to the film capitol for the thrill of a life-time. And got it, too. But times have changed. Now you come to Hollywood only to find that Hollywood night life snuffs out at nine o'clock sharp.

Those Hollywood crowds that you see at the Bowl—at the Race Track—and at Venice—are people from everywhere but Hollywood. The hotel is full of folk from Iowa and Washington and Wyoming staring at fellow folk from Wyoming and Washington and Iowa—and trying their durndest to recognize the stars.

Who's that couple laughing at the table opposite? Oh, no, that's not Norman Foster and Sally Blane. That's just a couple of honeymooners from Alabama.

There goes Garbo strutting her stuff in a tailored suit! No. That's not Garbo. That's a young grass widow from Kentucky.

Who's that smiling old lady in white hair, white bib and white tucker? Looks familiar enough to be May Robson. But it's not. Miss Robson is elsewhere tonight. She's out—riding. May Robson—riding? Yes, that's what they all do—at one minute after six.

That's why you don't see them around any more, except occasionally at the Brown Derby or at the Coconut Grove, or in the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt.

They're out riding. They're riding for exercise. They're riding for money. They're riding for beauty. They're riding for love. And some of them are riding—just for the ride!

You never saw so many hobby horses in your life—and you never saw such riding either!

At one minute past six—Wallace Beery slips out of his grease paint and calls for his nag.

You've all seen Wally play the part of a champ and a chump. But if you want to see him really at play, clamber aboard his hobby horse. Climb in behind him? No, climb in beside him. Wally rides a plane. It's a six-passenger cabin plane. He owns it. He runs it.



Find your favorites on the face of the big clock! Henry Wilcox, May Robson, Elissa Landi, Wally Beery, Ginger Rogers.

PAST SIX

By Beth Brown

He's a licensed pilot. He's air-minded. At Metro, where you've come to interview Wally, they tell you that he's not at the studio. But they add that if he's not on the lot, he's sure to be in one of three places: up in the air, over at the airport, or at home in his den. Here, surrounded by intricate charts, you finally corner him. He's chin-deep in thought. He's plotting new courses to conquer. That's why you don't see Wally any more up and down Hollywood Boulevard. He's up in the air, riding his hobby horse in and out of the clouds.

Richard Dix believes in riding his hobby horses down on *terra firma*. It's solid. It's safe. Yes, and it's horses.

His hobby dates back to the time he went to college to study agriculture. Fate switched his steed to stardom, and Dix bought a ranch in a lovely, peaceful California valley. Here he planned not only to plant, but to experiment. The experiment paid. He began raising horses. The horses paid. Dix had decided that when the old stage curtain went down on the life of the actor, it would not be curtains on life for Dix. No, sir. He would bow out gracefully. Outside that stage door, his hobby horse would be waiting. He would swing into its saddle, *yap giddap*, and ride the range toward home—and a profitable old age. Hobbies for health may be all very well for some. But money's a nice thing, too.

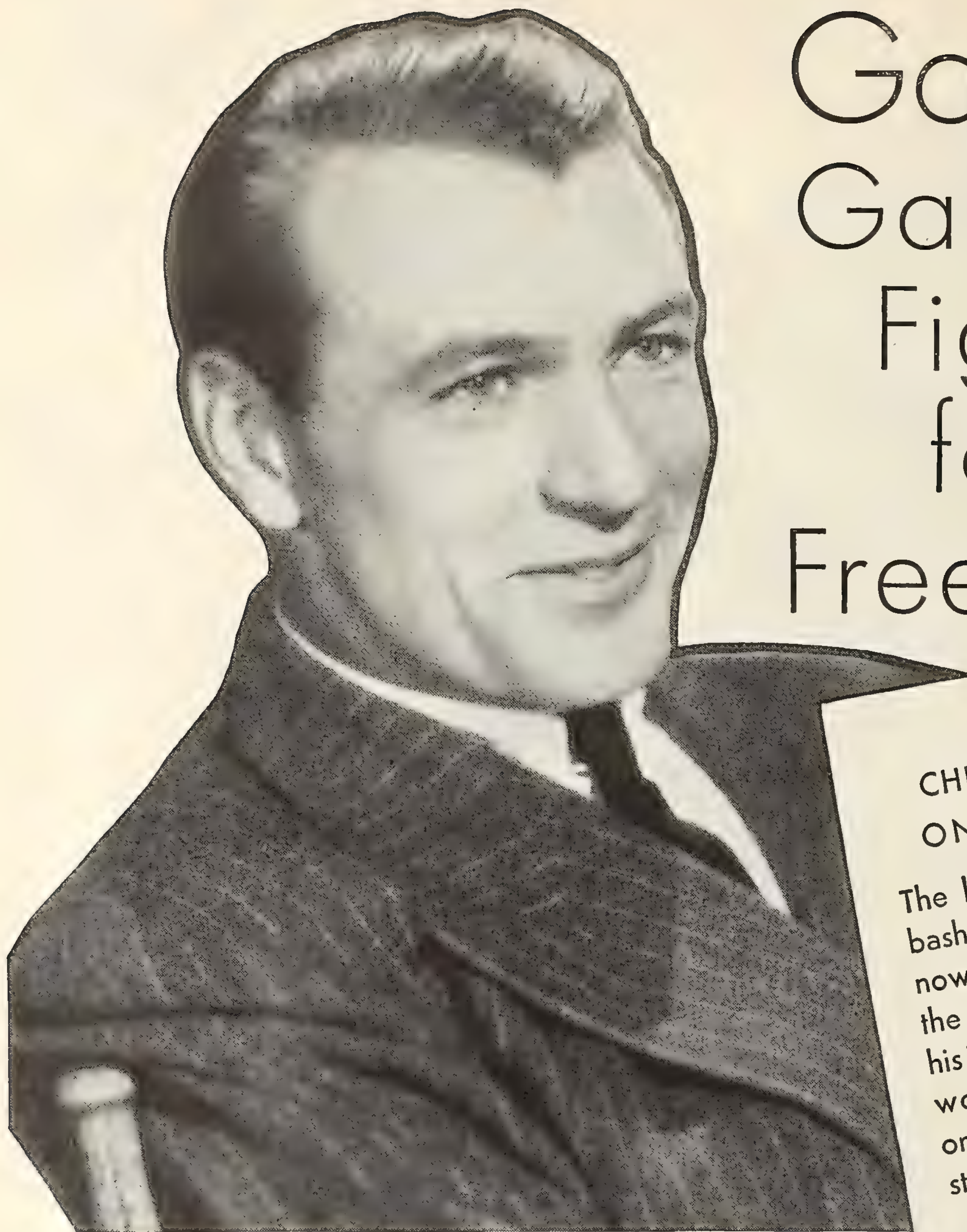
Health. Wealth. How about art for your hobby?

For years, Elissa Landi nursed a secret ambition. She wanted to write. On the lot, in the dressing-room, on location, between studying her lines and loving her mother Caroline, she was forever scribbling away at prose, at poetry.

Maybe, between scenes, there was only time for a line, maybe only for a single word, round and bright, but just the word she had been looking for all week. A word, say, as lovely as ecstasy, or as colorful as turquoise, or as rhythmical as aurora. The words gathered and grew like the beads of a necklace. Finally, they were ready to string.

She shows them to you when you go up to take tea in her big house overlooking the (Continued on page 72)

Look for Clark Gable, Richard Dix, Francis Lederer, and Claudette Colbert on the tennis court.



Gary's Gallant Fight for Freedom

CHECKING UP ON COOPER!

The battle of the once bashful Montana boy, now hailed as a man of the world, to maintain his integrity in the Hollywood spotlight makes one of the most human stories ever given you

I HAVE solved the secret of Gary Cooper's silence! Gary is so steadily, consistently reserved because he is clinging desperately to a standard he has set for himself. Against all the pressure that has been brought to bear, to make him break down and conform to the shallow cinema code of conduct, he has battled resolutely.

"A man must live a man's life!"

In a nutshell, this is Gary's personal creed. It is precisely what he is doing, in and despite Hollywood.

He isn't such an unfathomable mystery, when you discover he is reticent for a reason. In a complicated, artificial city, he remains just Gary: serenely unorthodox. The bowing to gaudy conventions blandly formulated by fantastic people, contributing to the chatter and gossip that eddies and flows—all this is something foreign to him. Deliberately, for his is a constant, gallant fight to preserve integrity as an individual.

He has grown from a bashful Montana youth into a man of the world. Cosmopolitan in tastes, informed on many things. Along the way he has dipped generously into all that life had to offer. He is no angel

and there have been times when he was foolish. But he paid for his fun and errors himself, without whimpering, without exaggerating for the grandstand. He has wanted a full, masculine whirl. And that is what he has had.

Actually, he has been too busy meeting and thrilling to exciting realities to waste his time in protestations. When Hollywood writers have panned him for being "poor copy" he has said nothing. He does not choose to make a monkey of himself for anyone. When the movie colony expected him to forget his boyhood on the great ranges of his native state, to turn blasé, he disappointed it—quietly, by simply failing to understand why he should change into a theatrical figure.

And when he came up against love he was again silent. Gary has known hectic bliss and he has experienced a lover's heartbreak. But never once has he ever let on. It wasn't being heroic. To a mind like his it was all part of a man's life.

Today he is still being pestered to parade. He should

play ball with the prying press: casually expose his innermost dreams, submit to ga-ga analyses. They declare, too, that he should play Hollywood's social game. He should spend money with carefree abandon. In short, he should devote all his waking moments to pleasing those who have something to promote.

But there is, fortunately, a stubborn streak in Gary. He is engaged in a business that depends upon the goodwill of millions of filmgoers. To them he has never been untrue. To them he is invariably thankful. In return, he insists only upon the privilege of following his credo. He thinks it is not too much to ask.

I talked to Gary very recently. He still leads with a pause. But he can open up when he wishes. At last he has conquered the terrific shyness which so long hedged him from his friends, kept him from aptly expressing his real thoughts to them.

Tall, incredibly lithe, his keen blue eyes are quizzical until he starts confiding. He told me that now his life seems to be running on a smooth keel. I listened to him speak unreservedly and I realized that if the chapters of his days were to be titled, as in an old-fashioned novel, today's would truly be headed "Content."

The first youthful miseries are over. Gary escaped none of the jars. He had to pit himself against a cruelly indifferent world and by process of experiment finally find his niche. Getting a break in pictures was no quick thing. Standing out from the crowd was no cinch. He found, though, that it was work he enjoyed. And so he stuck.

Securing his position as a favorite of the fans has been a process too difficult to attempt to trace. After all, his record of important characterizations can speak for itself. The most pertinent fact to Gary is that now, having achieved recognition, he is receiving some of the most interesting rôles of the new season.

He would like to do a play on Broadway. Not on account of nostalgia for audience applause, because he has never been on the stage. But to profit by the experience he would gain.

You used to hear that he yearned to return to ranching in Montana. There was that early period when he believed he could never comprehend Hollywood, stave off its flashiness. But now he is permanently settled, although no less fond of the outdoors and vacationing close to nature.

Gary has definitely acquired a true zeal for the profession which has smiled upon him. In the beginning he merely walked through his assignments. It was all he could do then. He was green, abashed, untutored in acting technique.

Now time has made him skilled in his craft, though he asserts he has yet a great deal to master. But a script has stopped being a strange hazard. It is the formula for a drama which he must help bring alive, which is to be examined sagely for all the strong elements a good emotional screen story needs.

By Ben Maddox

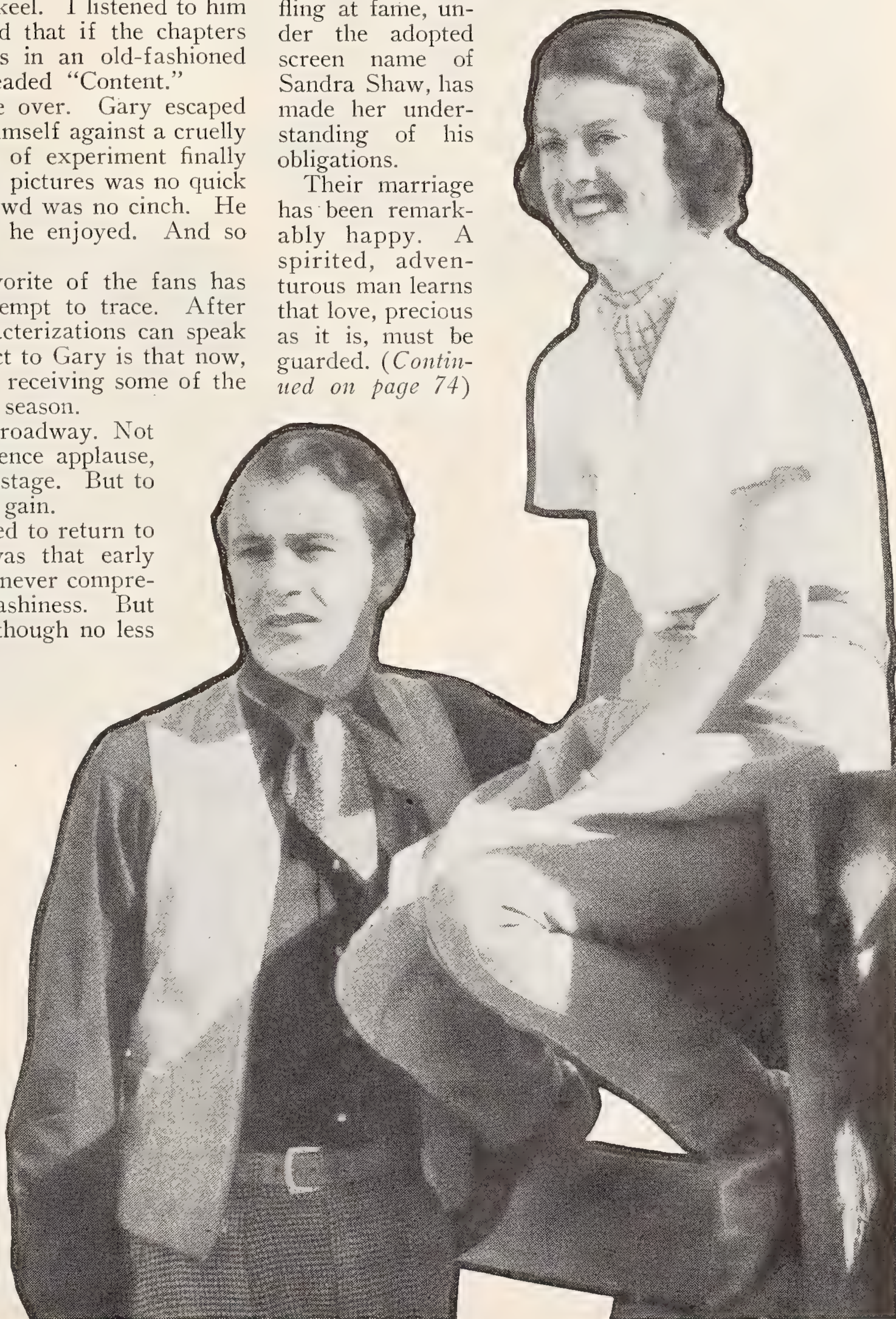
He is studying his parts with the same intensity stage veterans demonstrate, for he has a pride in doing a thing well. He is regularly cast with the finest actors and actresses and he respects them too highly to be slipshod. Success has sharpened his ambition.

But a man's life is not labor alone. It is incomplete, Gary maintained to me, without a woman and all she can bestow. Her sweetness, her companionship, and her tender sympathy.

That a man must sometimes search long for the perfect complement is a familiar truism. Gary is very human. More than once he fancied he had come upon his ideal and then, bewilderingly, she wasn't. But the gods are generally indulgent to the sincere. He ultimately met Veronica Balfe.

It was soon plain that she was the right woman, and all ideas of a career vanished from this Park Avenue débutante's pretty head when she saw that Gary was serious. Her brief fling at fame, under the adopted screen name of Sandra Shaw, has made her understanding of his obligations.

Their marriage has been remarkably happy. A spirited, adventurous man learns that love, precious as it is, must be guarded. (Continued on page 74)



Gary and Sandra Cooper, pictured at the corral on Gary's San Fernando Valley ranch. The Coopers are also building a new home, not yet completed. SCREENLAND will show you pictures of it in a forthcoming issue. Watch for them!

STARS at their WORST

By

Elizabeth Wilson



Give that debonair Bill Powell a deck of cards and he is at his very worst. Bill is the hysterical type when it comes to cards—but fun.

YES, INDEED, I am getting pretty tired of reading and writing stories in which Hollywood stars are shown at their best, “glamming” all over the place, eating with the right forks, saying the right things, and bowing and curtsying like a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. You can have them at their best—me, now, I’ll take them at their worst. It’s when the Glamor Girls and the Dream Princes, like tired lightning bugs, turn off the spark and go kul-lump on the nearest stump, that I like them best. The mascara may have run, the toupé may be askew, and the fine feathers and grand manners may be worn thin; but it’s then that they are being human wretches, like you and me, and it’s then I get a kick out of movie stars. That’s right, the perverse type!

Of course, movie stars don’t like to be caught without their glamor, and they simply get as mad as hops when their pictures appear in “Vanity Fair” sans make-up; but what they don’t know is that we like them a lot better when we discover a few human frailties. A good clay foot never bothered me. Has it you?

Really, now, I never liked Claudette Colbert so much as the night I saw her reel out of the theatre after the preview of “Farewell to Arms”—her eyes and nose were red with crying, the mascara had run, and her lip rouge had spread quite dismally in one corner of her mouth. Dear me, she was quite a mess, and definitely at her worst. But she looked so divinely human that I never liked her better. Now don’t ever let your Auntie Bess hear you calling Miss Colbert cold and beautiful again—



Carole Lombard is at her worst after one of her own parties, when she goes to work on a hearty meal of baked beans and cheese. Above, Carole at her best—before the party! Right, Joan Blondell on a back-to-nature jaunt, minus the glamor and with a shine on her nose.

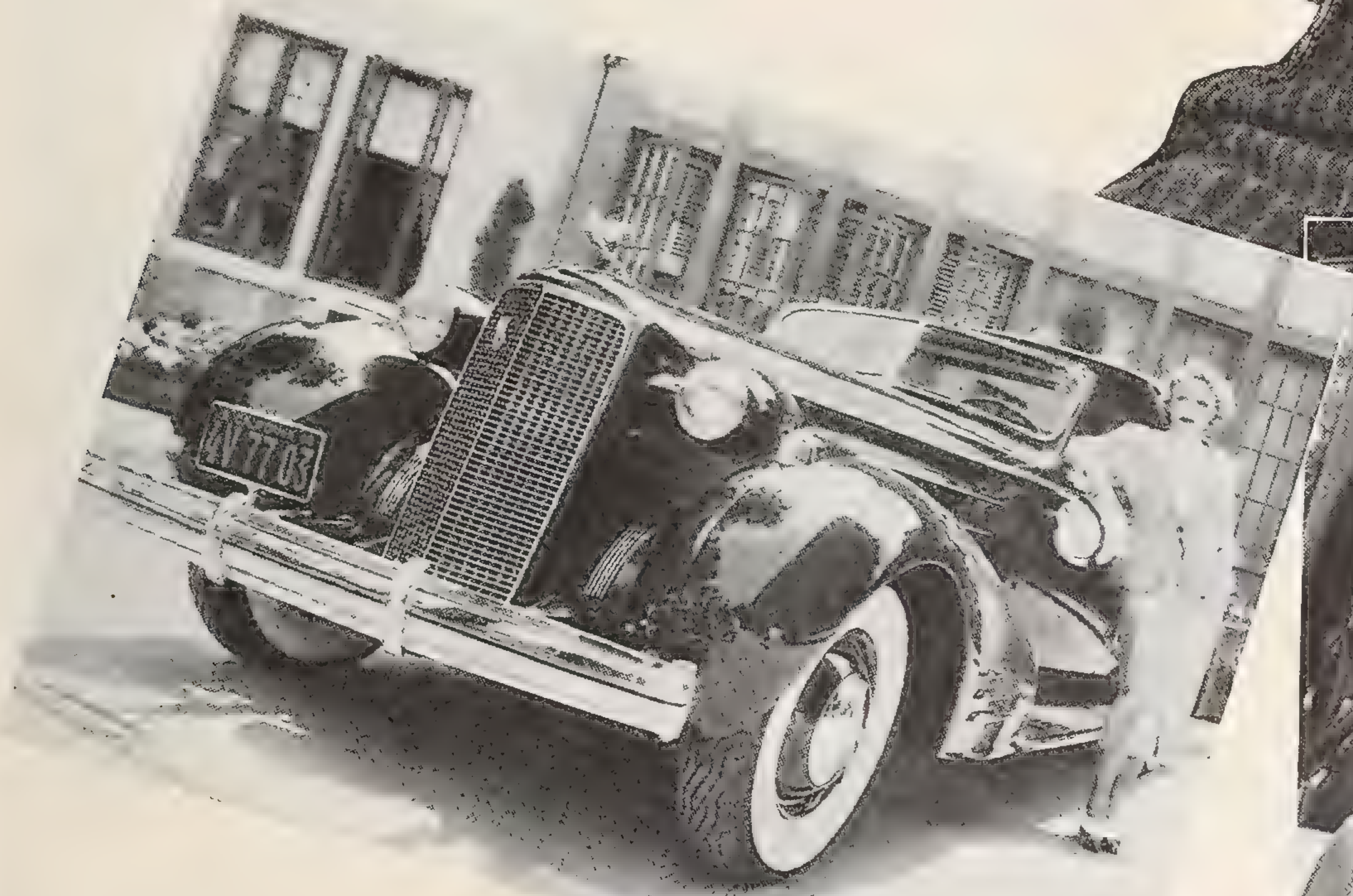


just you meet her outside the theatre after a Helen Hayes picture or play. Being the type who chokes and sobs and weeps gallons every time a child is taken away from its mother or a lovely girl enters a convent or a handsome lad dies on the battlefield, I certainly like to find a few of the Glamor Girls with similar reactions, don’t you?

And speaking of that superb actress, Helen Hayes, I found Helen at her worst one day when she was driving me along Sunset Boulevard. It seems that Helen is more

Just for a welcome change, we give you close-ups of your cinema pets caught without their glamor

or less the precise kind of driver, obeys traffic signals, refuses to run over people, and has a great respect for cops, so there we were swinging down Sunset in a twenty-five mile zone at a mad twenty. For the last few minutes I had noticed that a man back of us was doing his best to pass and finally in sheer exasperation he practically drove up on Helen's tail-light and let out a blast on his horn that nearly scared me out of ten years' growth. But did Helen budge? She did not—she merely stuck her head out of the window, glared at the man, and deliberately thumbed her nose at him. It got me. I laughed for



Marlene Dietrich believes in bigger and better motors. So does Mae West. The battle for more streamlines and cylinders brings out the worst in both girls.



Madge Evans, above, ceases to be a Glamor Girl when driving in traffic, but who can blame her? Gary Cooper, at the top of the page, loses that romantic look when he is caught snoozing.

hours. Thank heavens, Helen Hayes may be the greatest actress on the American stage today, but when it comes to insulting insulting drivers, she did just as I would do.

Now driving brings out the worst in Madge Evans, too. Madge has been driving ever since her legs were long enough to reach the brake, and she is a perfect driver, but a very fast driver, and she has no patience with people who drive recklessly. If Madge is driving at sixty and a guy cuts in on her going at seventy Madge will start muttering like a fishwife. Yes, she's the muttery type, and I bet you are, too. So cool and poised and lovely on the screen, and in her living room, and at the Trocadero,



Cold and beautiful Colbert becomes a warm and human Claudette when she goes to a weepy movie.

Madge is indeed one of the most charming of the Glamor Girls, but you just ought to ride with her in the five o'clock Wilshire Boulevard traffic some day. The things she has to say about her fellow drivers—my, my, I could never think up such accurate descriptions myself, and I am very good at that. But the high spot in Madge's driving career was the day she was scurrying along one of Hollywood's narrow streets and a big car cut into her from the left, just missing her by the breadth of an eyelash. Madge (Continued on page 91)



First Spotlight Star ~ Bette Davis

"How does it feel to be the mother of the star who plays 'The Worst Women on the Screen'?" SCREENLAND asked Bette Davis' mother. Here is her frank answer, of special interest to all mothers and daughters

PEOPLE always ask me on first meeting me: "How does it feel to be the mother of the star who plays the worst women in motion pictures?"

"Do you mind? Aren't you ever shocked to see your precious daughter whose every thought and word and need you have known ever since she was born, whose schools you chose with the greatest care and solicitude, whose friends and environment you picked under a microscope—playing the rôles of women of the underworld, or hard-boiled girls from mean surroundings and with the most sordid minds?"

"Are you ever chagrined or embarrassed—do you wonder how she ever acquired the ability to play a woman who would take her own husband's life? Are you disappointed, when there are so many much 'finer' rôles to



The modest mother of our First Spotlight Star shrinks from publicity; but we persuaded her to give us this fine and unusual feature. Don't miss a word of it.

As told to
Betty Shannon

be had that she could play so well, that she should be cast in stories like 'Of Human Bondage,' 'Bordertown,' and others that she has appeared in, in the last year or two?"

These are questions which I am always asked, because every one who knows anything about Bette's life knows that I have given all my thought and attention to the right bringing up of

my two daughters, Bette, and her sister Barbara.

This is my answer to it all:

Unbelievable as it may seem, never since she began work in the theatrical world have I thought of Bette as *mine!* I have known since her first inclination for the theatre that her destiny was beyond my control. And it is strictly "hands off" for me as far as her work is concerned.

I do not mind what sort of part Bette plays, because I have enough confidence in her to know she will find in the character some human (*Continued on page 82*)

Spotlight Cover Contest

SCREENLAND presents, for the first time, Spotlight Covers. Now we want you to help us select more Spotlight Stars, to be brought to you every month on our covers and in our daringly original interviews. Enter our new contest and express your preference

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Whom do you select as Spotlight Cover Girl?
2. Why does she, in your opinion, deserve the honor and distinction?



SCREENLAND'S Spotlight Covers frame the head of the Spotlight Girl and bring out her most popular characteristics. The idea of framing these covers will occur to many of you. The prizes in this Spotlight Cover Contest will be 1,000 fine reproductions of the cover painting of Bette Davis by Charles Sheldon, without the lettering, but with all the beautiful color intact. The 1,000 fortunate winners will find the reproductions suitable for framing. You will enjoy this unique contest which gives you not only the chance to reward your favorite film actress but also to try for a worth-while prize. Start your collection of Spotlight Stars!

BEGINNING with Bette Davis, every month we will show you The Girl in the Spotlight, meaning the star of the moment on whose work and personality is focused the attention and enthusiasm of the screen public. But YOU must select the Spotlight Girls for us!

It is up to you, and you alone, to decide the subjects of future Spotlight Covers and Spotlight Stories. Here is your opportunity to express your appreciation of and gratitude to your favorite screen actresses.

Naturally, the lovely movie girls enjoy the distinction of having their portraits, beautifully painted, on SCREENLAND'S covers.

From now on, the distinction will be even more marked, for you, their public, will be the judge of which stars deserve the honor. The actress receiving the most votes every month wins her place in the SCREENLAND Spotlight.

Do your part! Read the rules of the contest and enter. You will find you will get a real thrill voicing your appreciation of your favorite star.

RULES of the SPOTLIGHT COVER CONTEST:

1. Name your selection of Spotlight Girl for SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover, as indicated on the coupon below.
2. Tell why your selection, in your opinion, deserves the distinction—in not more than 100 words.
3. This contest will close at midnight December 2nd, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, additional prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decision will be final. Positively no entries will be returned.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover Contest, with my letter enclosed.

My star selection is.....

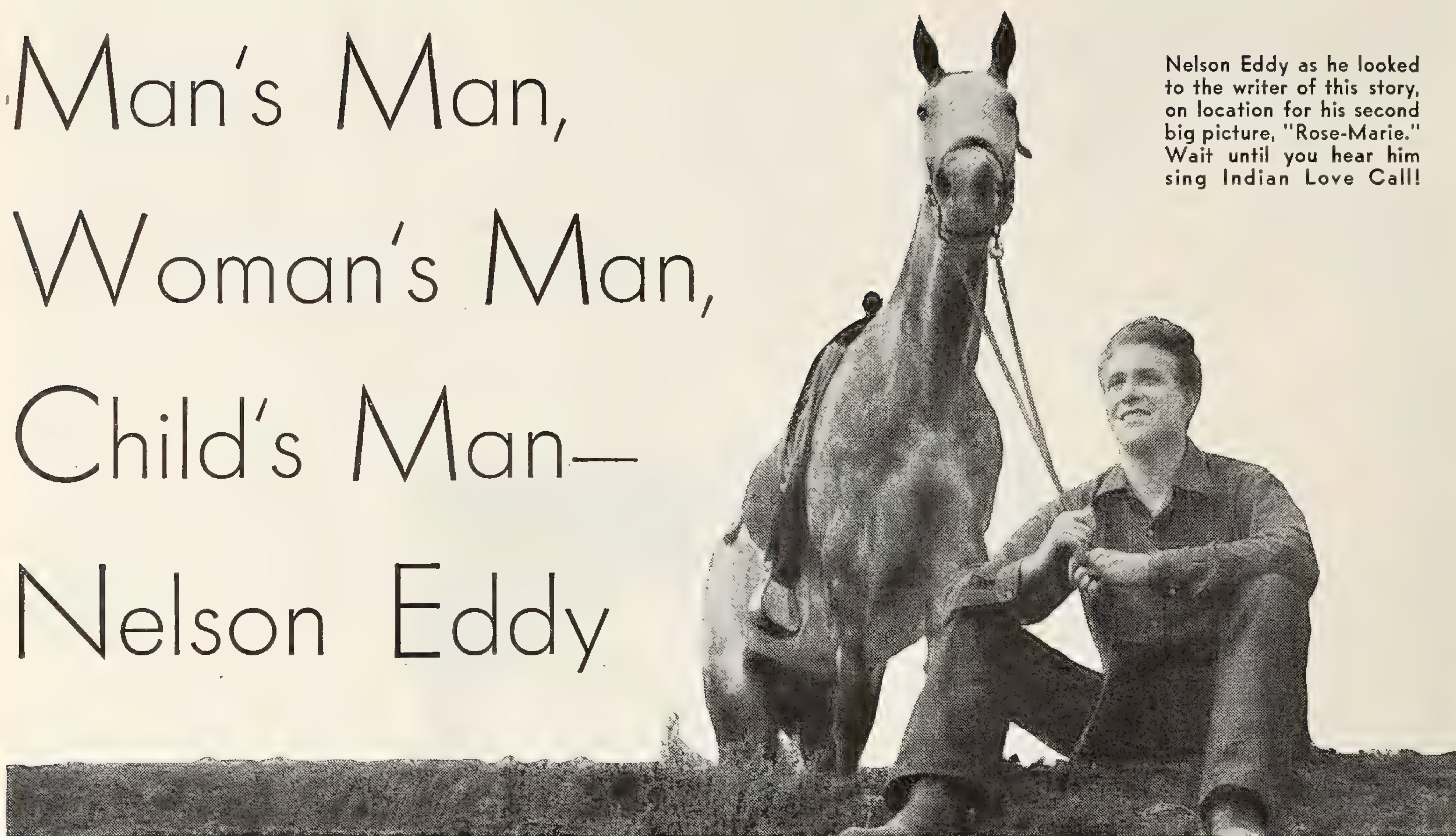
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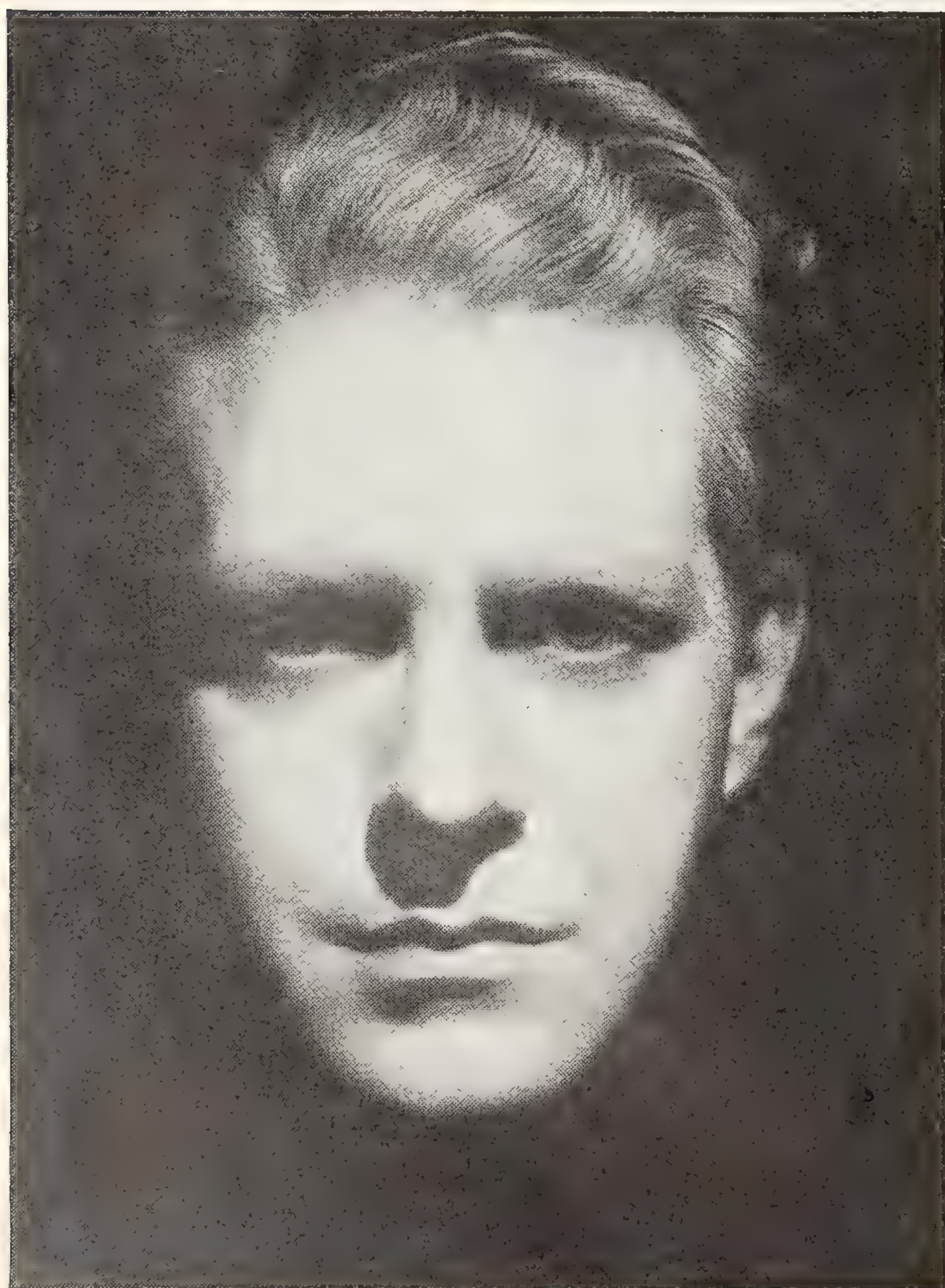
Man's Man, Woman's Man, Child's Man— Nelson Eddy

Nelson Eddy as he looked to the writer of this story, on location for his second big picture, "Rose-Marie." Wait until you hear him sing Indian Love Call!



He's everybody's idol, and this close-up interview tells just why

By Margaret Angus



NOTHING is so soul-satisfying as breaking a record. It gives one that sort of every-waltz-is-taken feeling, and if you were ever an *Alice Adams* you know what a grand and glorious feeling that is. I claim that I broke a record in interviewing Nelson Eddy, and I am feeling very good about it so please don't anybody up and top me now. S'funny, but every time I draw an assignment to write a personality story on a screen idol said screen idol immediately leaves for New York, China, or the High Sierras, (that's you, Mr. Gable); so when I called the studio about a Nelson Eddy interview I crossed my fingers and sat on my handkerchief; but no, that didn't change my luck—the screen's newest sensation it seemed was on location with the "Rose-Marie" company at Lake Tahoe and would probably be snowed in with Jeanette MacDonald and four tribes of Indians for the winter. Mr. Eddy, I said to myself with that grim determination that has made me the failure I am today, is going to be a test case—I will go to Tahoe.

Now when I looked at Tahoe on the map it looked like just a good stone's throw, (the kind that Freddie Bartholomew throws at the street lights), from Hollywood, but so help me it took twenty-four hours by train to get there. In less than twenty-four hours I could have planed it to New York, seen Eleanor Powell do her taps in the new Howard Dietz show, and been well on my way back! I thought of that while I was being jostled along in that mountain train, dangling off cliffs until my hair stood on end, and twirling in and out among snow-tipped peaks at an elevation of eight thousand feet; but being one of those many people who saw "Naughty Marietta" five times I decided Nelson Eddy was worth it. Yes, and I bet I'm the only gal who ever hurdled a mess of mountain ranges to meet Nelson Eddy. Not that you and you and you wouldn't want to if you had the chance.

The season being over all the hotels and lodges along beautiful Lake Tahoe are closed with the exception of Chambers Lodge which has been taken over by Metro for the duration of "Rose-Marie." And it was in the none too elegant dining-room (Continued on page 65)



"Dark Angel" Oberon, now so self-controlled and poised, doesn't look as if she'd been a self-willed "brat." But she says she was, and she should know! Read all about it.

"I Was A Spoiled Brat" says Merle

Here's the gorgeous Oberon's amazingly frank and startling account of her childhood

By Dora Albert

"I WAS a spoiled brat!" Merle Oberon told me. "As a child I had a vicious temper. I had frightful rows with my mother, who spoiled me completely, and I unmercifully teased my uncle and aunt, who helped to bring me up. At school I got into trouble at once, and before long I had the reputation of being the most mischievous girl in school, the ringleader in almost every prank that was played."

Merle doesn't look as if she was ever the devil's own brat, as if she ever lost her temper or struck anyone in anger. Instead she looks as dewy and fresh as an April morning, with her soft chestnut hair and her dancing, sparkling hazel-green eyes. Temperament? You'd swear, looking at her, that she never had any to overcome. Yet she told me, "I was making my life a hell on earth by my vicious temper. I hurt friends whom I cared for and loved, by things I said in a tantrum. Then one day I struck my best friend, and I realized where I was heading for, and that I must stop it."

Today Merle Oberon has perfect self-control. But let's go back to her childhood and see what made her such an unruly youngster.

Her father, an army officer, died three months before Merle was born on the island of Tasmania, off the coast of Australia, and her mother, one of those doting, indulgent parents who spoil their youngsters at every turn, brought her up, with the help of an uncle and aunt. From the beginning Merle showed a temper and an iron will. She wanted what she wanted when she wanted it. She had also a Puckish sense of humor. If her uncle and aunt had understood it, if the people who had to cope with her later at school had understood it, all might have been well. But there was no one to understand and tame this little minx.

She sat in her uncle's lap. How sweet she could be when she wanted to, this will o' the wisp of a girl. But now there was a speculative look of mischief in her eyes. She was thinking of how funny her uncle looked when he put away his false teeth for the night. Gently she poked his cheeks with just (Continued on page 64)



Reserved for Romance

Brian Aherne's "British restraint" breaks down and we get a long-awaited close-up



Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne, her new leading man, share a cake which Joan baked herself, believe it or not, and brought to the set.

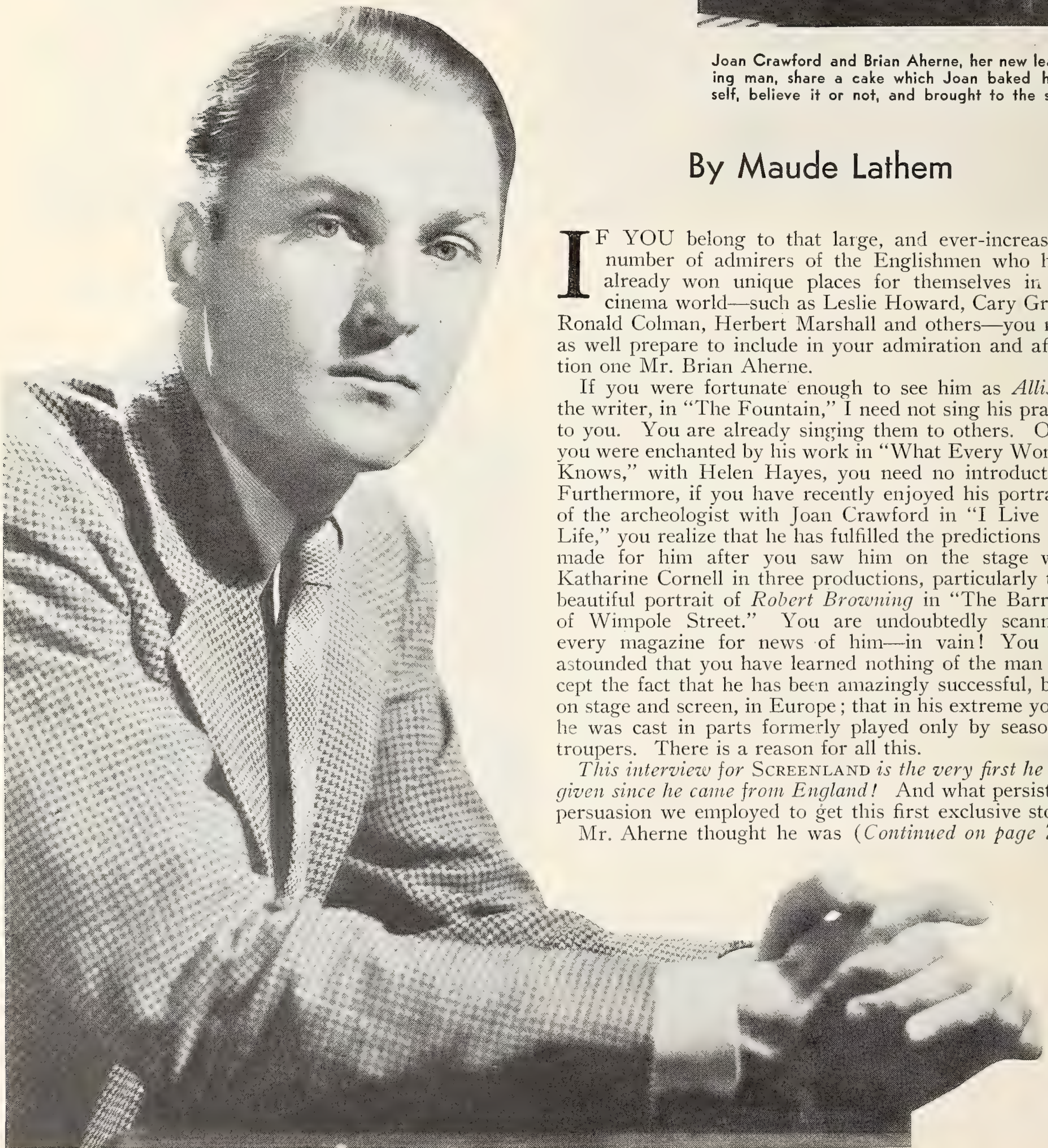
By Maude Lathem

IF YOU belong to that large, and ever-increasing, number of admirers of the Englishmen who have already won unique places for themselves in the cinema world—such as Leslie Howard, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and others—you may as well prepare to include in your admiration and affection one Mr. Brian Aherne.

If you were fortunate enough to see him as *Allison*, the writer, in "The Fountain," I need not sing his praises to you. You are already singing them to others. Or if you were enchanted by his work in "What Every Woman Knows," with Helen Hayes, you need no introduction. Furthermore, if you have recently enjoyed his portrayal of the archeologist with Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life," you realize that he has fulfilled the predictions you made for him after you saw him on the stage with Katharine Cornell in three productions, particularly that beautiful portrait of *Robert Browning* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." You are undoubtedly scanning every magazine for news of him—in vain! You are astounded that you have learned nothing of the man except the fact that he has been amazingly successful, both on stage and screen, in Europe; that in his extreme youth he was cast in parts formerly played only by seasoned troupers. There is a reason for all this.

This interview for SCREENLAND is the very first he has given since he came from England! And what persistent persuasion we employed to get this first exclusive story.

Mr. Aherne thought he was (*Continued on page 77*)





Michael seemed to have grown handsomer, and before she knew it Diana was in his arms. "If you still love me," she was saying, "we could get married now."

PART IV

IT WAS easy enough to hold Tony off, after all. She had lunch with him. She went to parties with him. He was gay, amusing. When he came to see her she saw to it that her mother was in the room. She was busy. There were so many things to think about besides love.

Did she love Tony? She didn't know. She liked being with him. He was exciting. Fun. She didn't have the calm joy she had had with Michael—months ago. Yet he did fascinate her. Infatuation? Diana wondered how you told infatuation from love. She felt she was entitled to love. She was young. She worked hard. Love was such a big part of life.

The routine of being a star closed in around Diana. Exercise. Massage. Study. Dresses to be fitted at the studio—and at Howard Greer's. Interviews. Conferences.

The days at the studio were long. You were made up. You rehearsed a scene again and again. You waited. Scenes were taken. Retaken.

Parties were gay. And as time passed they grew

A Star is Made

By

Thyra Samter Winslow

gayer. The more exclusive stars still paid no attention to Diana. What did it matter? She went with important stars. Feature players. Directors. Writers. Only with people connected with the movies.

Her mother made a few neighborhood friends, looked up people from their home town. Diana urged her mother to give luncheons for her friends. For her part she found them terribly dull. They were a bit awed by her—and they knew nothing about pictures. To Diana, pictures seemed the only important thing in the world.

Movies and movie gossip. Contract renewed. Things people said. Was it true—the newest whispered scandal? Undercurrents of things happening when, outwardly, everything was smooth. Sudden divorces—couples friendly one day and in screaming headlines the next. Changes in studio executives. Outwardly, a huge industry moving calmly along, sufficient in itself, save that the public must be pleased.

A huge industry—so that twenty million people can have some place to go for pleasure—and for escape from reality. Stars made and unmade because little women in Iowa or Ohio or Utah did or didn't like them.

Diana continued as a star. Sometimes her pictures were good. Sometimes they were only fair. But her public liked her. The exhibitors liked her. Her popularity did not diminish. That was the great thing.

She spent too much money, as did most of the American-born stars. She planned to "really begin to save next month." Her mother, used to simple living, was horrified at the way the money disappeared. Food for the servants cost far more than food for the average family. Diana gave dinner parties, buffet supper parties, cocktail parties—with bills for liquor several times more than the bills for food.

When she was not working she took short vacations. By rail, plane, car or boat. To Palm Springs, Mexico, Honolulu. Her accommodations had to be the best. Wasn't she a star? Besides her mother she usually took her maid and a secretary and sometimes a few friends—a few of those who were constantly fawning on her.

If she didn't see life as it was, it wasn't altogether her fault. She lived in a little world of being a star. Wherever she went she was famous—a personage. Even at the studio she was important. Everything seemed to revolve around her.

She began to drink, not because she liked liquor but because after a hard day's work, she was tired, needed a stimulant, and because everyone around her was drinking. Some days she'd wake up with a splitting headache, wonder how she could go to the studio. A massage,

a drink, and she was all right, though she felt she didn't look her best. She felt she could stop if she wanted to.

Tony urged a closer relationship. She held him off—and wondered why. What did it matter—if she accepted Tony as her lover? He couldn't get a divorce. She wasn't breaking up a home—he'd been separated from his wife for years. Other girls had lovers. No one thought the less of them for it. Life was going on—might as well make the most of it. Yet she held back.

She missed Michael. She thought of telephoning him. What was the use? Their lives were so far apart. He hated parties. She no longer fitted in with the people he went with. And Michael had told her he was through—unless she needed him. She didn't need any one. She was self-sufficient—a star!

Several more good pictures. With the accompanying good reviews and fan letters and flattery. And then, two pictures, one right after the other, weren't successful box-office! Splendour Films blamed Diana. Diana blamed Splendour Films. There was a stormy con-

A vivid novel of Hollywood life and its influence on a girl who is swept to heights of celebrity and romance. It's human, real!

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

The Story So Far

Diana Wells goes to Hollywood to visit the family of her fiancé, Michael Stone. However, an odd circumstance leads to opportunity to act in pictures, and after a relatively short studio experience, Diana becomes a star. Surrounded by a group of self-seeking people, Diana and Michael drift apart. Though Diana is stunned when Michael declares they had better at least suspend their engagement, Tony Bryant, prominent actor, separated from his wife and much attracted to Diana, convinces her it is best for her to follow her career. Tony induces Diana to leave her original studio and accept a contract with Splendour Films, and with this company Diana continues to advance to new heights in popularity, meantime living more extravagantly, and indulging more in the gay life around her. Now you're ready for the rest.

Was she really going down? She couldn't believe it! Her salary was large. Friends flattered her. Her pictures and interviews were in the screen magazines. She looked at Boulder and Sampson with as much dignity as she could gather.

"I believe you are exaggerating, gentlemen," she said. "But I shall go back to my kindergarten behavior. And

ference. She heard something she never thought she'd hear.

"You're drinking too much!" Boulder said. "Reports have come to us. Be careful! Many a reputation has fallen down on less than that!"

"Maybe that's the reason you aren't filming so well," Sampson said. "You looked too old in your last picture, even with the cleverest cameraman on the lot."

Diana stormed. Burst into tears. A few months before they would have petted her into a good humor. Now they did nothing.

She was afraid to resign. She knew even one or two pictures can break a star. Companies want stars on the upgrade.

I hope that, in return you'll find better pictures for me."

They all smiled. A seeming truce. What would happen, now?

A thing happened she hadn't dreamed of. Neither had the officials of Splendour Films.

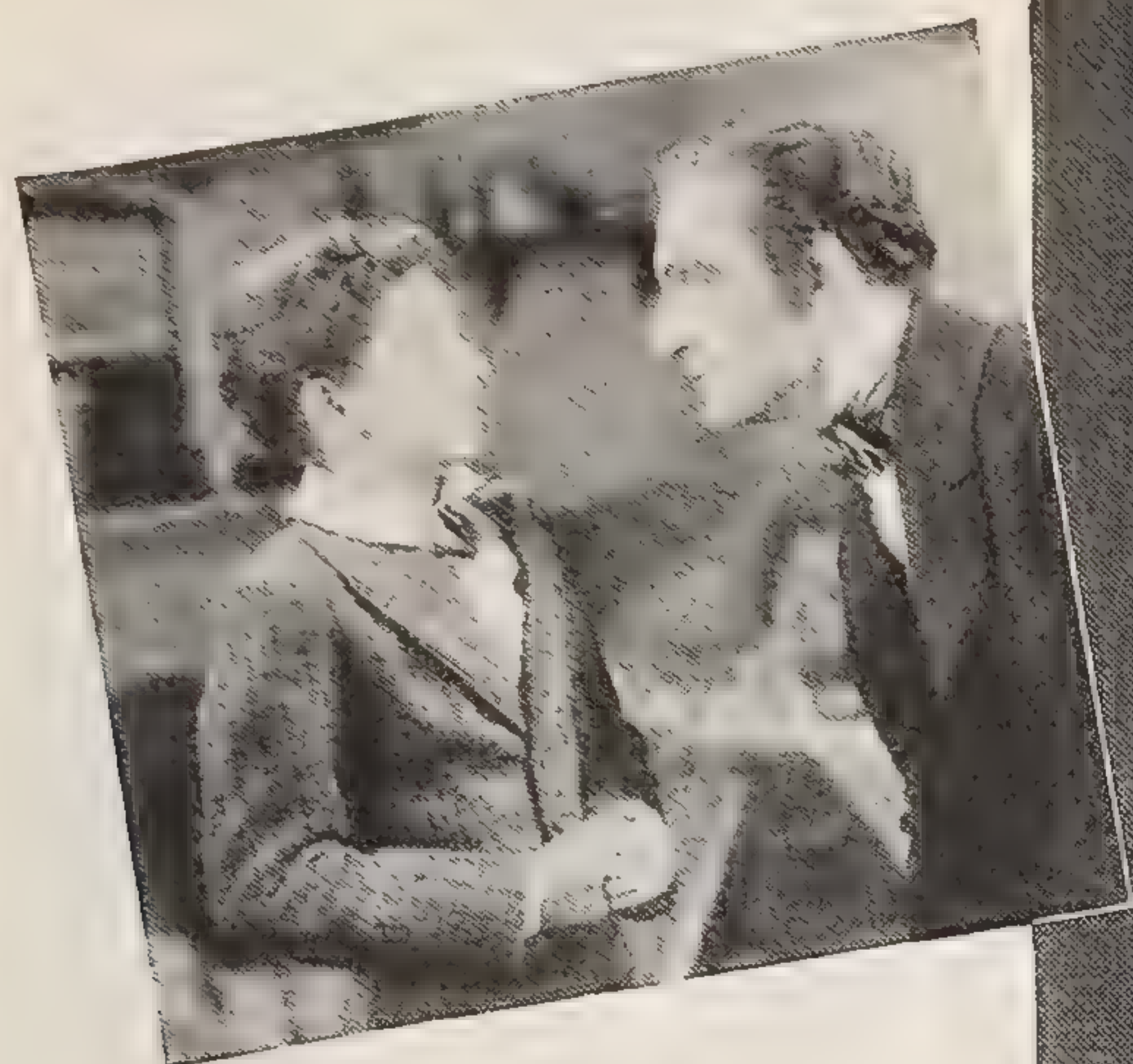
Color came into motion pictures! Came in suddenly, the way sound had come. Overnight, picture studios had been wired for sound. Actors and actresses, successful in silent days, had found they were failures. New successes had sprung up overnight. Now, just as unexpectedly, color came in. There had been color in shorts, before. Now, full length pictures attained one more attribute of the living stage. R.K.O. put out "Becky Sharp," that masterpiece of William Makepiece Thackeray and Francis Edwards Faragoh. Others followed with important pictures. Splendour Films decided to make only color pictures.

There were new tests. Stars who did not photograph well in color were given new make-up, went through elaborate experiments.

Diana took the tests. She (Continued on page 62)



"Be careful," Boulder warned. "Many a reputation has fallen down on less than that." Diana retorted: "I'll go back to my kindergarten behavior, and in return perhaps you'll find better pictures for me." A seeming truce. What would happen now?



Freddie Bartholomew, is, next to Miss Shirley Temple, the juvenile sensation of the screen, ever since he scored in "David Copperfield." At left, Freddie is shown in the unforgettable film classic with Basil Rathbone, who played his cruel stepfather; and, below, with W. C. Fields, who was the perfect Mr. MICAWBER. Read Freddie's colorful memories of this great motion picture.

As told to
Ida Zeitlin

Master Bartholomew relates, for the first time, his personal history—so far—in his own quaint words, assisted by "Aunt Cis"



Continuing

Freddie's Life and Adventures

WELL, when I was nine I started going to school. Up to then Cis had taught me everything, but grandfather thought it was high time I should be with other children, as Peter came only for the holidays. I didn't know how I should like it, but I was anxious to try for it was an entirely new experience to me. And when Cis told me I was to wear dress-up clothes and a white collar, I was terribly excited. You see, it was the first time I'd ever worn a real shirt with a stud in it, and I thought I was going to be a man.

The first day, I remember, I was up exactly at five o'clock, at the crack of dawn—up and dressed and ready to go to school. If I'd had my way, I'd have started right off and walked and waited outside the gates till school began. I couldn't help getting excited, never having been to any kind of school before.

Later, there were certain things I liked about it and others I didn't. Asking questions, for instance. With Cis, you see, if there was something I didn't understand I'd tell her so and she'd explain it till I did understand. Well, naturally I thought I could do the same thing at school, but I soon found out that a schoolmaster's different from your aunt and not so careful about explaining. Because when something puzzled me the very first day, I stood up and said: "Excuse me, sir, I don't understand." And instead of explaining, he told me to sit down. That seemed

rather strange to me, and when I told Cis about it, she asked the schoolmaster the reason. He said there were too many children, and if he stopped to explain everything, he'd never be done. So if you weren't clever enough to grasp a matter the first time—well, it was just too bad.

There was a very sad thing that happened while I was at school, though it didn't have anything to do with school really except that the church was close by. I had a quite grown-up friend whose name was Neil. I *did* love Neil—he was always so kind to me and used to let me do anything I wanted. And one day he was killed by falling off a horse, and as I passed the church on my way home from school I saw his father and mother coming out. I said how do you do to them but I didn't mention Neil, because I thought it best not to open the wound.

But most of the time I was happy there. I did enjoy being with the other boys, though whenever we had a row, they'd call me the "camera flea," as they knew I'd been in the films. It used to make me mad, but that didn't do me much good, so I'd swallow my wrath and be friends again.

Only I didn't go to school more than a year. Because after that came "David Copperfield."

There's one thing I'd like to say about "David Copperfield," if you don't mind, because ever so many people have asked me: "How did you enjoy (*Continued on page 66*)

"I Can't Write about Them!"

EVERY once in a while I find myself pretending to pick up something I haven't dropped, or trying to hide behind a cocktail glass, or looking with almost hypnotized interest in the opposite direction. And these are always my worst moments!

For, invariably, a star who has spared two precious hours from his, or her life to ply me with bits of philosophy, hints of Love Life and some Vendome delicacies—(and never lived to see anything about it in print *because I haven't written it*)—is somewhere in the vicinity.

It is all quite embarrassing and neck-reddening because nine times out of ten you've raised holy thunder, uprooted the publicity department one by one to make the appointment, roused the illustrious subject from a sick-bed, or all three. And for what? Not a single printed paragraph in return!

Over a period of many years I have found that there are outstanding stars of whom it is impossible for me to write. Personal likes and dislikes have little to do with this thwarted reaction, either. The personality story I like the best of any I have ever written was on the subject of a blonde sophisticate who is not my favorite person, nor yet my favorite pitcher star.

In another bracket there are those box-office names I have written "of"—but never well—with Clark Gable Exhibit A of this group. Two stories of mine on the Gable have appeared in print. They were both very ta-de-da. I have never been able to get Clark's seeming personal insouciance and good-fellowship on paper, and I doubt if I ever will. Who knows—perhaps I don't believe it?

I have always been bothered with a hunch that the Gable off-screen "lightness" is as much of a rôle as his on-screen menace. Back of the mask of his professional smile he strikes me as a brooding and moody young man, not at all the devil-may-care type he is always painted. The screen Gable seems to me to be closer to the real Gable than the easy-come-easy-go side of himself he turns to interviewers and casual public contacts, causing Clark to roll off my typewriter as a warring personality torn between his idea of himself, and mine.

For almost the same reasons Ginger Rogers is another of my private Waterloos. I look back on my only meeting with the red-headed Ginger, (in a little café where they made the most delicious crepe suzette), with a vaguely dissatisfied feeling, as though I hadn't met Ginger at all, but an excellent double. I remember she ordered a delightful luncheon, she talked politely and guardedly on any subject I cared to bring up. Her nails were discreetly manicured, and even her usually fly-away red hair was carefully tucked under her hat in sleek



Clark Gable, Exhibit A among the celebrities whom Dorothy Manners "can't write about." So hard to catch, Clark?

She knows Dick Arlen too well to write about him! That's why Dorothy's Arlen observations are so very pungent.



Ginger Rogers as Dorothy Manners visualized her, at right—the lush baby of the syncopated cinema. But—

Getting personal about some picture people who are impossible to "catch" in print, at least—

By Dorothy Manners



A siren and a sorority sister in the same paragraph—that's how Claudette Colbert began to look to our reporter!

Tea, cocktails, and conversation with Ronald Colman, and all very enjoyable; but no interview! Now read why.



conservatism. Not an unkind word did Ginger have to say about anyone or anything. Not a wisecrack passed her delicately rouged lips.

When she spoke of her work it was to complain, in a nicely modulated voice, that she was weary of hey-hey rôles and longed for something more dramatic than "The Piccolino" with Fred Astaire. On the subject of her private life and marriage to Lew Ayres, she was as wary as Garbo. All in all, Ginger was the perfectly poised, slightly humorless, very pretty person that she is off-screen—and perhaps that was just the trouble. The Ginger I had had in mind was that great big close-up of a lush baby singing "We're In The Money" from her Warner days! It was disconcerting to find that the electric quality that so characterizes everything she does on the screen is purely a camera train in the make-up of a perfect lady.

If it weren't for Dick Arlen I might pacify my sterile creative efforts concerning Ginger and Clark with the acceptable excuse that I do not know them well enough. But unfortunately I know Dick too well to write about him! It is impossible to stress one side of Dick—for instance, the popular impression that he is the most normal actor in Hollywood and a swell husband and father, which he is—and completely ignore an equally authentic contrasting side of his personality. With the possible exception of John Gilbert, he is the most temperamental person I have ever known. It is comparatively easy to "do" stories on definitely typed personalities. But it takes a writin' fool to clearly delineate the personality of a man-boy who is naïvely happy and emotionally restless; sane and explosive; adult and juvenile; practical and artistic at one and the same time. And so I gave up on Dick a long time ago.

Of course, there are always those Hollywood stars I have not been able to write about because our paths have been literally strewn with broken appointments. I remember waiting in a publicity department for five hours one day only to learn that Barbara Stanwyck was not in the mood to be interviewed, after all. This, after almost a dozen messages that she "was on her way." It seems that Frank Fay wanted Barbara to come home, and you know what Barbara's moods are where Frank is concerned. What *my* mood was by that time is not fit to go into the homes where there are women and children readers. So the world has just had to struggle along without a Manners version of Stanwyck.

Where Mr. Joseph Schildkraut is concerned—well, Joe and I just weren't soul-mates, especially on the subject of calf's liver. It happened this way:

The invitation came, via press agent, to lunch with Mr. Schildkraut at a popular (*Continued on page 80*)



Here's how Ginger really looks to our writer—a perfect lady who longs for something more dramatic than the "Piccolino."



Donat was a sensation in his first American film, "The Count of Monte Cristo."



The young English actor gives you, here, his first frankly revealing interview.



Robert Donat, who once turned his back on Hollywood, finally tells his side of the story, in this frank and exclusive interview

By Henry Albert Phillips

BE ALL READY TO

London

WHEN Robert Donat left his native England to take the title part in "The Count of Monte Cristo," he was just one among those thousands of actors who simply "appear in pictures." His rise from obscurity to prominence somewhat resembles the transformation of *Edmond Dantes* into the *Count of Monte Cristo*. To have been just an ordinary young actor day before yesterday and then to become today the most talked about artist of stage and screen in one's native land and to be sought by producing companies of both Elstree and Hollywood, is the height of good fortune that can happen to any performer.

But this handsome, personable young Englishman is not running true to Hollywood form. Now that he has practically everything to be desired in his grasp, we find him constantly shying away from it, either as though he did not believe it was real, or that he didn't really want it. At every step, he has played with the fire of Fame. Reluctantly he opened the door to Opportunity, shied away from lucrative publicity and often played the part of the Lone Pine in life. "I'm in no hurry," he tells them provocatively. "Wait awhile."

"Obstinacy!" mutter those who wish him well. "Hasn't he already waited too long—if he ever expects to get anywhere!" For he is already in his thirties.

But Robert Donat has his own ideas. He believes that no actor should undertake a rôle or a characterization until he has been thoroughly equipped in the School of Experience to essay it. Donat's first appearance in the films was a failure because he did not stick to this principle.

"I had at last met Mr. Alexander Korda of London Films," says Donat, checking back. "Like every actor, I secretly hoped that he would make some offer about my working in pictures, but it was not mentioned. A few days later, however, I received a curt request to come to Elstree. I was met by Leontine Sagan, the director of 'Maedchen in Uniform,' who said that Mr. Korda had instructed her to make a test for me to appear in the student rôle in 'Men of Tomorrow.' 'I've never been to Oxford University and I have no idea how they act,' I protested. I was so solemn about it all that it made them laugh, although they gave me the contract. I couldn't believe in it, you see, so my (Continued on page 87)

carry their association over into private life. They are inseparable companions, fine loyal friends.

Lots of actors are pretty good pals, until they get within camera range. Then it's every man for himself. I said that to Jim Cagney.

"No actor feels that way about it who has been through the mill the way we have," he replied. "Rep shows, vaudeville and the stage, every one of us has been through it; and we realize it's the co-operation that counts in the last analysis, rather than anyone taking the ascendancy. In the old days, it was how good the *show* was, not any one person in it. If it wasn't good it closed, and then we didn't eat.

"There has never been one instance of trouble between any of us in our work, of anyone 'moving up' or hogging the camera. Oh, we argue like hell over the way a certain scene ought to be played, or some accent on a character, according to the way we see it individually. But after it's all thrashed out and decided, we get in and *do* it that way, and shut up about it. It's never carried over. Nothing that happens in a picture is worth sacrificing a friend for.

"The basis of my friendship with these five fellows is admiration. I admire each one sincerely for what he can do and for what he is. Propinquity enters into our closeness, naturally. We work on the same lot, we see each other often—although months will pass when we are scattered

around in different pictures. But we can always get together at lunch time, or at home."

Instead of braving the milling mob in the commissary and having to distribute their conversation over every one who might approach their table, these six have worked out a system. They take turns: one brings the lunch for all of them, from home, and they make a dressing-room picnic out of it! It leaves quite a lot up to each of the little women at home, but the sillies, they *like* to do it. Mrs. Cagney and her cook have to remember that Allen Jenkins won't eat mayonnaise, and Mrs. Jenkins and *her* cook must keep in mind about Jimmy and his dark bread. None of them likes heavy luncheons, which is certainly a break for the home folks.

McHugh is the "brains of the outfit," they agree to a man. Pat is the great entertainer. Jimmy exercises. "I like to watch them do both," says McHugh. Kibbee is the fisherman. Hugh Herbert reminisces pricelessly about his early days in vaudeville. Jenkins is the boat-builder. They are all good, heated arguers.

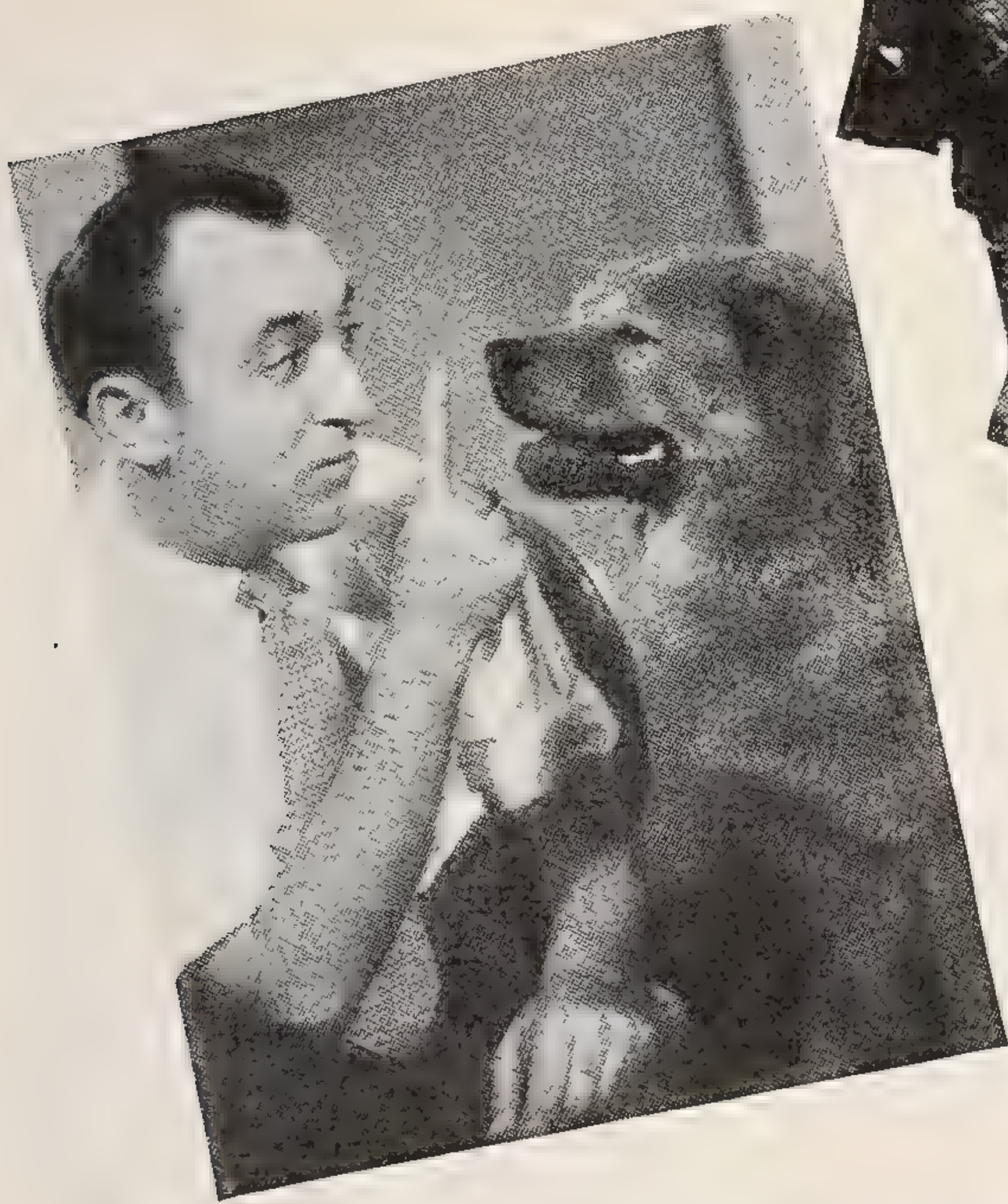
Jimmy, Pat, and Frank are special buddies. Jim says "a good basis for any friendship is the ability to laugh together. Pat and I have no trouble. No matter where we are, under what conditions, we invariably find something hilariously amusing."

He says the outstanding trait of McHugh is his "solidity."

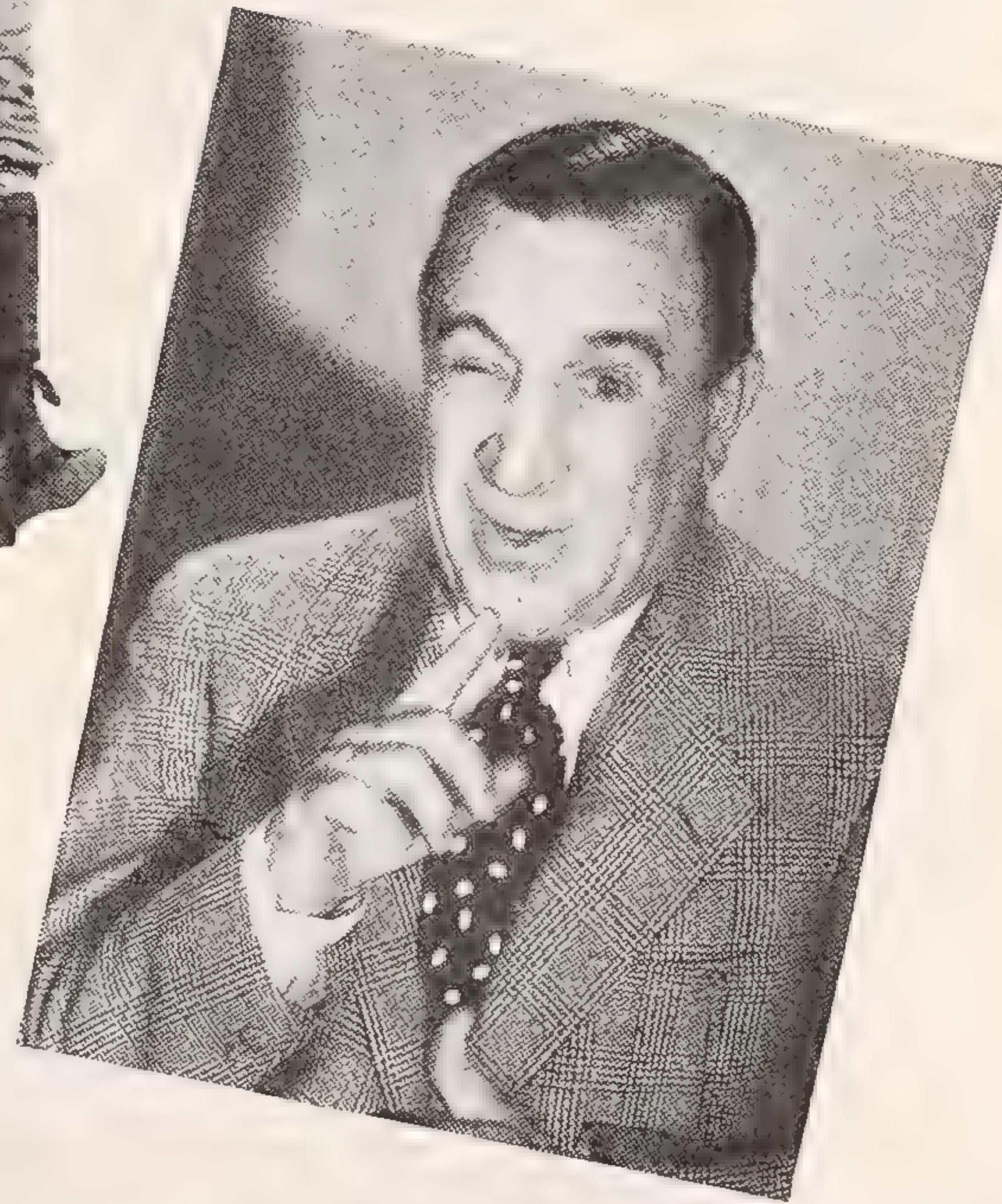
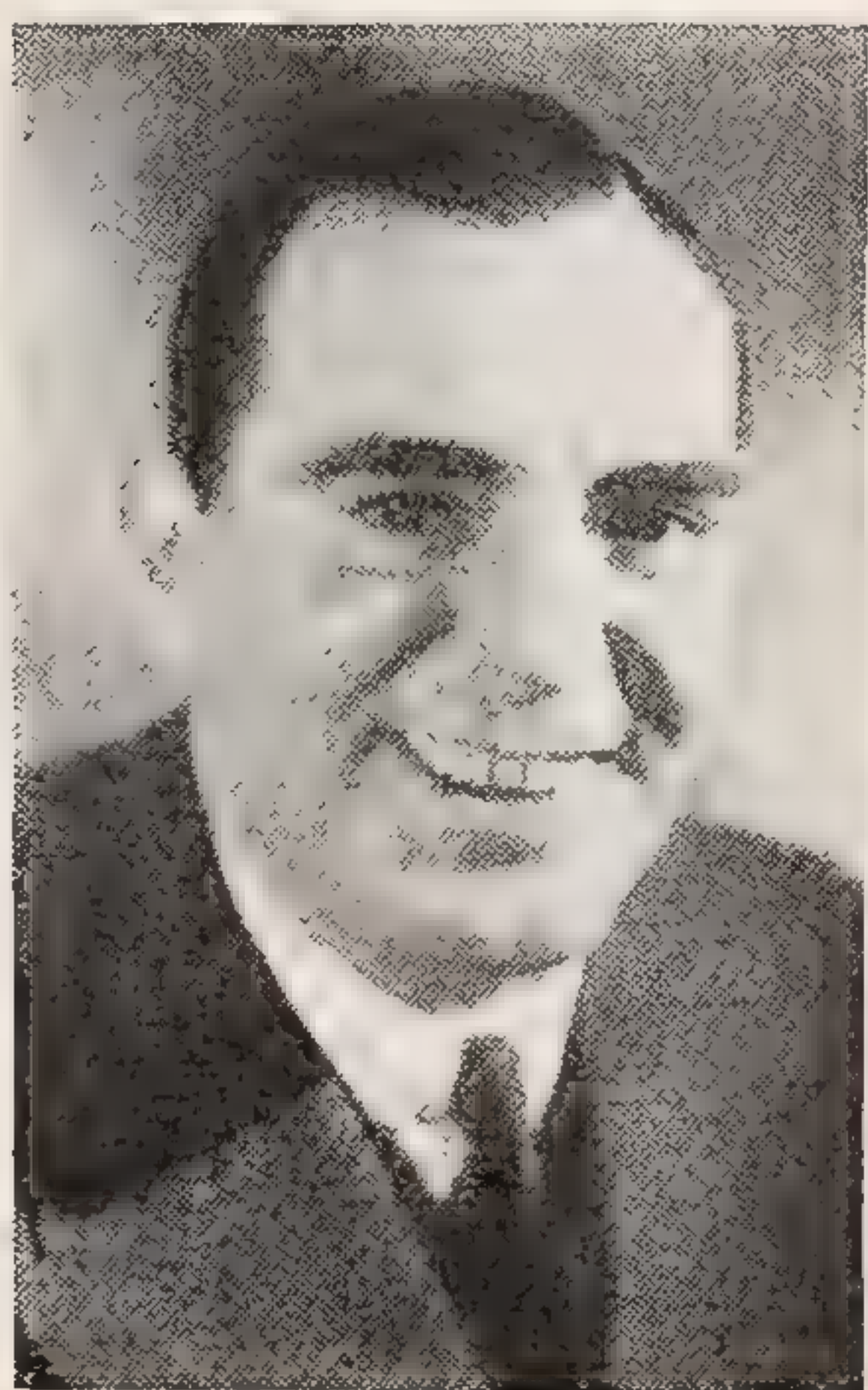
"Frank has a sound sort of reasoning; there is something definite about him. He is fundamentally (*Continued on page 84*)



Three musketeers of "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Hugh Herbert, James Cagney, and Frank McHugh, above, all tricked up in Shakespearean costumes at Max Reinhardt's request, but still able to laugh it off.



The shy and self-conscious member of "our gang" is Allen Jenkins, according to Cagney. Believe it or not, this comedian is a sensitive guy when you really get to know him! Jenkins is pictured above with his pedigree Chow—he raises well-bred ones.



Above, a characteristic close-up of the scene-stealer, Hugh Herbert. The other boys like to work with him despite his picture-thievery. Left, "dressed-up" portraits of Cagney, McHugh, and Pat O'Brien, grinning and bearing it. Can't help liking these guys!

Picture-Making in Paris



By
Stiles Dickenson

Paris

I SAW Elissa Landi married ten times in French and four times in English. Another day I saw Neil Hamilton in English warn Conchita Montenegro four times not to drink too much champagne in a night club and express his surprise that she was able to influence her grandfather to let her go out alone with him. When I was watching this scene I noticed a tall, good-looking young fellow dressed in faultless evening clothes, (but minus a coat), watching intently the scene. After the scene was approved the lights were put out and Neil stepped out of the picture. Conchita coyly touched up her make-up. The young man who had been watching suddenly got up, put on his coat, and stepped into the seat vacated by Neil. The lights were turned on and the same scene was enacted in French. It had to be done several times as Conchita forgot her lines and once they didn't like the way she pronounced champagne. The young man's name is George Rigaud, who is playing Neil's part in the French version of "La Vie Parisienne." He speaks English, and recently signed with an American agent, so perhaps he'll be in Hollywood soon.

Conchita Montenegro is a "natural" for her part. She is from Brazil and speaks French and English with a Spanish accent. In "La Vie Parisienne" her rôle is that of a young girl from Rio de Janeiro. She is a hard-worked gal, for she plays the leading part in both French and English versions. Max Dearly, a famous French star, is also bi-lingual and plays in the two versions. It's amusing to see the same scene enacted in the two different languages for different methods of acting are employed in each language. French simply *must* be spoken with gestures!

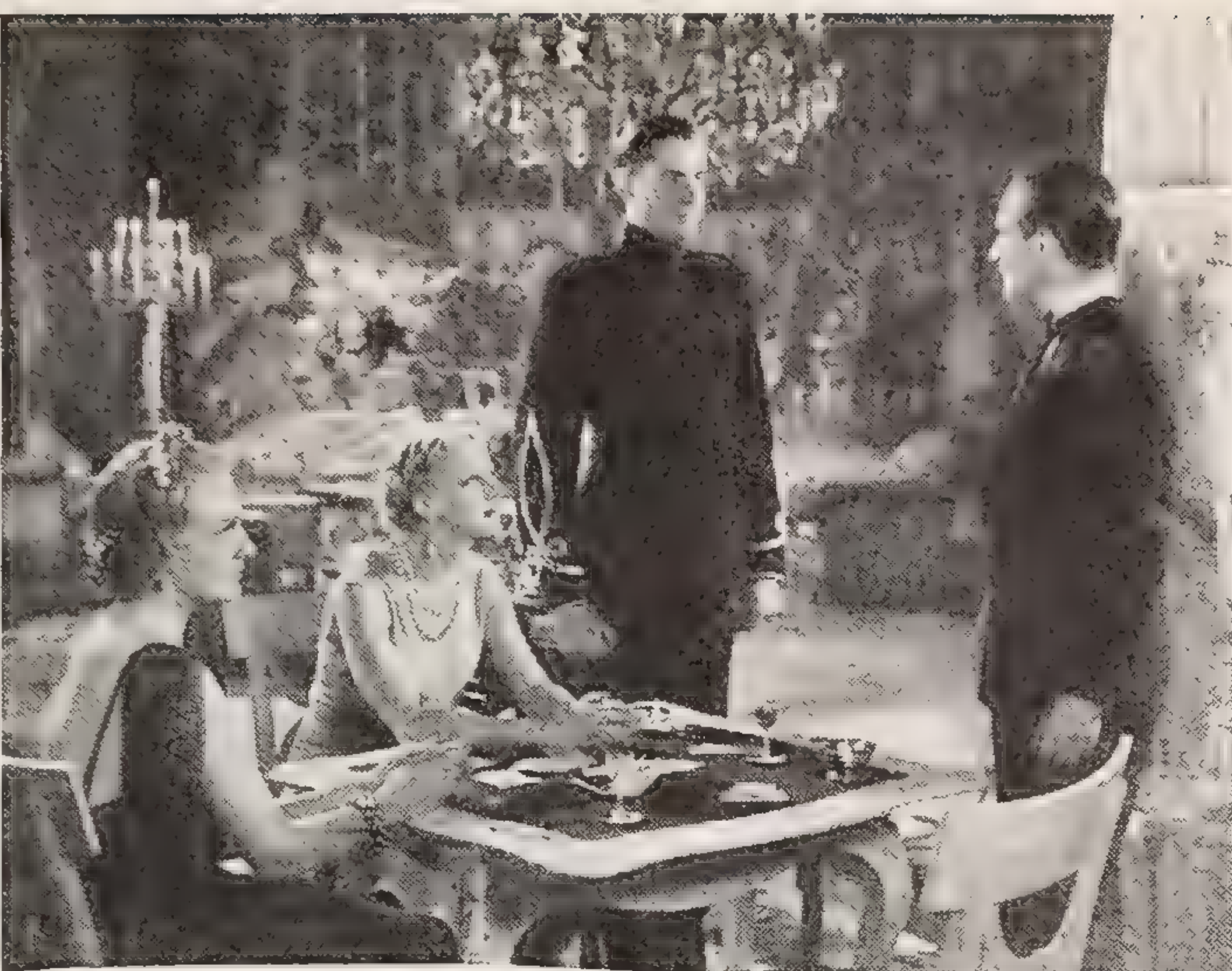
All of this that I'm writing makes Paris sound like a suburb of Hollywood, for at the moment there seems to

Large
photograph of
Paris by
Underwood
and
Underwood



Conchita Montenegro, above, likes Paris so much, she got married there! Neil Hamilton is shown at right with Mr. Dickenson, our correspondent, who is also an eminent artist; and above, with the French actor, George Rigaud.





The City on the Seine is a suburb of Hollywood these days, with so many of our stars working and playing there. Read this gay report by our Paris correspondent

be an invasion of American stars here. Most of them are here to make pictures and the bar of the Hotel George V has gone completely Hollywood. Sitting around the tables or strolling in and out one sees stars and world-famous personalities. There is a nice sense of absolute ease and naturalness about the place. The stars seem much more human and less self-important in Paris than anywhere else. The French rarely recognize them and when they do they only casually glance at the widely advertised glamorous one. There is none of that hysterical mobbing that one sees in London or New York. That's why the really great stars always enjoy being in Paris.

It is a great pleasure to take Neil Hamilton around town. His enthusiastic interest and sense of humor kill any fear of a dull moment. Took him in the Metro—the Paris subway. The maps with the indications for transferring to different lines quite fascinated him and very soon he was trotting all over town in the Metro. To step into a taxi and be taken to his destination seemed a rather boring procedure but to pop into the Metro and arrive, with only a few minor mistakes, took on the feeling of an adventure. Suddenly he spurned the Metro. "I've decided it's better to die in a motor crash than by slow asphyxiation in the Metro," said he. (The Paris chauffeurs are notorious for their reckless speed.)

Neil's dressing-room at the studio was always the scene of amusing comedy. In Paris theatres and studios all the "dressers" are women. Neil's was a jolly, buxom creature whose English vocabulary consisted of amazingly illuminating gestures with every now and then a single, expressive English word. They got along surprisingly well, but of course when I was there they would always depend on me to translate. After working late one night Neil said in English "Good-night and sweet dreams." The dresser was quite touched. I taught her the expression in English and Neil learned to say it in French, so each evening the cordial *entente* was charmingly carried on.

The guardian of the sacred portals was very firm when first I went out to the studio to see Elissa Landi and John Lodge. It's quite a way outside Paris, and when I arrived at two-thirty in the afternoon the "grouch" said



The "long view" of Paris across our two pages leads you right into a handsome French drawing-room scene from Elissa Landi's French picture, with John Lodge and Pierre Fresnay. That's a close-up of Elissa above, with Neil Hamilton grinning at you and John Lodge smiling, at top.

it would be impossible to see Miss Landi as she was doing a scene. Said I would have to wait till she came out through the courtyard—adding casually that it would be around six or seven o'clock. I told him gruffly that I didn't come out to see Miss Landi for pleasure but to work. Reluctantly he took my name to her and seemed a bit annoyed when I was ushered straightway to her set.

I was completely wrong when I said that it was not for pleasure! The set was a colorful chapel where Miss Landi was being married in regal splendor. She plays the part of the Princess in "Koenigsmarck" in both English and French versions. Standing close to her was the tall figure of John Lodge, very gorgeous in a uniform of an officer in an imaginary kingdom, sort of an Anthony Hope hero. He was not being married to Miss Landi but had to stand in the foreground. This he did very well in both languages. Elissa was married in English with very little complication and after the fourth shot the director declared it O.K. (Yes, yes O.K. has taken its place in the vocabulary of the French studios.)

After the fourth English marriage Elissa sat down, her yards of train and veil being carefully looked after by various maids. The trainbearers, sweet little French kiddies, sat on the floor eating sweets, (a surprise from Elissa.) The English-speaking bridegroom retired and into the scene stepped the French actor Yonnell. Up went the lights and the same ceremony was done in French. It was taken three or four times unsatisfactorily. The fifth time wheels of the little platform that was supporting the camera on an incline started to creak and groan. It was a lady-like creak but broke into the quiet, impressive scene in the chapel like a peal of thunder. It was fixed but each time would (Continued on page 97)

The *greatest* thrill in sound..

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!



LAWRENCE TIBBETT METROPOLITAN

**VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL**

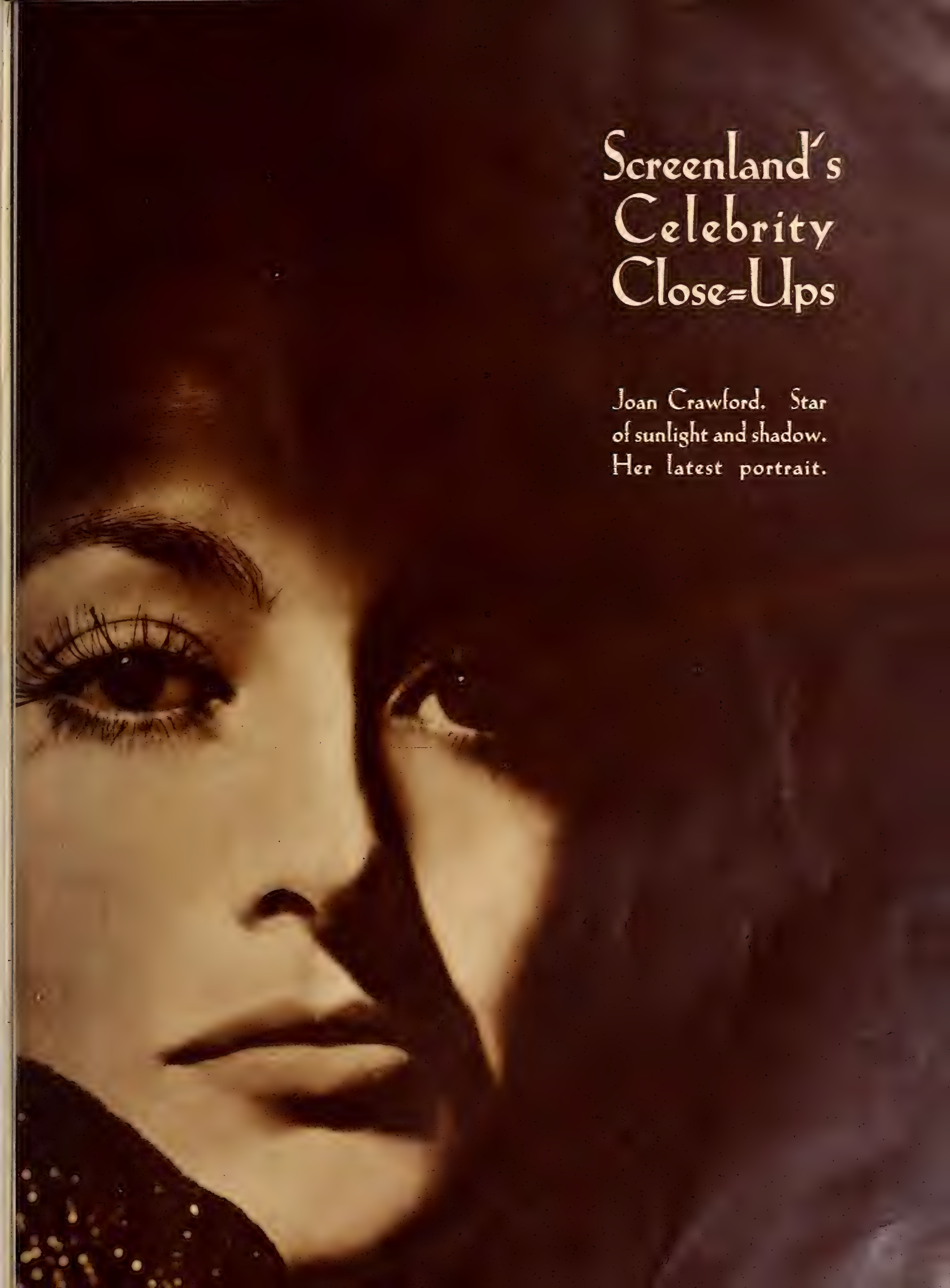
**A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck**

Directed by Richard Boleslawski

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:

*Pagliacci • The Road to Mandalay
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • Faust*





Screenland's Celebrity Close-Ups

Joan Crawford. Star
of sunlight and shadow.
Her latest portrait.



This grinning close-up of Morris appears in answer to many maidens' prayers! We show you, too, the affable actor at home: first, at his fireplace; below, by his swimming-pool. Always a good thespian and a popular personality, Chester is a credit to Hollywood.

Hurrell



Chester Morris—
By Request

An excellent actor, Franchot Tone has been both helped and handicapped in Hollywood by the Joan Crawford publicity. Now he steps forward as an important player in his own right. Below, in "Mutiny on the Bounty," with Movita, who plays his native sweetheart.



Hurrell



Franchot Tone
Comes Into His Own

Serene Irene



Irene Dunne, the actress, is in "The Magnificent Obsession," her most dramatic vehicle since "Back Street." Irene, the singer, will soon do "Show Boat." Keeps her busy!



Radiant Rosalind

Hurrell

"The new girl in town," Rosalind Russell, has turned out to be a strikingly charming personality, taking her rightful place among the outstanding actresses of the screen.



Gary Cooper and Ann Harding pose for our especially selected still this month, against a rarely beautiful background of California's scenic wonders. Below, a close-up of the players in one of their studio scenes from "Peter Ibbetson."

C. Kenneth Lobben

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month From "Peter Ibbetson"





Drama of the Month "Crime and Punishment"

Josef von Sternberg has made a new picture, without Marlene Dietrich. "Crime and Punishment" is said to be a melodramatic masterpiece. Certainly it is beautifully photographed. Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, and Marian Marsh are the players.



Irving
Lippman,
Columbia
Studios

Get A Haircut!

Wonder if that primeval fellow, Johnny Tarzan Weissmuller started it with his bob-length locks for the famous jungle man he's portraying, right, in a scene with Maureen O'Sullivan for "Capture of Tarzan"?



Clark Gable, above, shaved his celebrated mustache but let his tresses grow and grow, for his screen heroics in "Mutiny on the Bounty."



And how do you like this? Basil Rathbone, above, displays ringlets, no less, in this "coiffure" for his rôle in "The Last Days of Pompeii."



And you too, Lionel Atwill? But we know how it is; you have to wear your hair like that for your new part in "Captain Blood."



George Houston, opera and dramatic star, with a Spanish haircut, does a "Carmen" scene with Grace Poggi, at right.



What's this? Hollywood's most he-man-ish stars are going long-hair? Maybe it's the Samson in 'em!

Why, even Jimmy Cagney is doing it - and incidentally with rather flattering results, don't you think? Here's James, left, in a scene for "Frisco Kid" with Lili Damita approving of her hero's lack of hair-cut.



Erroll Flynn, above, who's Lili Damita's husband, apparently isn't to be outdone. If Cagney wears his hair long, Flynn as *Captain Blood* can go him even better.



A veritable picture of woe for the barbers is Ross Alexander in the striking pose and make-up above for his newest assignment on the screen.



Now even Guy Kibbee hides the shine of his famous pate under wavy tresses, as you can see in the picture of Guy in make-up.



Look at Preston Foster, will you, at the left, having the pleats of his "Last Days of Pompeii" toga ironed out!

Hollywood Magic At Work



Gladys Swarthout, as seen immediately above, was a striking beauty even before she arrived in Hollywood, but the studio artists found the way to emphasize her charm, as shown in the portrait at upper right. Josephine Hutchinson, at left, in two poses in which the genius of make-up achieves the feat of turning the hands of time back and forward, from girlhood to maturity.



Claire Dodd pictured in contrasting phases of feminine beauty. At right above, the young, dreamy girl who faces life with serious purpose; and at right, the gaily glamorous young woman intent upon adventure and romance.





Startling samples of the wonders worked by those wizards, the make-up artists, who dare to make our greatest beauties even more alluring



Ann Sothern, young, blonde, vivacious, pictured in two exotic poses in striking contrast to her natural self, as effected by the magic of Hollywood's beauty craftsmen, left and right above. Margaret Lindsay also shows the astonishing transformations that make-up accomplishes in the two poses at the right. Above, the eager young girl; and in the lower portrait, the poised, worldly woman.



Two different ladies? Not at all! That's Jean Arthur at left above, and also in the provocative pose at the immediate left. Jean is strikingly platinum blonde in both pictures, but note the difference a coiffure makes.

Dick deserts his home lot for 20th Century to warble his winning way through a big song show spontaneously titled "Thanks A Million."

You're Welcome!

Our answer to Dick Powell's
"Thanks A Million"



Ann Dvorak plays Dick's sweetheart. An imposing cast of musical and comedy performers rallies round. Among the celebrities present we find Paul Whiteman, who leads the orchestra, and Fred Allen, highly original comedian from radio, in the pictures at the right.



Educated thumbs — great for hitch-hiking! Ned Sparks, Jack Oakie and Lynn Overman will make that class reunion, if—some motorist has a kind heart



Betty Grable is the cheerful little eye-full who spurs the embattled grid-iron warriors to action.

"Collegiate" Capers

The higher education in
Hollywood is more fun!

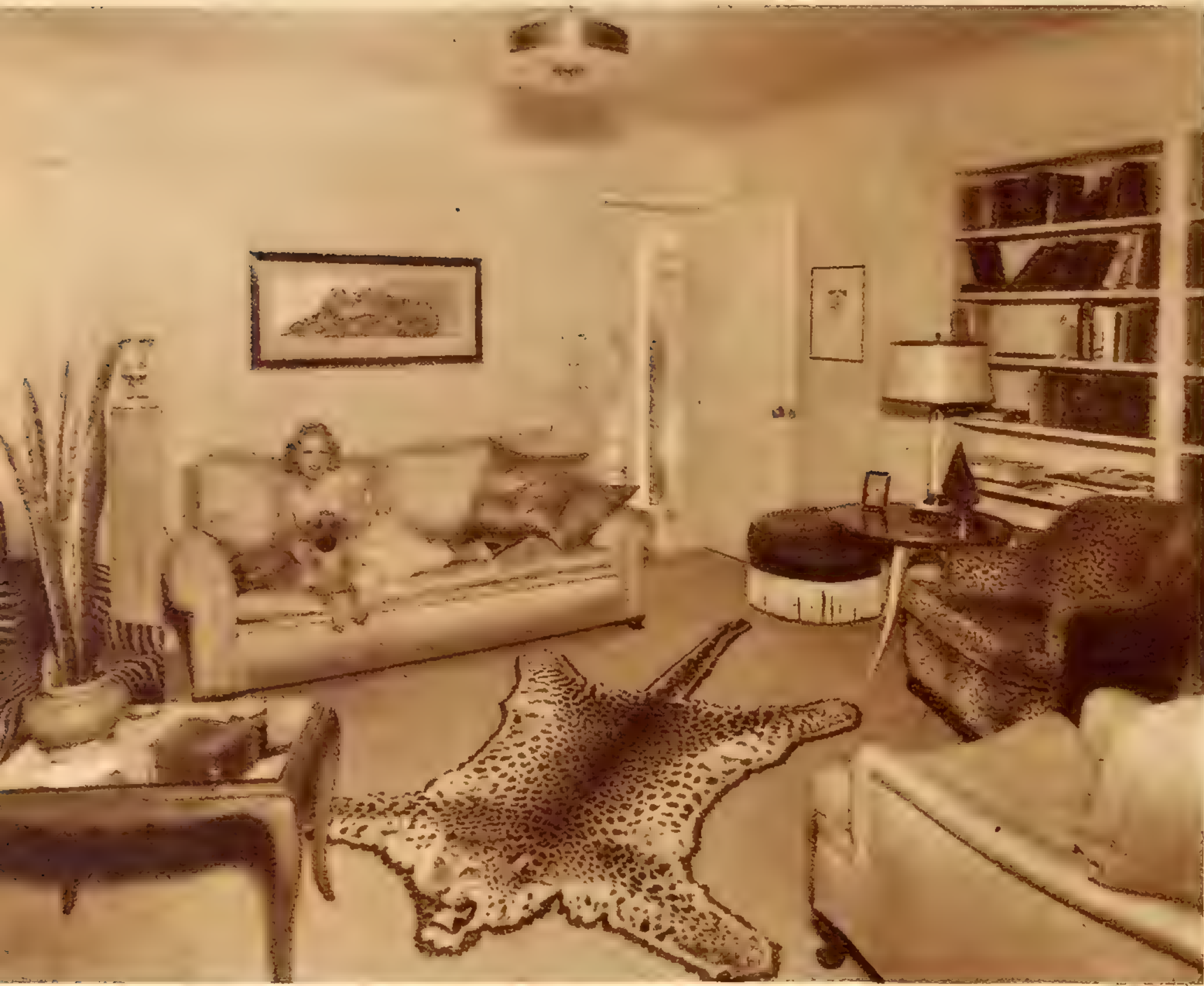


What a college! Jack Oakie enters every year, and never graduates. The campus menace is Joe Penner, raccoon coat and all. Ned Sparks and Lynn Overman spread sweetness and light. Betty Grable, a siren in shorts, embraces her opportunity, and doubles as cheer-leader. No books, no tire-some professors; just one grand football frolic. What a college!



Here is one Hollywood star with the courage to carry out her own scheme of decoration. Do you like her ideas?

Exclusive
SCREENLAND
pictures by
Scotty Wel-
bourne, War-
ner Bros.



Glenda's unconventional ideas make her home a lively, interesting place. Above, her library, mostly modern. See the animal motif in rug, picture, and chair covering? Right, Miss Farrell in her lounge room, in black and white, with chromium and crystal bar.



Below are views of the dining-room and living-room, carried out in several periods to original effect. Below, left, Glenda's Louis XV bedroom; and finally, an exterior view of the low-rambling, tile-roofed Farrell home in North Hollywood.





Gladys Swarthout

Lovely to look at, delightful to see—is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality...a charm and grace all her own...a voice of molten gold . . . audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.



'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not
even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon
would be there.

Posed by
Shirley Temple

Shirley's Chum SPEAKS UP!

By
Winifred
Aydelotte



WHEN a star is a heroine to her stand-in, it's news!

Allow us to introduce Shirley Temple, aged six, and Marilyn Granas, aged six and three quarters.

I'm not quite sure that little Miss Granas takes very kindly to the title "stand-in," however. She calls herself "an understudy who has lights and things focused on her."

When I talked to Marilyn the other day she was dressed in a snappy little ensemble consisting of blue flannel slacks and a yellow polo shirt. She is a very pretty little girl, with a small blob for a nose, a fine forehead, and a charming, full mouth.

More than anything else in the world, (besides her mother and brothers), she likes Shirley Temple.

"She's my chum!" she explained seriously, trying to slide off the davenport without bending in the middle. "I'd rather play with her than any little girl I know. I like to play better'n anything, and I like to play with Shirley."

"When we aren't needed by the director, we play pasting, cut-outting and rock hunting. When we were working in Sherwood Forest on 'Our Little Girl,' we went fishing with Joel McCrea and some bent hooks, but we

How Shirley Temple behaves,
at work and play



Shirley wears her Japanese costume presented to her on her Hawaiian vacation trip. Top, Shirley with the little girl who works as her "stand-in," and their twin pets—who also could stand-in for each other.

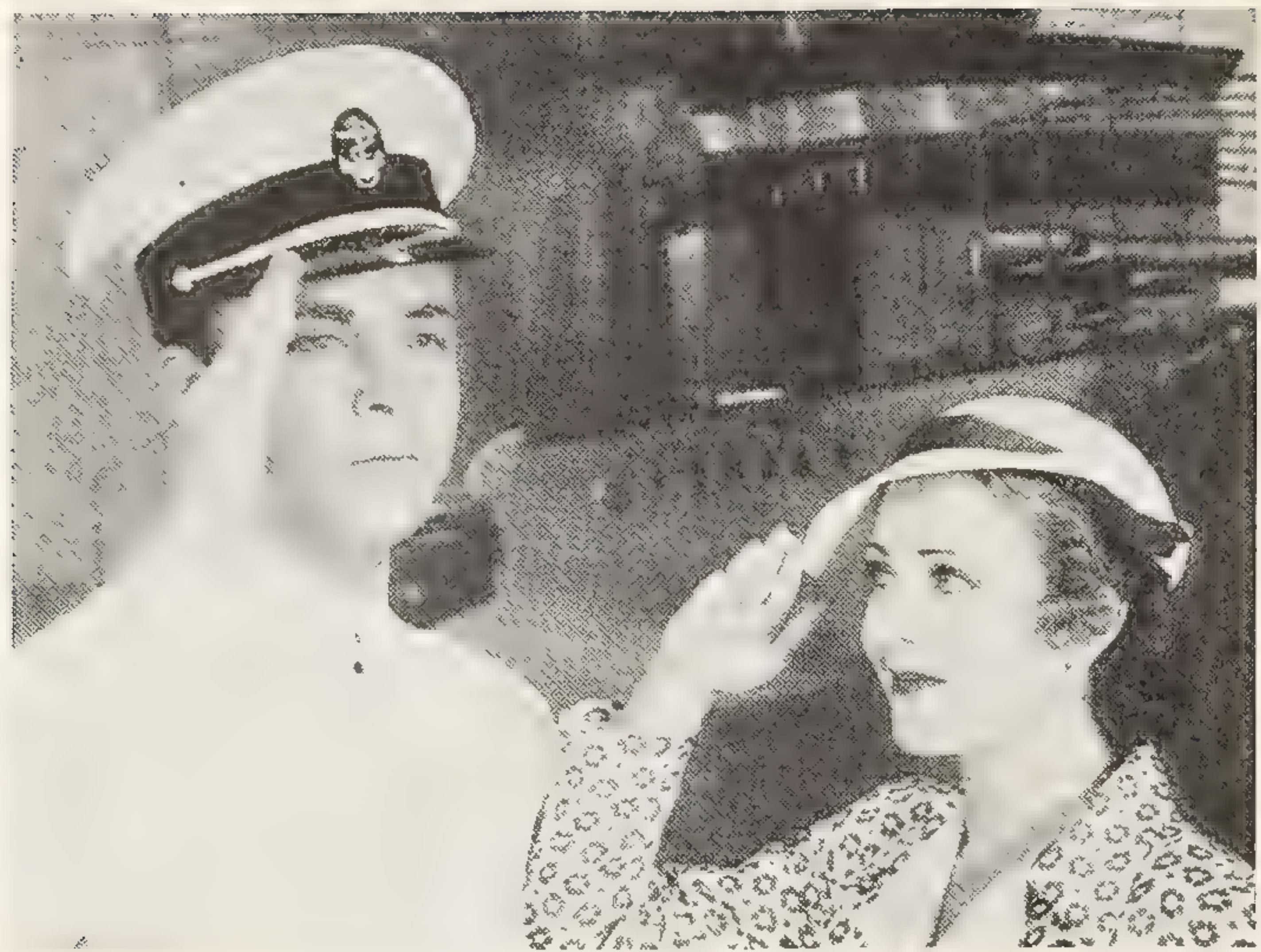
never caught anything—not even Mr. McCrea. He was awfully nice, though, and he's one of the ones who got a note from the studio asking 'em not to play with us."

It seems that whenever little Miss Temple and Miss Granas are on the set, it proves too much for the adults, and nothing is accomplished. David Butler, the director, got a note, too, once, also Lionel Barrymore, pointing out that, after all, pictures must be made and that the toys on the set belonged to the little girls, and that, if left alone, they could undoubtedly amuse themselves.

"John Boles got a note, too, when we were making 'Curly Top.' He's nice," said Marilyn from the midst of a back-bend. "Everybody we work with is nice. I like 'em all, but Shirley is best. Nobody ever gave us a water and jelly bean party, though, but Jimmy Dunn."

"And oh, you'll never believe this! When I was working in 'Curly Top,' I got my first fan letter. It was from a girl in Connecticut who was fifteen years old"—here Marilyn allowed a reverent

pause for age to impress me—"and she said that she wanted my picture, that I must be an interesting little girl. Oh, well," she sighed largely, "I suppose I'm going to be bothered with fan mail (Continued on page 96)



Shipmates Forever—Warners



CHEERS! Here's that all too rare combination: a musical romance with real human appeal. Collect the family, and their handkerchiefs; and tell Sister not to bother about her mascara, because if she has tears to shed she will shed them and her make-up when "Taps" sound for John Arledge. Your supposedly case-hardened reviewer, whose proud boast it was that she had not shed a tear at the cinema since the fourth revival of "The Birth of a Nation," broke right down and made an old dinged fool of herself over Mr. Arledge. You see, he plays to exquisite perfection a gob whose life dream and ambition is to become a midshipman; you sigh with relief when he passes his entrance examinations, but you begin to cry when he fails in his studies and goes back to the Navy to start all over again. And *then* you are harrowed further when the story calls upon him to supply the really touching tragedy that lifts "Shipmates Forever" to the dignity of high drama. Of course, there is gaiety and humor and romance here, too! Dick Powell is effortlessly swell as the crooner who becomes a real Navy Man in spite of himself. Ruby Keeler looks lovelier, dances better, than ever.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Swann



Barbary Coast—United Artists



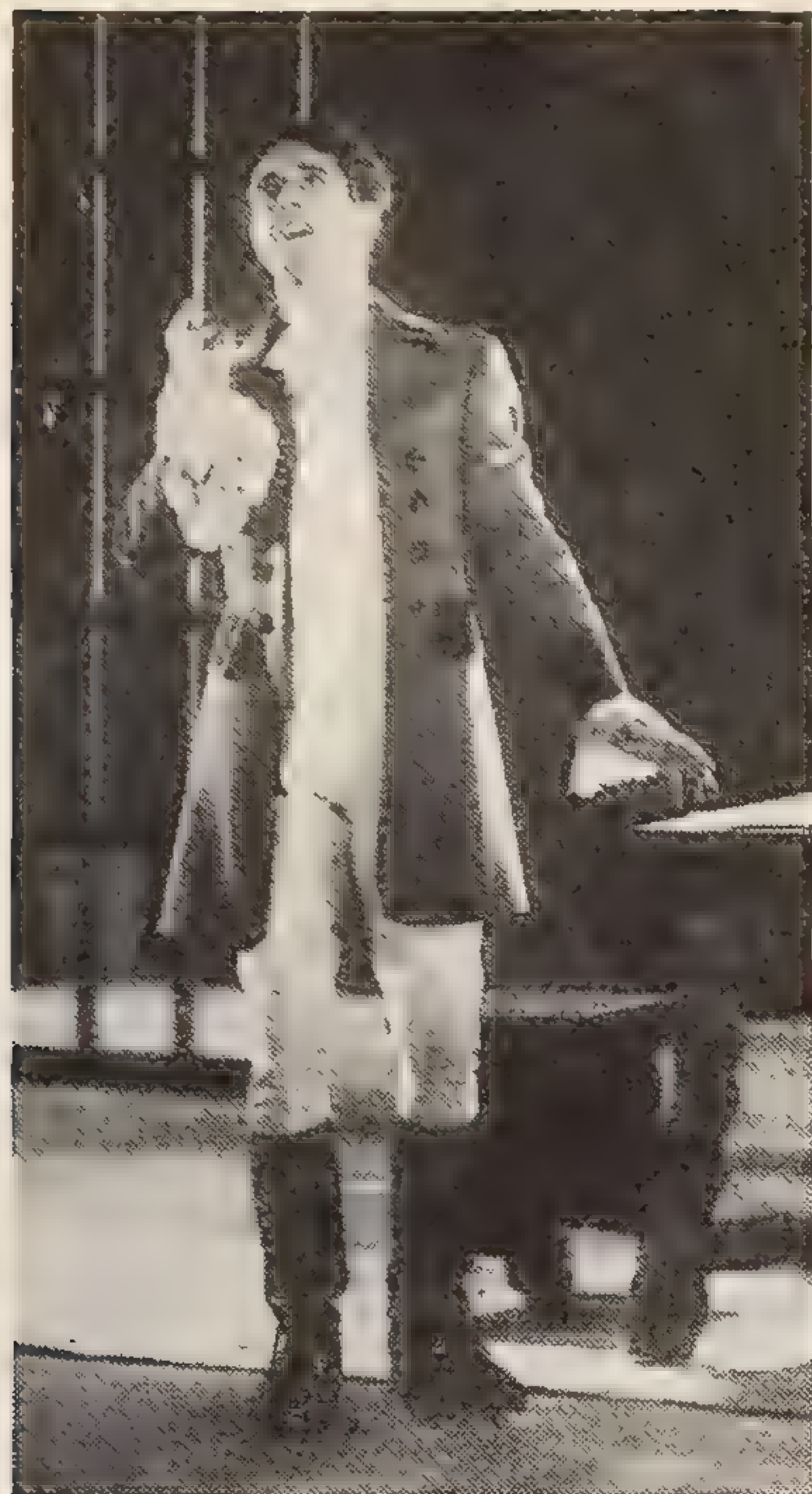
PERHAPS this picturesque account of the bad old days in San Francisco isn't as barbarous as you had sneakily hoped; but then some people are never satisfied, except possibly the censors. "Barbary Coast" presents a vivid picture of the torrid times when ancestors of "gangsters" strolled around saloons wearing ear-rings and ruffled shirts. Edward G. Robinson, the actor who has given a new meaning to the old-fashioned term of "villain" by making bad men uncomfortably believable, beginning with "Little Caesar," again has a rôle he can get his teeth into—and about time, too. Robinson to my mind walks away with this picture, with his suavely sinister performance of head man in the untamed town where Miriam Hopkins is the one ray of light—if not sweetness. Miss Hopkins has a difficult assignment here as a gal more sinned against than you-know, and she does the best she can with it. Joel McCrea is surprisingly convincing as the young man who kindles the love light in our heroine's eyes where Evil Eddie has failed. Oh, there's excitement enough, what with a chase, and "The Vigilantes are coming" and romance just around the corner. Colorful cinema.



Broadway Melody of 1936—M-G-M



FOR once "a million dollar production" actually lives up to its reputation. This lavish new musical movie looks expensive and sounds expensive; it glitters with costly sets and costumes; it astonishes with the smoothest ensembles yet presented on the screen; it sings in the dulcet tones of Frances Langford; and it has the best dancers ever assembled for a single movie—it seems that every handsome and high-priced stepper except Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is here. And as an Astaire-Rogers substitute we have Miss Eleanor Powell, who is a whole show in herself in that she can dance everything from taps to ballet, give an uncanny imitation of Katharine Hepburn, and conduct her romantic scenes with charm and freshness. This Powell girl from Broadway is deservedly the new cinema excitement. You'll enjoy Jack Benny's inimitable drolleries. The ingratiating Mr. Benny, hilariously assisted by stooge Sid Silvers, heads the comedy department, abetted by that grand Una Merkle. Robert Taylor is handsome if stolid in the leading male spot. Vilma and Buddy Ebsen would steal the dancing honors if Eleanor Powell weren't the greatest gal tap-dancer of her time. She is!



HAIL NINO MARTINI!

Screen's New Star of Song



NOT since Grace Moore enthralled us in "One Night of Love" has the screen offered such a thrill as Nino Martini's voice in "Here's to Romance." The slender young Latin from the Manhattan Metropolitan is the new singing sensation. What Nelson Eddy is to movie operetta, Martini should be to screen opera—if he can conquer his self-consciousness of the camera. If Nino could only act half as well as he sings, we might have a hero to revive the Valentino traditions. Only when he is singing does Martini really come into his own; and I believe that you will forgive all his lack of acting ease when you hear his fine tenor rendering arias from "La Tosca," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and, particularly, "Pagliacci." Brush up the boy's acting technique, Producer Lasky, and you'll have a real hit.



Here's to Romance—20th-Century Fox



IMPORTANT to you because it offers, for the first time, your opportunity to listen to Martini's glorious voice from the screen. Otherwise, a moderately amusing piece, obviously painstakingly tailored to Martini's vocal talents, with few flashes of originality. The story concerns a young singer, Martini, sponsored by a society woman, Genevieve Tobin, whose designs become embarrassingly romantic, particularly since our hero is himself in love with a ballet dancer, Anita Louise. To add to the complications, Reginald Denny as the music-loving lady's husband decides to sponsor Anita's career—it begins to sound like a radio program, doesn't it? But fortunately, the star-studded cast performs wonders with the weak material, and Martini atones for his histrionic sins when he lifts his voice in song, which he obligingly does often enough to turn this picture from a pain to a pleasure. Mme. Schumann-Heink lends her gracious dignity to her rôle of the singing teacher, and her still impressive contralto to one welcome song. Anita Louise is a vision of blonde beauty as the young dancer, with Genevieve Tobin her sparkling, sophisticated self and Reginald Denny as usual highly competent.



The Big Broadcast of 1936—Paramount



I HAVE a weakness for these mad, merry movies that Paramount turns out every so often in an abandoned moment. They never make sense and they aren't supposed to. They always have Jack Oakie at his zaniest, and George Burns and Gracie Allen at their most irresponsible. In addition, this latest explosion offers just about every radio star you can think of, including Mister Crosby (Bing, not Bob); Ethel Merman, Amos and Andy—oh, you go on; you know 'em all. There's Bill Robinson, too; and two other colored boys, the Nikolas Brothers, who are grand entertainers. Plot? Oh, yes—plot. Well, it more or less concerns a big broadcasting contest won by Jack Oakie, whose other adventures include being kidnapped on a yacht to a mythical island by luscious Lyda Roberti—Jack's the sort of boy these things seem to happen to. Wendy Barrie is part of the decorative scheme of "The Big Broadcast," and Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles contribute one of their marvelous skits on domesticity; and for dramatic emphasis there is a fine little sketch excellently played by Sir Guy Standing and David Holt. You'll want to hear Merman warble and Bing sing.



The Last Days of Pompeii—RKO-Radio



IF YOU have recovered from "The Crusades" take a long, deep breath and start out all over again to be thrilled, stunned, and entertained by this historical cataclysm. Boys and girls, it out-DeMilles the old master himself! Maestro Cecil's latest effort, you'll recall, had the fall of Acre but darned if it had anything as exciting as the eruption of Vesuvius. You just can't top that for thrills. And the cast of this new spectacular melodrama is robust and rousing enough to hold your interest even above the stirring scenes of the slaughter in the Arena and the volcanic violence. Preston Foster at last has his big chance in the important rôle here—and he is tremendously impressive in technique as well as stature as a Roman blacksmith turned gladiator, whose devotion to an adopted boy, after he loses his own child, leads him into intrigue and drama and finally to supreme sacrifice during the destruction of Pompeii. Of course, it is all high-keyed-and-colored stuff, but genuinely powerful and superbly staged. Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern, and little David Holt stand out in an excellent cast. Trick spectacle effects best since "King Kong"—but no Fay Wray!

SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Edited by

Anita Louise

The romantic mood is upon us! So we go important places in picturesque clothes with Hollywood's most poetically lovely young person, that blonde fairy princess of pictures, Anita Louise. Come along!



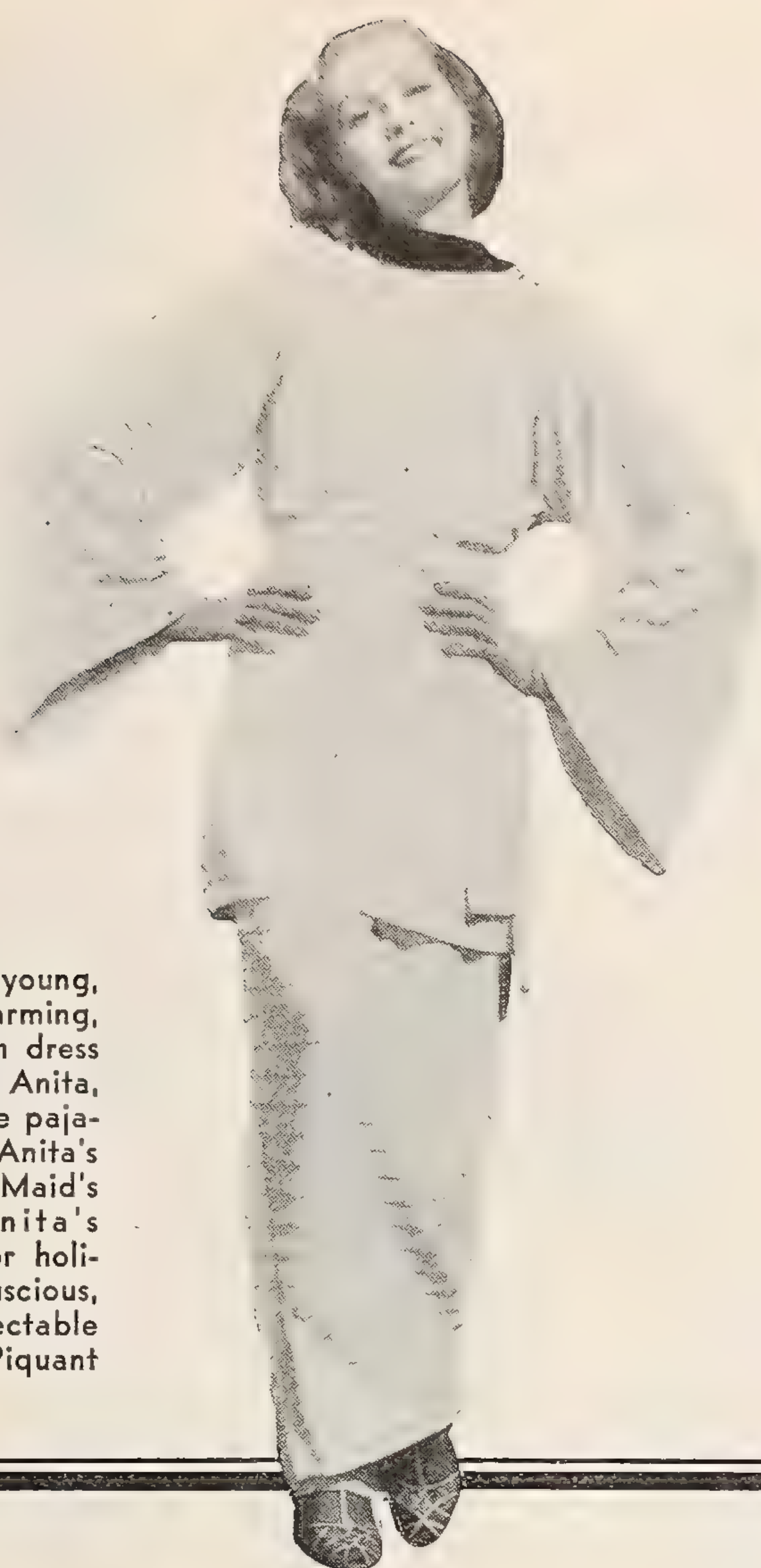
Our heroine, the most ethereally pretty girl in all Hollywood, descends to the work-a-day world wearing, above, her pet daytime outfit. Anita glamorizes tweed with this costume; the cut-away jacket and cape lining are of a red, gray, and green tweed mixture; the skirt and cape of a nubby woollen. Her hat is a deep green shovel brim. Now for a tea-dance date, right: more romantic than ever in a black velvet frock with collar and cuffs of lace.



Exclusive Action Fashions especially posed for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Miss Anita Louise. Photographed by Scotty Welbourne.

It's smart to be romantic this season, and Anita Louise with her pink-and-gold beauty is the perfect heroine of our style story. Right, she swings along with a smile—and, just as important, a grand black coat with silver fox bib collar, detachable, of course—topped by a bonnet of black felt and velvet.





White velvet can be young, and gay, and charming, when it fashions such dress pajamas as worn by Anita, right. You'll see these pajamas on the screen in Anita's new film, "Personal Maid's Secret." Below, Anita's "Christmas dress" for holiday festivities—a luscious, long frock of a delectable red and silver lamé. Piquant pockets!



Black velvet for a golden blonde! Anita grows up a little to wear this dinner gown pictured at left. Full gathered sleeves and high-necked bodice emphasize the moulded skirt. The big, bold, glittering metal buckle is very 1936. Below: the Cape of the Season: it must be long and sweeping; it must be velvet; it should be red! Anita's is.





Latest about LAUGHTON!



Charles Laughton, center, with his wife, Elsa Lanchester. The close-ups show him in four famous rôles: HENRY THE EIGHTH, RUGGLES, MR. BARRETT, and CAPTAIN BLIGH

CHARLES LAUGHTON was restless and impatient. A bit excited, too, for this was the last day's filming on the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," and he was in a hurry for it to be finished as he was leaving for England at eleven that very night.

"I expected to get away weeks ago," he said, in a gloomy voice, "but the picture was a tremendous undertaking and took longer than anyone expected. We spent six weeks at sea, a rough sea, too, and I'm the world's worse seaman. That is the one drawback to my commuting between the London and Hollywood studios. As soon as I land at one point I begin fretting about the return voyage. I detest the crossing, but," he added, "I'll go right on doing it, for I love the variety this gives me. I wither under monotony."

Wearing the white breeches, wig, and heavy false eye-brows that converted him into the menacing character of *Captain Bligh*, in the historic drama, "Mutiny on the Bounty," Laughton and I were sharing a bench on the edge of the set as the final scene was being shot.

When I asked him if his *Captain Bligh* was to be meaner than his naughty *Papa Barrett* rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," or his vengeful *Javert*, the unrelenting crime investigator in "Les Misérables," he fairly snorted.

"You haven't seen anything yet!" he exclaimed. "When

Keep up with Charles as he commutes
between Hollywood and London

By
Maude Cheatham

this picture is shown I expect audiences will unite in a desire to cut out my heart, dogs will snap at my feet and women will faint at the very thought of me. But that's what I like—when I'm playing a villain rôle. Of course, I prefer comedy, such as I had in 'The Private Life of Henry VIII' and 'Ruggles of Red Gap,' but when I'm supposed to be bad, I never compromise."

He chuckled, lustily, "I always wanted to portray the part of the father in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' You see, I know a man who is the same detestable hypocrite and religious fanatic, though he probably misses the sadist angle of this *Barrett* codger, and I got a terrific kick putting him together on the screen. Lord, how I enjoyed revealing his ogreish qualities!"

"As Mrs. Laughton and I came out of the theatre the night the picture was previewed, I heard a chap say, 'Good God, that *Barrett* man was my Uncle Tom true to life!'

"I wanted to slap him on the back and tell him I'd bet there were dozens of people saying he reminded them of Uncle something or other, or old Grandfather so and so. Ridicule is a powerful weapon to wield over these *Barretts* and I only hope some of the rascals recognized themselves in my portrayal."

Now, the big joke of all this ferocity is that Charles Laughton is the gentlest person imaginable. In real life, with his round chubby (Continued on page 94)

An international authority teaches you a fine sport and grand exercise for gaining the Hollywood ideal of grace



Leroy Prinz, Paramount dance director and expert with the foils, and Frances Langford, screen and radio star, illustrate exercises described by Mr. Prinz in this article on "the sport that builds beauty and poise."



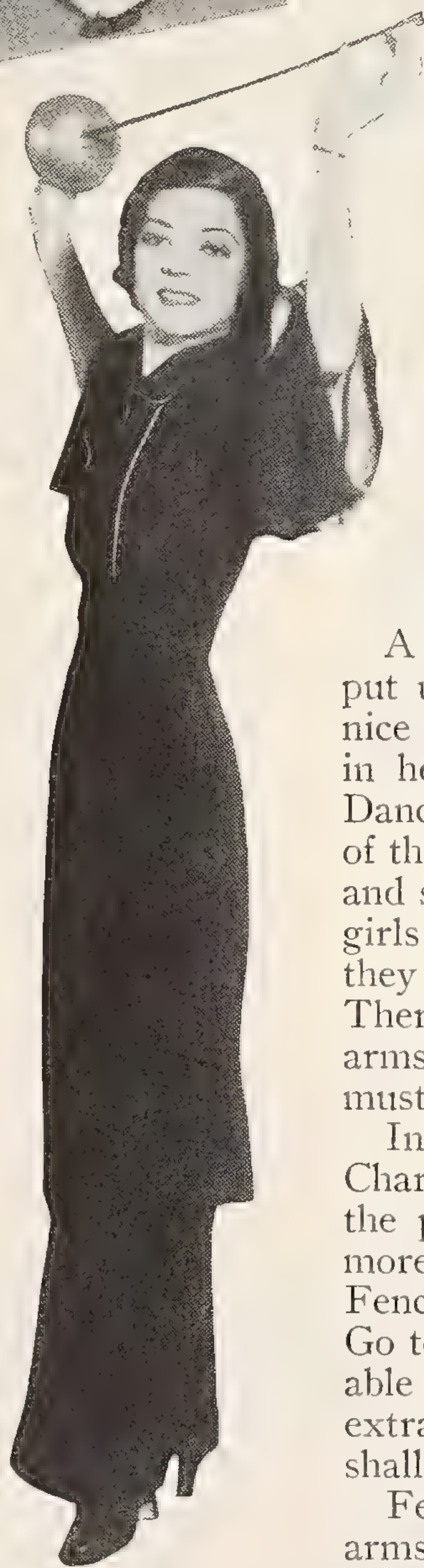
Fencing For Trim Figures

THIS month we have persuaded an international authority on fencing to take over our department. Mr. Leroy Prinz, who produces the dance numbers for Paramount Pictures, will tell you how to gain "Hollywood Figures From Fencing."

SCREENLAND readers, this is Leroy Prinz.

Greetings! It is a pleasure to talk to you about my favorite sport, fencing, and the great benefits, as well as pleasure, you can derive from this classic and splendid form of exercise.

For ages the sport of fencing has been regarded the perfect exercise for developing bodily grace and poise. Let us consider it from this standpoint, since the concern of this department is to help you to acquire A Hollywood Figure. But just a word about fencing as a sport for everybody—women and men alike. Please don't take the mistaken view that fencing is something for the selective minority, a "high hat" pastime found mainly in finishing schools, exclusive clubs, etc. It is a pity that in some quarters in America this wholly erroneous view prevails. The more progressive American schools have included fencing in the curriculum in the past three years, simply because they have



come to realize its value to the student.

I always include fencing in the training of my girls. It teaches them how to walk, gives them excellent posture, freedom and grace.

A beautiful girl comes into the studio and is put under contract; she has gorgeous looks, a nice figure, a good intellect, but her hands are in her way. Maybe that's your trouble, too. Dancing may help her, but it won't take care of those hands and arms, because she can dance and still not use her hands freely. You've seen girls holding their hands close to their sides as they dance? That won't do on the screen. There's as much expression in the hands and arms as there is in the face, and a good actress must learn what to do about them.

In our new picture "Collegiate," we have a Charm School. "Give us a number for this," the producer requested. What creates charm more easily and completely than anything else? Fencing! So I have created a fencing number. Go to see it—perhaps you'll pick up some valuable pointers on how to fence and perhaps a few extra exercises to add to the routines which I shall describe in this article.

Fencing will give you the free use of your arms, grace, and agility all at once.

You will acquire no over-developed muscles through fencing; there will be no ugly calf muscles such as the toe dancer has after years of pirouetting; no hideous big thigh muscles such as the tap dancer often has by the time she becomes proficient. By the time you can fence well, your arms are a part of your body and flow rhythmically with it. Every muscle is exercised yet never over-developed.

If you go in for fencing scientifically, you will wear a mask and protecting collar (*Continued on page 68*)

Here's Hollywood!

Romance!
Gay Gossip!
Good News!

By
Weston East



Wide World

Romance in the news! Here, above, we have Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, scenarist. Hollywood says it's serious. Right above, Abe Lyman, band man, and new star Eleanor Powell, who've announced their engagement. Left, Nino Martini and Anita Louise, seen together in New York. Is it a romance?



International



Acme



Norma Shearer and her producer husband, Irving Thalberg, return to the coast after a New York visit, prior to starting Norma's new picture, "Romeo and Juliet."

REMEMBER that old rib about "keep R poison Oakie out of Toluca Lake"? It was started as a gag, then the fans took it up and it built into an episode of some importance. Bing Crosby was the ring-leader. Well, the other day when Jack replaced Bing as a crooner in "Money From Home," Jack evened things up by plastering all the old gag-clippings all over Bing's dressing-room. Also, the royalty checks Jack has received from his "College Rhythm" recordings have Bing wondering. It's a real live feud, now. Funny how innocent gags can build up!

YOU can look forward to seeing again Y on the screen the lovely Dolores Costello, now that her marriage to John Barrymore has been dissolved in the courts.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has been studying French for six months, so she tried out her new language when she was introduced to the new star at Fox, Simone Simon. Finally Shirley had to give it up, but not until she remarked, "Miss Simone, I guess we don't speak the same kind of French, do we?"

WELL, well! That sterling couple, Cary Grant and Randy Scott are back together and keeping house again! (No aspersions intended, boys, we all know you.) Neither seems to have any too much luck with his love affairs, what with Betty Furness straying off with Cesar Romero and Vivian Gaye marrying Ernst Lubitsch. Looks as if Cary and Randy have just given up the steady-beau business and decided to play the field. Anyway, they are nicely ensconced in Connie Talmadge's (Mrs. Townsend Netcher) house in Santa Monica—just as everyone else is moving in from the beach. So now they have it all practically to themselves. Oh, yes: Connie has gone to Chicago, where her husband has big department store interests.

AL JOLSON'S friends are about to organize the Here He Comes Club, in self-defense. For Al, believe it or not, has turned into such a proud papa that he collars his pals and goes on for hours about snookums' new tooth, and what he said this morning that sounded like a word. He illustrates with snapshots and even moving pictures. (Lantern slides tomorrow night.) From Playboy to Papa is always an interesting transformation.

At the recent tennis tournament we saw John Boles, his daughter, Marcelite, and Mrs. John Boles occupying a box, as shown at right. Edsel Ford's children, Josephine and Billy, visited the Warner studio, and below you see them with Jimmy Cagney and Joe E. Brown.



THEY are comparing Hepburn's performance in "Sylvia Scarlett" to the "L'Aiglon" of Bernhardt; you know, the one in which the divine Sarah played Napoleon's son. Well, maybe, at that! After "Alice Adams" we will believe almost anything of Katie. She has to play a boy successfully enough to deceive custom's inspectors, in the early part of the picture, and must still, the publicity says, "preserve the feminine allure of a girl whom circumstances has forced into this impersonation." What kind of a boy is that?

CHARLES BICKFORD is recovering nicely from his tussel with a lion, but he will be flat on his back for some time to come. His deepest regret is that he may not be able to play his rôle in "The Littlest Rebel" with Shirley Temple.

FRED PERRY, the worldly tennis star, proves that bridegrooms are pretty much alike. He was so fussed while being introduced to a friend of his bride, Helen Vinson, that the cigarette he was holding burned his fingers to a blister. An old beau of the bride's, to be exact.



Wide World

PROBABLY an unprecedented occasion—in the life of a producer—took place when George Arliss completed his rôle in "Mister Hobo" for Gaumont-British. The film ran beyond schedule, and an overtime check amounting to \$30,000 was delivered to Arliss. On the following day he appeared in the office of Michael Balcon, production head, and casually placed a slip of paper on the desk. "I don't think I'll take this," remarked Arliss, and strolled out. It was the check! We presume Mr. Balcon has been revived by this time.

THE village is agog over these Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers rift rumors. Jealousy, so it is whispered, has separated them. Seems it's all a lot of tosh, and Ginger simply tore off to the mountains to rest, having lost thirteen pounds during the filming of "Tamed," and they can't fit her for clothes in the new Astaire-Rogers picture until she puts back the poundage. The new one is called "Follow the Fleet," and we can't wait to see Fred in a middy blouse!

BY THE way, an heir is due in the Fred Astaire family. This is the first (but yes) since Astaire and the former Phyllis Potter were practically honeymooners when they arrived in Hollywood some two years ago. Astaire has shut down on all publicity of a personal nature since this news leaked out, and is, we understand, exceedingly annoyed about having it printed. But Freddie, old bean, you're in the movies now. Only farmers and fan-writers have private lives. Want to change places?

International

MY, MY, there hasn't been such excitement on the Paramount lot since the good old days when Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri used to vie with each other in little matters of red carpets, tons of orchids, and gallons of temperament. Of course you've already read in your favorite magazine, (talking about SCREENLAND, Toots) the battle of the Cadillacs waged by Marlene Dietrich and Mae West, who happen to have adjoining dressing-rooms on the Paramount campus. Well, the latest is that Marlene, not to be outdone by Miss West, now has a colored maid. Mae has had the famous Libby do maid service for her on the set ever since she has been in Hollywood. But Marlene has never had a maid. In fact it was always part of her publicity that the glamorous Dietrich had no maid. Well, as I said before, the entire cast of "Desire" nearly fell out of their chairs when Marlene walked on the set the other morning with a colored maid.

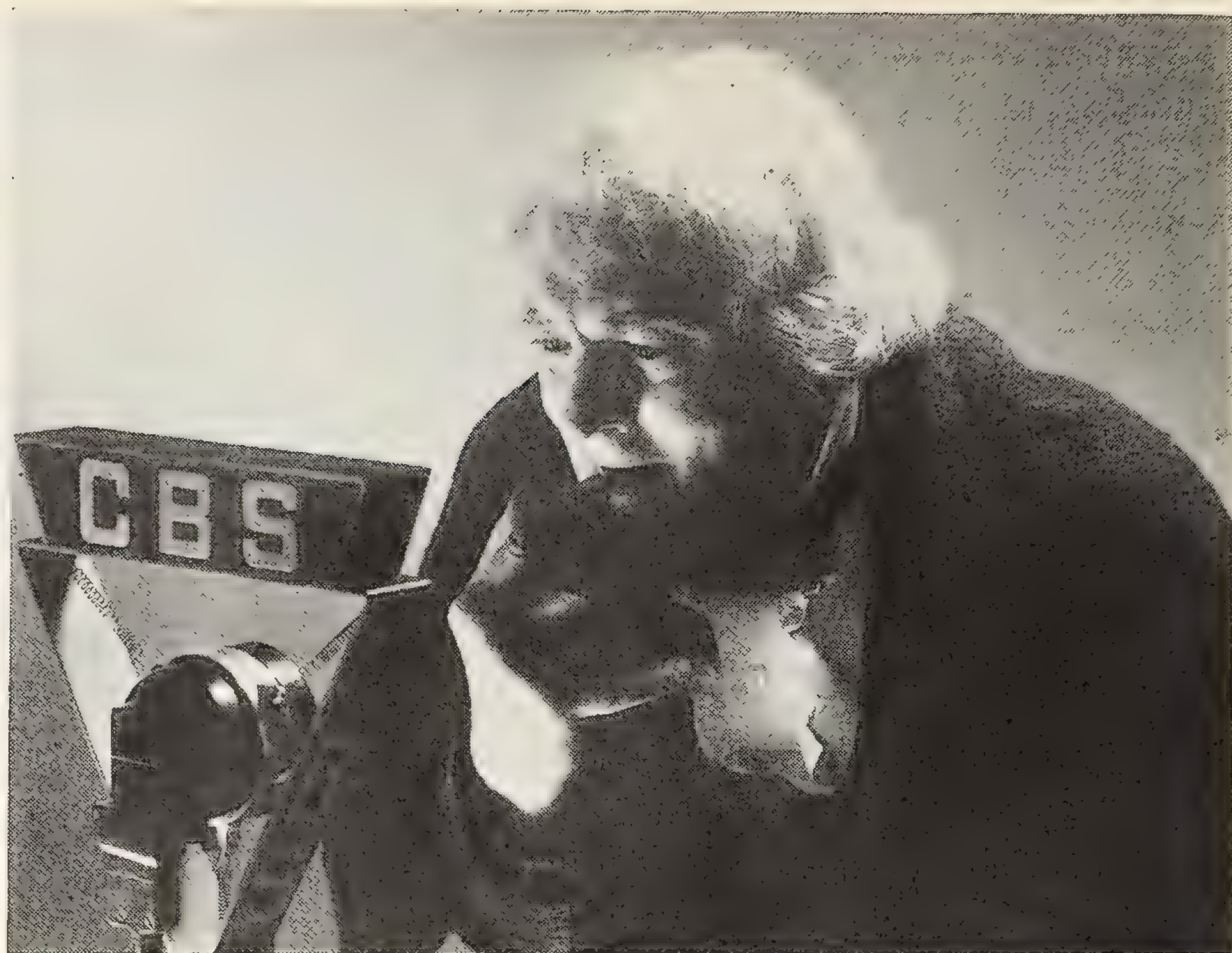
SPENCER and Mrs. Tracy are giving their first big party in a year, with invitations that say "swimming, dancing, riding and ranch sports." Certainly sounds as if no one will have time to be bored. The trouble with most Hollywood parties is that the host expects the guests to entertain each other!



Vacationing abroad! Above, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge. This is news! Left, Ronnie Colman, seldom seen in public, is caught by our camera, dining with Benita Hume, at his left, and Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, at extreme right.



Why, here comes the bride—Peggy Conklin, returning to Hollywood after her marriage to James Thompson in the east.



Beats television! Here's how Lionel Barrymore will look as Scrooge in a radio version of "A Christmas Carol." It will be presented on Xmas day.



At home! Edward Arnold, great screen character actor, with his wife and their pet Boston, snapped in their patio.

WHEN all is said and done there really seems to be nothing to the rumors of the Jeanette MacDonald—Gene Raymond romance. It came to an abrupt end when Jeanette left for Lake Tahoe with the "Rose-Marie" company, and with my own little eyes I saw her receive flowers but daily from Bob Ritchie, who is on his way back to Hollywood after a business trip to England and New York.

GOSH, we have heard of sound ear-pounders in our day, but Merle Oberon gets the prize. That girl sleeps with *three* alarm clocks in her room! She gets up, still asleep, and turns off two of them. Then she plays a good joke on herself and has the third one hidden so she has to look around for it—and by that time, she's awake. Hardly seems worthwhile to get up at all if you have to work that hard at it.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell had the other patrons all in a dither when they dined at the Café Lamaze, and wound up at the Trocadero, the other night. It begins to look like Love. We passed them driving over the Pass from Toluca Lake the other afternoon—in Dick's big open roadster, Joany all snuggled down in a big warm coat, looking up with those big eyes. Hey, Mary Brian!

SPONSORS of Dick Powell's Friday night broadcasts have done their Xmas shopping early, with the result that to Lionel Barrymore goes the distinction of being signed to the longest contract ever written by the radio impresarios. Commencing with this December 25th, Lionel will bring you *Scrooge* in air presentations of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" on Xmas days up to and including the one that comes in 1938.

You who have seen Lionel in his many masterful screen performances, know what an excellent job he'll make of it. The always modest Lionel says he's "going to school," studying radio technic. It's a different medium of drama than stage or screen, he says, and declares he must learn how to do it. Which reminds this corner of an incident when Lionel modestly made his way into films for the first time.

At the New York studios of Metro—where B. A. Rolfe, the orchestra man of



Dorothy Belle Dugan, former U. of C. co-ed, has been chosen as one of the Goldwyn Girls for Eddie Cantor's film.

(Continued on page 76)

Learn the art of perfuming as Hollywood knows it—to make “Great Moments” even greater!



By
Elin Neil

A subtle touch of flattering fragrance on the lobe of each ear, on the wrists, or inside the elbows, complete the perfection with which Olivia de Havilland greets the world. Olivia loves fine perfumes—and does she know them!

Perfume Personality

WHO wants to be known by the perfume she wears? Olivia de Havilland doesn't. This swiftly ascending star who gave up a college education to play *Hermia* in “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” admits her favorite extravagances are buying lots of flowers and perfumes. She is far too clever, though, to let any one perfume dominate her the way the “black narcissus” lady did. Olivia's perfumes, like her clothes, are slaves to her personality. And you'll find several fragrances on her dressing-table to suit the different moods that go to make up the vibrant, lovable person who is Olivia de Havilland to her family and friends as well as to screen audiences.

Perfumes are like people. Every one seems to have a living personality whether it is the pure essence of a single flower, a profusion of friendly flowers, or a mysterious fragrance you can't define but which calls up memories of scenes long forgotten.

You must be oh, so very careful in the perfume personalities you choose to mingle with your own—just as careful as you are in the choice of your friends or your clothes or the surroundings in which you live. For your

perfume expresses *you* as definitely as your conversation.

You wouldn't wear the same clothes day in and day out, or confine yourself to a single friend. That would make life too monotonous, and the impression you gave the outside world would be so all-the-same and uninteresting. There's monotony in perfume, too, if you always stick to the same one. Besides, you deprive yourself of that grand feeling of emotional “lift” which a new and exciting perfume, like a new dress or hat, can give you.

Think of your perfumes like the colors you wear. They must be flattering to your mood as a dress must be becoming. And you can count on them to do a lot toward making the “Ensemble You” as charming as possible. I've always believed there is color in the fragrance a perfume wafts around one.

The fresh woodsy odors call up scenes of the forest—tinkling brooks and ferns and wildflowers in careless profusion. And the impressions they evoke are filled with soft greens. Green is the soothing color. Wear the woodsy perfumes for those elfin, sympathetic moods, and people will seek you out for the calm and peace you bring.

Yellow and orange are the gay, (Continued on page 90)

A Star is Made

Continued from page 24

knew her own colorings were attractive. Felt she had nothing to fear.

She waiting. Heard nothing. A week later she was tested again.

She wasn't good—in color! She found that out, definitely, after a third test. If she had been one of their more profitable stars they might have gone on with more experiments in make-up, more tests. As it was, they were through. Diana's contract was not renewed.

For the first time since she had entered the world of pictures she was in a panic. Frightened. Bewildered. In three weeks her salary would stop. What if she couldn't get a new job right away?

She got in touch with Twizel, her agent. He was a little distressed because his commission might stop but optimistic, too. Other studios would welcome Diana. Maybe not right away—there were so many new girls who were making good—but if she were patient they'd find something for her in a studio that was not going so wholeheartedly into color. Diana felt cheered up.

Her buoyancy didn't last. Her little band of followers were not cheerful. Even Tony was worried. He hadn't been working steadily. He was free-lancing, and although he was still a well-known star his popularity was passing.

At dinner he urged Diana to go away with him. She was not working in a picture. That meant three weeks' vacation with pay. They could go to Mexico, have a wonderful time. No one would know.

If things—went down—she would still have this memory! Why not? The idea buzzed through her brain.

"I will not be kept waiting any longer!" Tony said. He seemed insistent now.

"All right," said Diana. "I'll go."

"In the morning?"

Diana nodded. Might as well decide something!

She went to bed, sure of what she was going to do. She woke up, still sure.

Her maid brought her breakfast to bed—fruit juice and toast and coffee—it had been a long time since she had dared eat more for fear of gaining weight. Her personal mail and the morning paper were on her tray. She picked up the paper. Read the headlines. On an inside page she

started to read a news story. Stopped. Started over again. Sunny Beck! She couldn't believe it!

The little fool! Sunny was mixed up in the dirtiest sort of a scandal. With that awful little director she had brought to the party. His wife had raided a bungalow. Found her husband—and Sunny. And claimed she found drugs, too! She was giving evidence, now, in order to get a divorce. It meant the end of Sunny in pictures! They were careful, in the movies, about scandal. If a star were very important her studio would undoubtedly work hard to cover things up. Otherwise, not only would there be no one to help her—but the doors of all studios would be closed to her.

Diana didn't like to read fiction in which girls "came to realize." She almost smiled, now, when she thought of herself in that same position. For she had, indeed, "come to realize." Why, she was planning to do something just as silly as Sunny had done! Sunny was only an extra. She was a star—had more to lose. Yet there was no studio to protect her. Maybe Tony's wife was looking for just such an opportunity!

She reached for her telephone, telephoned to Tony, told him her new decision. She was a little piqued because he did not act as if his heart were broken. She knew this meant the last of Tony. Well, that couldn't be helped, now!

She felt absolutely weak. Tony had been such an important part of her life since she was in the movies. Now he was gone! She realized he had never really loved her. She was young, attractive, new. That was all. Perhaps his wife wouldn't give him a divorce. Perhaps, like so many married men in Hollywood, he had stayed married so he wouldn't get mixed up in any other entanglement. She was better off without him. And she felt terribly lonely and at loose ends.

She begged her mother to go away with her. Right away. Mrs. Wells was used to Diana's vagaries. Since her husband's death, life had not seemed very real to her. Uprooted from a small, conventional community and thrust into Hollywood she had tried to adjust to it. She had found her own friends. The Hollywood of the

movies had never been very close to her. Diana's problems did not seem real. It was too late to give her advice, now.

Diana's maid packed the bags. Diana ordered her car. She and her mother and her maid went to Palm Springs.

Palm Springs is an artificial resort, a painted oasis in a real desert. The hotels are luxurious—and three feet from them the desert closes in. The houses look as if one had imagined them in a curious dream. Now, the season was nearly over. Oddly dressed people in abbreviated sports costumes were still around but the hotel was quiet.

Diana had been drinking too much. She told herself she'd cut that out. Here, away from her crowd, it ought to be easy enough. Yet she took a drink in the morning and several during the day, had cocktails before her dinner, a couple of highballs later. Her nerves were on ends.

She was constantly restless. Couldn't think. She'd pick up a book, read a few pages, throw it down.

"Let's leave this place!" she said, after three days.

The maid packed again. The car was summoned. A few hours' ride, first the desert, then Riverside and the lovely green country outside of Hollywood—and she was home.

She breathed deeply when she saw her own beautiful house. Why had she ever wanted to go away?

She spent a luxurious day in bed—and didn't have a single drink. Then she was restless again.

Iowa Summers wanted to see her. She hadn't seen Iowa since she had read about Sunny. Before that she'd seen her frequently, given her money. Iowa looked tired.

"Sunny went home," she said. "She was the best friend I had in town."

Diana made a mistake, then. "Why don't you go home, too?" she asked.

Iowa flared into sudden temper.

"You're a nice one to talk," she screamed. "You—who have everything. You're a star! I'm as beautiful as you are! I had a better chance to make good!"

Diana tried to soothe her. Iowa's voice rose higher.

"Maybe you want me to go because you're tired of lending me a little money. You couldn't possibly miss it. I live cheap, in a little room. You have all this. But I'll get ahead! You're jealous! You want me to go home!" She was crying, now.

"There! There!" said Diana, as if she were talking to a very little girl. "Of course you'll make good!"

"You have everything!" wailed Iowa.

"Well, my contract is up and they aren't renewing," said Diana. "Splendour is going to make only color pictures—and I don't photograph well, in color."

Was it Diana's imagination—did Iowa look pleased at the news?

"You'll get something else," she said. She left as soon as Diana gave her some money.

Diana's group of sycophants were still around constantly. For lunch, for dinner, for cocktails. She told no one what had happened between her and Tony—and acquaintances were too smart to ask questions. She heard that he had gone to Mexico.

Diana went to parties. She allowed a dozen men to escort her. Some of them were gay, fun-loving. A few drank too hard. A few were old, boring. None



Thrilling trio! Helen Jepson, operatic star under contract for films, visits John Boles and Gladys Swarthout on the "Rose of the Rancho" set.

was prominent. She knew they felt it an honor to be seen with her. If they got too drunk or bored her too badly she didn't see them again. Some of them, like Forest Drury or Marcus Williams, were pleasant. In restaurants she paid the bills. She knew that most of the good-looking young men who were still unattached were broke. Waiting for fortune.

The three weeks of her contract passed. The stream of gold stopped, suddenly. The huge expenses went on. And there were no new offers!

She tried to curtail expenses. Let an upstairs girl go. Found the gardener could drive. She cut out most of her entertaining. Bought no new clothes. This made living a little cheaper. Bills, on the house and furnishings, rendered monthly, still poured in.

The group who hung around her knew what was going on. She felt they would understand. Hadn't they eaten her meals—sung her praises?

A curious thing happened—and, oddly enough, Diana was not really surprised. The sycophants began to melt away. A few at a time. They had dinner dates—when she expected them to dinner. They ran in for cocktails—but they were in a hurry, didn't have time to assure her that everything would soon be all right.

Even the attractive and unattached young men found they could do just as well with other—and more popular stars. Diana asked Marcus Williams to go to a party with her. He was so sorry, but he was working on a story. Forest Drury had made an engagement he couldn't possibly break!

One or two bad pictures—and you're out. Diana had heard that often enough. She had had her bad pictures. Had failed in a color test. And no other studio thought enough of her to make any sort of an offer. Was this what had come of all of her dreams? Failure—and debts—and oblivion?

She began to live off her small savings. The money rolled out of her savings account so much faster than it had rolled in.

Fear seized her. What was she going to do? What if she had to lose her home—everything? What after that?

Iowa came to see her again. Iowa needed more money. She saw herself another Iowa, trying to make enough, in extra parts, to get by. She wasn't an Iowa. She had had stardom. Iowa had had only dreams.

She tried to talk sensibly with Iowa. She couldn't refuse her the few dollars that meant the difference between meager comforts and real starvation.

There were fewer invitations. Hollywood knows if a person is going up or down. And the crowd hates failures, has almost a superstitious fear of them. Diana had never been a real Hollywood personality. She had never had enough temperament for that. The stories that made her glamorous and romantic were as much fiction as were the stories of so many other stars. She—and they—were nice girls—that was all. Pretty girls who had a flair for acting and who photographed well and who, through a chain of circumstances, became popular box-office. This popularity could be—and frequently was—destroyed by a whisper, by a few bad pictures. Glamour fades more easily than it is created—an iridescent butterfly's wing.

There were no new offers of jobs. The few parties she went to were just drinking parties—where everyone stood around and panned everyone else—and where the failures were more in evidence than the successes.

At home, the sycophants were less and less in evidence. Diana and her mother had luncheons alone. Dined alone. The big dining-room seemed curiously bare and

empty. There had always been a gay crowd there, flattering, hungry.

Diana tried not to drink. Gradually, she broke herself of the habit that had begun to take hold on her. Yet it was so easy to ring for a highball, when she was feeling blue. She felt blue and unhappy most of the time.

One morning she didn't have the energy to get out of bed. What was going to happen to her? When the maid brought her breakfast she drank her fruit juice listlessly, crumbled a piece of toast. Her mail was uninteresting. She knew any news would come over the telephone.

She picked up the morning paper. On an inside page, as she had read, unex-

I think you can get your teeth into it. She's hard, clever, just the kind you can play."

"It sounds grand," said Diana. "I'll—ask my fiancé."

"Fiancé?" Herrick scowled.

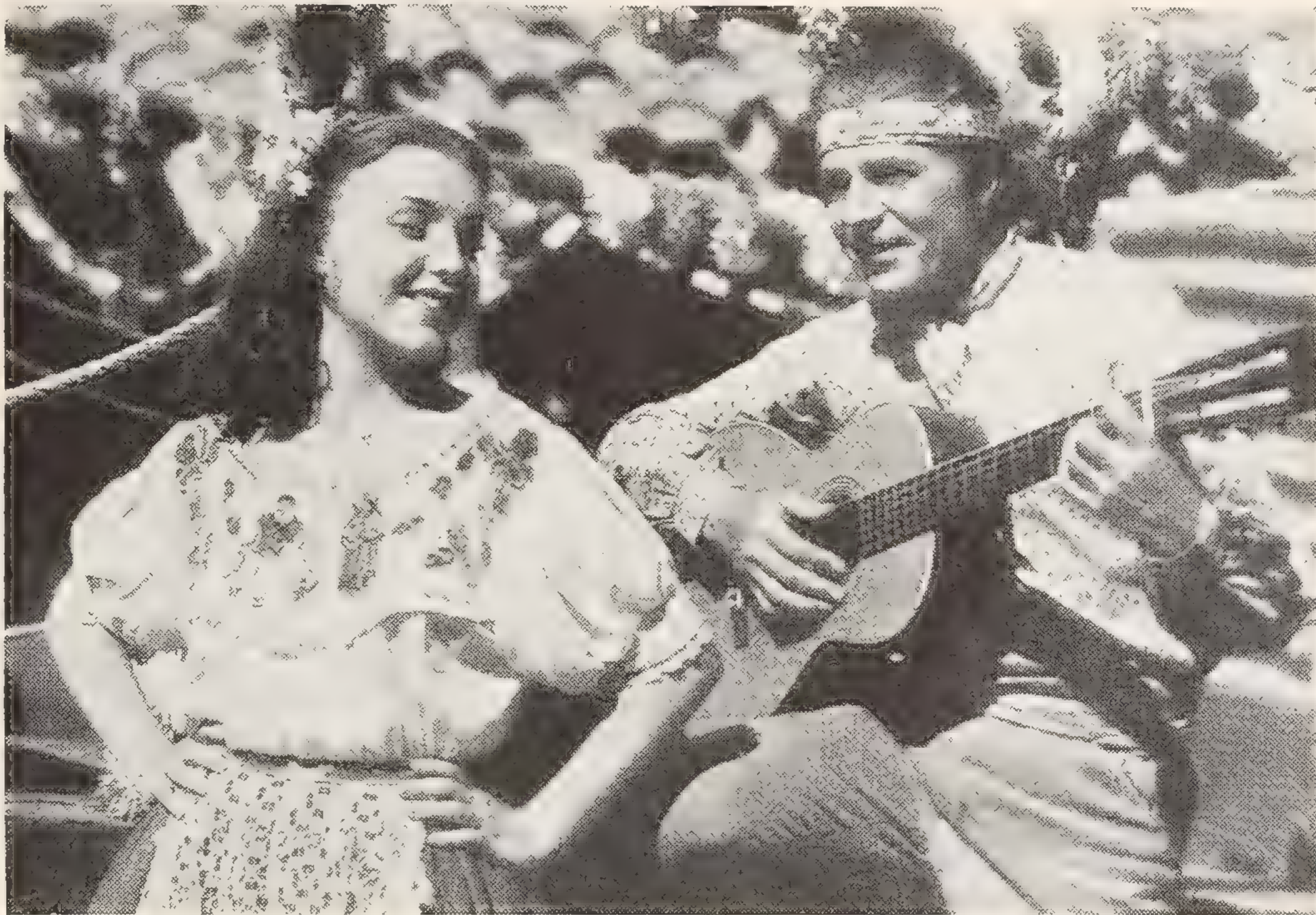
"It's all right!" Diana smiled, now. "It's the boy I was going with when I came to Hollywood. Remember?"

"Of course," said Herrick. They were all smiling, now.

"A sensible thing to do," said Trauber. "You'll decide right away? We want to begin shooting in ten days."

"I'll let you know in the morning," said Diana.

At seven Michael was there. He was



No sound track's needed to prove that Warner Baxter can strum a swell serenade on that guitar—Margo's eloquent expression makes that plain.

pectedly, about Sunny Beck, she read the last chapter in the life of Iowa Summers. Iowa had committed suicide!

She hadn't even left a note. Just a pretty girl, who had been an extra player, had found life too difficult. Her body was being sent to Iowa. She was going home, after all! Diana hid her head in the bed clothes. Sobbed with horror.

Suddenly, she knew what she must do—what she had known, instinctively, for days. She must telephone Michael!

He had said—if she needed him. She gave the number. Shivered. What if he no longer cared?

His voice was dear, friendly, comforting. More than that, it was thrilling to talk to Michael—as it had been when she first met him—before things happened to her.

It was all right! Michael was back! Michael was coming to dinner. At seven! Michael!

The telephone rang. It was Twizel, the agent.

"Good news!" he said. "Trauber. Thinks you've been in the dog-house long enough. A decent offer. Not as large as you've been making, of course. But good options. Says he's got a story just made for you. Wants to see you at two-thirty."

It was on the tip of her tongue to say she couldn't come. She knew how Michael felt about movies. But she was a star—couldn't give up. And there were debts—and her mother to be looked after.

The old studio. Trauber. Herrick. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of them.

"The part," said Trauber, "is that of an older woman than you've been playing but

even handsomer than she had pictured him. Tall and bronzed and young and dependable. Before she knew it she was in his arms, had told her story. Up until today.

"So you're out of pictures," he said.

She told him the newest chapter. His brow clouded—but only for an instant. Michael had learned things, too.

"If you still care for me," said Diana, "we could get married, be together. We could live—here. I know my real friends, now. You won't have a lot of imitations cluttering up the place. Part of a star's salary must go for living—like a star. You can pay a proportionate share of living expenses. And we can both save—"

"And stars, these days, have children, don't they?" Michael asked.

"Children are the smartest thing to have," Diana told him.

They both laughed. Even before dinner was announced they were in the midst of plans. A short trip to San Francisco. After a wedding with only the Stones and her mother and Sara and Bob. And later, when they were—home—a few friends in, people they both liked. And remembering, always, that a star has—problems. And that Michael's life and Michael's career were important, too. It all sounded so grand—and simple and real and logical.

"Why didn't we think of it before?" asked Diana.

"Neither of us had brains enough," said Michael. "I'm sure I didn't—and even the most beautiful star in the world can be a little—dumb."

Diana couldn't scold him for that—just then. She kissed him, instead.

"I Was A Spoiled Brat," Says Merle

Continued from page 21

the proper poke to make those false teeth fall out.

Her uncle stood up, furious. But before he had a chance to do anything, the brat had fled, and was leading him a merry chase around the house.

What was the matter with her uncle, wondered Merle. Why did he take this thing so seriously? Didn't he realize how absurd the whole thing was?

Heavens, the things that people took seriously! There was, for instance, the day that Merle noticed that there was only one rose left in her uncle's garden, and sallied forth to pluck that rose. How was she to know that the last rose of summer was her uncle's pride and joy? Coming back from the garden, she had crawled into mud that went up to her knees. Yelling for the gardener she stood there, with the rose that she had plucked up by the roots in her hand. And there her uncle found her. His eyes had snapped with fury.

"Don't punish the child," her mother had pleaded. "She didn't realize how much you cared about the garden."

"Someone must take a firm hand," her uncle had said sternly. "Otherwise the child will be running completely wild." So that night Merle was sent to bed without any supper, and furious was she at this perfect display of grown-up idiocy. All that fuss over a silly old rose! How was she supposed to guess that her uncle would mind? Well, you never could predict what grown-ups would do or say.

When she went to school it was worse. She had had a little respect, at least, for her uncle and aunt, but at school in Calcutta, India, she was miserable, and made up for it by becoming the most ornery student in the whole school. Right at the start she became involved in some mischief, and after that whenever anything happened in that school, they sent for Merle.

Merle thought they were all a little mad, but at the same time she was afraid of all the school mistresses. The most innocent pranks were treated as though they were criminal offenses. What Merle probably resented, though she didn't analyze it at the time, was the fact that the school teachers were all deplorably lacking in a sense of humor.

One day when lessons grew boring, Merle passed a note to a friend. The note said, "Look at Huffy's polypocker nose," Huffy, of course, being the nickname of the teacher. The friend looked and passed the note on to someone else. From hand to hand the note passed, until it was finally picked up by a teacher on duty. By that time "Huffy" had gone home for the day, but this other teacher was just as indignant as if it was her nose to which attention had been called.

Her face grew purple. "I picked up a rude, impertinent note just now," she said. "Who wrote it?"

The room was as still and quiet as death. Not a voice was raised.

Merle thought quickly. What a scene this teacher was making, as though writing that note was a crime. Why, she hadn't meant any real harm, but if they were going to make such a fuss about the note, she'd be darned if she would confess.

"I'll keep the whole school in," the teacher thundered. "I'll find out who dared to do this."

She was as good as her word. She made all the children stay in. When the evening shadows began to crawl over the hills, she was still asking, "Who wrote this note?"

From the handwriting, it was obvious

that one of the younger students had written it, so finally she dismissed the seventh termers, then the sixth termers, and so on till she got down to the third term girls. That was Merle's class. Merle shivered.

"I think I know who wrote this," said the teacher cruelly. "I believe I recognize the handwriting. Let me see your exercise books."

Finally her search narrowed down to two girls, Merle and another girl. Still Merle wouldn't confess, so the teacher locked the two girls up in two dark rooms. And still no confession!

The teacher went to Merle and shook her till the teeth almost rattled out of her head.

"Now will you tell me if you wrote that note?" she demanded.

"I won't say anything about it," Merle defied her.

Finally she was dragged up to the head mistress, who took the note, handed it to Merle and said, "Did you write this?"

"Why, yes," confessed Merle, "I did."

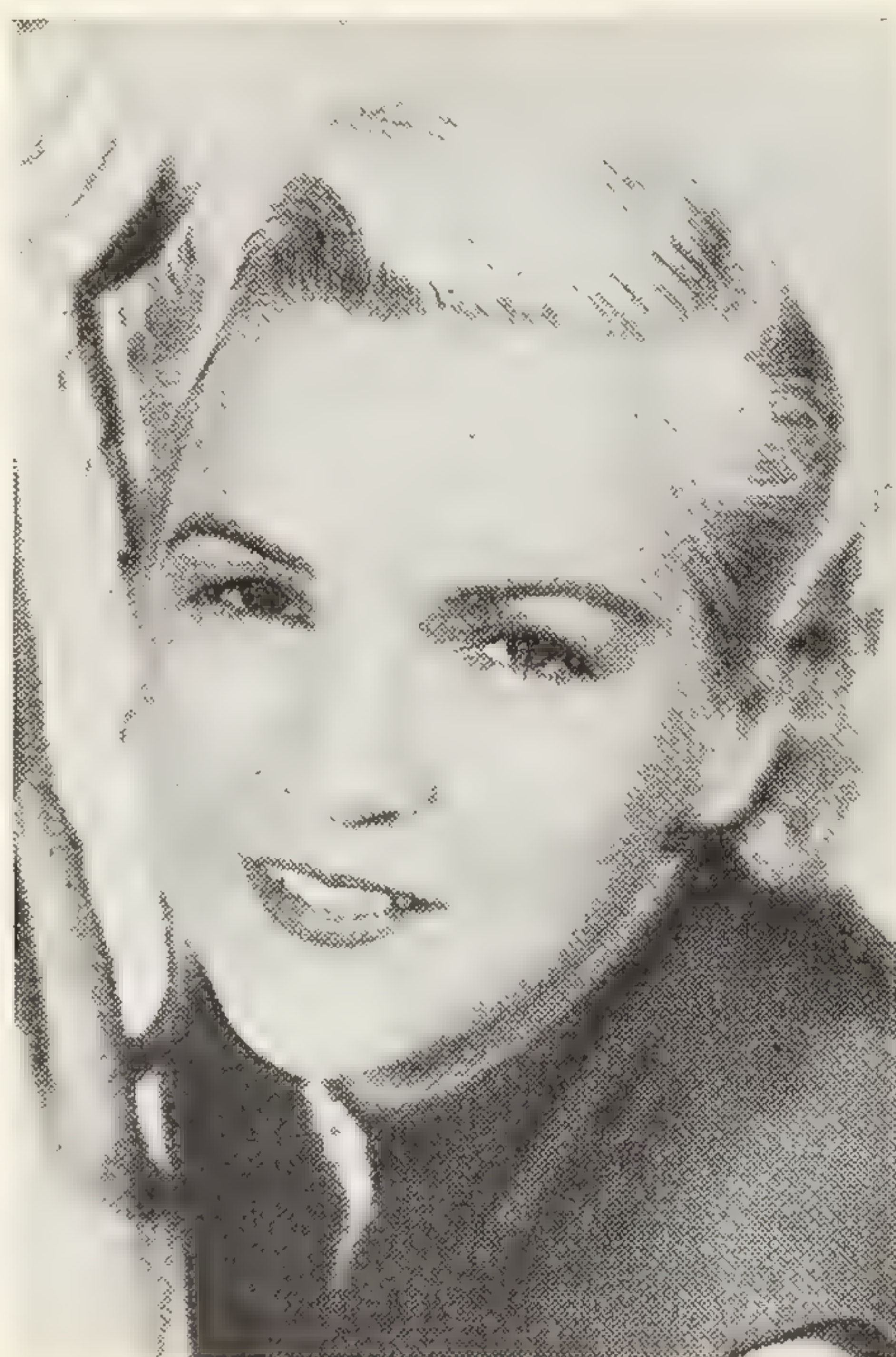
"Why didn't you admit that hours ago?" demanded the other teacher, almost apoplectic with rage.

"How could I?" asked Merle innocently. "You never showed me the note. How was I supposed to know what you were talking about?"

I think when Merle graduated from that school they sighed a little sigh of relief. Now it was up to her uncle to do what he could with her. He decided to take the little minx with him to France, Switzerland, Italy, and England, and complete her education with the help of private tutors.

At the end of the tour he announced it was time for them to go back to India. But Merle had different plans. "India?" she said, her eyes widening. "But I want to stay right here in England and get work to do on the screen. A lot of friends have told me that I ought to try pictures."

"You're crazy," her uncle said. "You ought to have more sense than to listen to people who don't know what they're talking about. Besides, I have to go back to India and I've got to go right now. And you, young lady, are going with me."



One look, and you know why Eadie Adams, radio singer, was signed for films. That's Eadie, above.

But Merle Oberon coaxed and pleaded, and finally her uncle gave in. Though he went back to India, she stayed on in England. Before he left, he actually paid in advance for a room at a swanky hotel, gave Merle enough money to live on for two weeks, and a ticket back to India.

"There isn't a chance of your getting a job," he warned her, "and the sooner you find that out the better."

To get work in films, thought Merle, you have to look chic, so she spent her two weeks' food money on a new coat. Her ticket she brought back to the ticket office, and asked for a refund. On that she lived for a few weeks. And in the meanwhile she began hunting for a job on the screen. Producers took one look at her, sighed, and gave her a test. Then they sighed some more. For the tests were awful.

"I guess I was the hardest person in the world to cast," admitted Merle. "I had the face of a vamp, and the manners of a naïve child. That was some combination. Every test I took was a failure."

But would Merle write home and admit that? Of course not. Instead she wrote home glowing letters about the important screen work she was doing. And went without food for a week. In the swanky hotel at which she was staying, but where no meals were served, they had no idea that one of their lodgers was quietly starving upstairs.

Merle had only one or two friends in England, and she wouldn't confess her plight to them. Once or twice a friend invited her to lunch, and she accepted the invitations without admitting that those meals stood between her and starvation.

Finally she was given an audition for a film at the Café de Paris in London. Again she was a flop in her attempt to become a screen actress, but the proprietors of the hotel, struck by something about the girl, offered her a chance as a dancer.

"A dancer!" she said scornfully. "Why, I want to become a screen star." But after starving quietly for another day or two, she was only too glad to grab the opportunity.

Three or four months later, she managed to get bits to do in pictures. While she was eating in a studio restaurant, Alexander Korda saw her, came up to her and said, "I'm starting a company of my own soon. Will you take a test?"

By this time little Miss Oberon had taken so many tests that she thought they were strictly the malarkey. The name Korda didn't mean a thing to her, and she thought he was the malarkey too. But she took the test and then forgot all about it.

When Korda actually called her and offered her a rôle in "Wedding Rehearsal," she could hardly believe her luck. By some miracle the test Korda had given her had actually come out well. So well, in fact, that Korda was willing to give her a contract on the strength of it.

From then on Merle Oberon's career moved rather smoothly. She gave excellent performances in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Battle" and "Broken Melody." Perhaps that was Fate. Perhaps it was luck. I don't know.

But there was another part of her life that couldn't be left to chance or Fate. For in spite of her success she had known little real happiness in her life. Always her temper had wrecked everything. Her life had been a constant succession of scenes in which she said things that she afterwards regretted.

Her temper had wrecked the glamor of

her first childhood romance. When she was sixteen she quarreled with the boy she loved because of the jealous scene he made when she danced with another partner. She could have answered him tactfully, and then she would never have had to regret ugly words spoken in a moment of fury. But it wasn't in little Merle at sixteen to answer anyone tactfully. So they had parted in high dudgeon. Later he had come back to her, begging her to make up their quarrel, but by that time the first careless rapture of love had been lost, never to be recaptured.

Never to be recalled were the words she spoke when she lost her temper with a girl who had been one of her best friends. Merle came late to an appointment. The friend began to upbraid her. What did she mean by always coming late? Didn't she have any consideration for others?

Incensed at being criticized in this way, Merle gave the other girl ball for ball. Hot words flew between them. Then they did something that was very foolish but very human. The other girl began to throw up some of the things she had done for Merle. "I did thus and so for you, and now you talk to me like this," she exclaimed bitterly. "Oh, yes," said Merle, "but think what I've done for you. Think how many times I've gone to great trouble and invited you to stay at my flat so you wouldn't have to go back to London alone late at night."

The moment she said the words she could have bitten her tongue out for saying them. On the other girl's face was a stricken look, and Merle knew that her angry shaft had struck home.

Realizing that the things her friend had said were spoken in a tantrum, Merle forgave her, and the two remained friends outwardly. But underneath their friendship was a bitter seed of resentment which



Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden in a perfect portrayal of young love. Watch for this new team!

Merle knew she had sowed. Never again did her friend accept her hospitality. Never did she wholly forgive and forget, for which who can blame her?

By that time Merle was panic-stricken about the things she had done and said when she was in a temper. She knew that she ought to learn to control her hot young blood. But she did nothing about it until—

One day, furious at a friend for lying, she struck her in the face. It was the first time in her life that she had ever done anything like that. She looked at her hand as if it were an unclean thing. She turned hot and cold by turns.

She realized, then and there, that she was her own worst enemy, and that it was up to her to make friends with herself. She could be anything she wanted to be, do anything she wanted to do, and yet not all of it would count a whit, if she didn't learn to control herself.

I wish I could tell you that she found some magic method of self-control, some simple method by which we could all conjure up self-control when wracked by fury. But I have a funny sort of idea that people like to read the truth about movie stars, and not a lot of synthetic stuff. So I can't honestly tell you that. She simply made up her mind that she would never allow herself to unleash her temper, and she stuck to that resolution like a Trojan soldier. And gradually, as she ceased expressing the rages that used to torment her, she ceased to feel them.

She still has temperament, but her temper is well under control. When Douglas Fairbanks played with her in "The Private Life of Don Juan," he said to her, "Don't worry, Merle. That little bit of temperament you have isn't bad. Every real artist has it."

In Hollywood, where she made "Folies Bergere" and "Dark Angel," there hasn't been a single faint rumbling on the sets where she worked. All has been quiet, peaceful, and serene.

Of course Merle isn't the sort of person of whom anyone could ever make a doormat. But I'm certain that unless there's darn good cause for it, she'll never again lose her temper. For her will power and her won't power are tremendous.

Man's Man, Woman's Man, Child's Man—Nelson Eddy

Continued from page 20

of the Lodge that I laid weary eyes on Nelson Eddy that night after my twenty-four hour tussle with the peaks. Mr. Eddy was completely surrounded by women, five beautiful stock company girls, hairdressers, secretaries, and a nurse, and there was no room for a fan writer with train smoke in her hair to barge in. So I had to content myself with Lucien Littlefield, a grand character actor, amusing story teller, and one swell guy—but alas, not a substitute for Nelson Eddy.

"So you want me to talk about Nelson Eddy," said Mr. Littlefield with mock gravity. "How you women do go on! I could tell you such entertaining things about myself, but no—it must be Nelson Eddy. Well, Eddy is a man's man. I've worked with many a screen hero in my time but never one whom I liked quite so much, and I'm sure that goes for the rest of the men in the company. I'll give you an example. The grips organized a ball game outside the Lodge there the other afternoon and when Eddy heard about it he dropped everything and rushed over and insisted upon umpiring. Every time he called a foul, the boys simply lit into him with abusive language and baseball bats, and it was a rough and tumble game if I ever saw one. Well, I have seen screen stars with lovely marcelled waves umpire games on these location trips before, and the boys never questioned his opinion or talked back—he was definitely an outsider and treated as such."

"This place is just like a summer resort

hotel," Jeanette MacDonald said as she dropped by the table on her way to bed—those four A.M. calls are really something—"Every time Nelson Eddy enters the dining-room or the club-room dozens of pairs of feminine eyes are glued upon him, sort of wistfully and hopefully. You can see how well surrounded he is now—well, it's like that every meal. Of course it would seem that the gay girls and the beautiful girls would be the ones to attract him mostly, but really it is the lonely, forlorn-looking girl who always gets most of his attention. He told me once that he was lonely so often in his youth that he can never pass by a forlorn person without stopping."

That gave me to think. For my interview in the morning I would be the most dejected person in the world. And believe me, dejection would be easy enough in the cold grey dawn. But of that more anon.

Everybody that night wanted to tell me something swell about Nelson Eddy. One of the hairdresser's pet stories had to do with the little boy who lisped. He was staying at the Lodge with his mother and father; and of course the first night he found Nelson in the dining-room he sidled up to him and said, "Pleath, Mr. Eddy, thing a thong."

Now if there is anything Mr. Eddy, or Miss MacDonald, or any singer loathes it's to have a person come up in the midst of dinner and demand a song. "I'm sorry, sonny," he said, "but you see I've been working all day, and I'm tired and I can't

sing a song." "Thure," said the little fellow, "but if I could thing I'd thing a thong." "Sorry, but I'm too tired to thing—sing, I mean," and Mr. Eddy continued with his steak. But he seemed to have lost his appetite, and he forgot to laugh at the end of Sandra's amusing story, and after the coffee, bless my soul, he went over to the table where the little boy sat with his parents and explained to them that he was tired and was going to bed right away. And then he saw a tear in the little boy's eye and he was lost. For almost an hour he sang all the songs from "Naughty Marietta" until little "Thing a thong" went right off to sleep.

"That's all very nice," I said, belittling as usual. "I understand now that Nelson Eddy is a good sport and a man's man, and a good sport and a woman's man, and a good sport and a child's man—but where, oh where is his sense of humor? Before I can declare *la grande passion* and *l'amour toujours* for Mr. Eddy I gotta have a sense of humor."

"All right," said Tootsie, one of the Metro secretaries, "this will slay you. The other night we had Major Bowes amateur hour in the club-room and everybody in the company had to oblige with a song or a dance or something. Nelson Eddy and Dr. Lippe worked out a routine that had us in stitches. Nelson would sing, 'Little Mary Had a Sleigh Ride,' which describes in great detail how poor Little Mary fell off her sleigh, and at the end of each verse he would suddenly stop singing and Dr.

Lippe would play on the piano, 'Massa's in the cold, cold ground.' Naughty, but kind of cute."

Yes, I liked Nelson Eddy better after that.

High up on a crag, at the foot of a waterfall, along about eight o'clock the next morning I met Nelson Eddy. He had been up since five, he had had to leave the Lodge without his breakfast, in the stiff boots of the Canadian Mounted he had had to climb two hundred yards to the top of the crag, he hadn't had enough blankets during the night and had caught cold, and into the container of coffee which one of the props had finally managed to get for him had just fallen a very repulsive looking insect. "This," I said to myself, "is going to be a new low in interviews." But I must have looked awfully dejected and forlorn as I sat there holding on tightly to the side of the mountain with my teeth chattering like a typewriter, for Nelson Eddy actually warmed up to me. He gave me his chair, his sweater, and his hand—the time I nearly fell over backwards down the mountain side. And while we waited for the sun to reach a certain spot, so he could dash up on his horse and find *Rose-Marie*, he gave me little bits of his life.

He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and when he was a small boy he was the soprano soloist in the boys' choir at Grace Church there. But when he grew older and started going to school he did less and less singing and spent his time playing baseball, drawing comical pictures of his schoolmates, and pulling the curls of little girls. He fell in love when he was seven with a little lady of six and he used to throw spitballs at her, dip her curls in the inkwell, and chase her home from school with a volley of rocks. But when he grew up he changed his romantic tactics, thank goodness. He has been on the *Verge* several times, but has never married, mainly because he has had to work so hard. When he was fourteen his mother and father decided to separate and little Nelson's play days were over. He had to go to work to support himself and his lovely mother who has always made a home for him. His first job was telephone operator in the Mott Iron Works in Philadelphia where after a couple of years of slaving he made the magnificent salary of twelve dollars a week. One day he de-

cided he hated it—so he thumbed his nose at Fate, resigned, and went to look for another job. After tramping the entire length of Chestnut street he finally managed to land a job on the *Philadelphia Press* at eight dollars a week. It was a night job and during the day Nelson took a correspondence course in art, business, and economics—he claims that he is the greatest correspondence-course-taker in the country. From the *Press* he went to the *Ledger* and then to the *Bulletin*, where he emerged as a first-rate reporter, covering everything from murders to tennis matches. While he was advancing as a newspaper man, and studying hard on his correspondence school courses, Nelson began once more to take an interest in singing. He was far too poor to have a teacher, so he worked out the unique system of learn-



Ian Hunter makes a happy landing at the end of his recent visit to New York from Hollywood.

ing operatic arias from phonograph records, and he became so enthusiastic over his music that one day he gathered up nerve to walk into the conservatory of David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time. After several serious talks with the boy Bispham convinced him that a little study wouldn't hurt, and so Nelson gave up his newspaper career and started his singing lessons in earnest. After the death of Bispham he was taught by William V. Villonat and Dr. Edouard Lippe, who has become his best friend. Nelson made his debut on the stage in a society show, and attracted much attention. Later he sang leading rôles for the Savoy Opera Company, the Philadelphia Operatic Society, and the Philadelphia Civic Opera. Since 1930 he has sung as guest artist for the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

In March, 1933, while on one of his national concert tours, Nelson gave a recital at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and not only did the music lovers of Hollywood, including Edna May Oliver, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, the Freddie Marches, Miriam Hopkins, and that Swedish girl, Miss Greta Garbo, go simply nuts about him, but, which is more to the point, so did the movie executives, and they swarmed around his hotel suite the next morning like bill collectors. Nelson Eddy finally signed a seven-year contract with Metro, and as all the world knows was a tremendous success in his first important screen rôle, that of *Captain Warrington* in "Naughty Marietta." And now, once more co-starring with Jeanette MacDonald, he is making "Rose-Marie" with the magnificent scenery of Lake Tahoe as a natural setting.

When he was a little boy Nelson's ambition was to become a doctor and speed through the traffic in an ambulance. But now his ambition is to appear in a picture which he will entirely carry by dramatic ability and not by voice. Nelson is rapidly approaching his latest ambition. Of his performance in "Rose-Marie" Director Van Dyke told me, "His best performance in his last picture is his worst in this picture."

Well, performances or no performances, all I've got to say is just wait until you hear Nelson sing the *Indian Love Call*. It's tinging all through the Tahoe mountains, and it's ringing all through my ears. It's terrific.

Freddie's Life and Adventures

Continued from page 25

playing it and what did it feel like?" Well, it felt like—well, let's say you had a very dear friend whom you loved and he said to you: "Suppose you put on my clothes for a while and pretend you're me and do all the things I used to do." Well, of course you'd say yes in a minute, wouldn't you, because think what fun it would be, and that's what it felt like to play *David Copperfield*.

The reason he was such a dear friend of mine was because Cis used to read him to me when I was quite small and couldn't read myself. You remember my telling you last time that I was rather a nuisance and would never let her read quietly to herself because, being very curious, I always wanted to know what was in the book. Then after a while I read it myself, and it was so lovely and full of interesting things that I read it again, and then I read it again—that was three times. And when it came to the amusing bits like *Aunt Betsy* and the donkeys, I laughed so loud that

once I actually fell out of the chair and everybody came running to see what was wrong; but it was just hilarity. I kept reading it over and over, because it made me sad to part with *David*, so I'd turn back to the beginning and there I'd be sure to find him, starting all over again with being born.

Then when we heard they were going to put *David* into the films, Cis looked a bit wistful and said: "How nice, Freddie, if you could do it." And I said: "Yes, wouldn't it be," but as time went on, we sort of forgot about really hoping to play it, because Cis said they probably wouldn't even answer her letter if she wrote it.

Then came the holidays, and we were going to Scotland. And one day Cis said: "Why not go to America for a holiday instead?" I could hardly contain my excitement except for one thing, and that was leaving Granny and Grandfather behind. It was quite a wrench, you see, because I always used to help Granny down the curb

and do various little things for her, and there wouldn't be anyone left to play cricket and badminton with Grandfather, and run races. My Grandfather runs remarkable races, even though he's not an altogether young gentleman. But we didn't expect to be gone very long, and that was a lucky circumstance, because I don't see how we could have borne to part with them otherwise, do you, Cis?

When we got to New York, it was the skyscrapers I looked forward to most. I remember, every taxi we were in, I used to be half on the running-board, looking at the skyscrapers. I thought any minute they were going to fall down. Only after being on top of the Empire State Building, it spoiled me. The other skyscrapers never looked so massive after that.

Well, then we went to Hollywood because Cis said, having come so far, "Why not go on to Hollywood and see what could be done about the films?" I had to laugh because Cis said, why not go, as though it

were just a holiday thought, but of course it had been in the back of our heads all the time, only we pretended it wasn't, so as not to be too disappointed if we failed.

Going to California always reminded me of a joke. An Englishman once came over—this is just a joke—and got to New York and thought he'd like to go to California. After about four hours on the train, he asked the porter if they were near California, and the porter said no. Then at every station he'd ask him again, and at last after about a day had gone past, he said: "I'm sure you must be fooling me. This must be California." And the porter said: "No, not yet." And when they finally did arrive at California, the Englishman said: "Lord, I don't think it was such a great thing that Columbus discovered America. He couldn't have missed it."

That's just a joke, but still we understood how the Englishman felt, being rather impatient to get there ourselves. Only there was one point where I should have willingly stopped, and that was when we saw some cowboys go cantering down the trail in sombreros and red shirts, just as they do in the books about cowboys. I think I might really have leaped through the window with excitement, except that the window was fortunately closed. I decided then and there to get off at the next station and be a cowboy. But Cis decided otherwise. When I grow up and retire, however, I'm going to buy a nice ranch and have all the family over from England, and then we can all be cowboys together—though now I come to think of it, I don't know that Granny would specially care about wearing sombreros and red shirts.

Well, the next thing that happened, we arrived at Hollywood, and Cis wrote a letter to Mr. Selznick, and strange to relate, this time there came an answer. I remember Cis looking at the answer, rather dumbfounded, and saying: "Well, it seems they answer letters in America." And the letter asked us to come to the studio.

Mr. Selznick was there and several gentlemen whom I didn't know at the time, though later I knew them very well—Mr. George Cukor and Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Estabrook and Mr. Rowland Leigh who's my most intimate gentleman friend now, and by the way, he gave me a gun. He felt Cis might object to the gun, and he thoughtfully gave her a drip-coffee pot at the same time—to disarm her, she said. So now I'm armed and she's disarmed. It's not really dangerous though, you see, because of course I don't put any bullets into it, but it's rather nice, just having it to flourish about and startle people with. I try not to startle them badly—just enough so that it's pleasant for me and not unpleasant for them.

Well, to get back to the studio: they asked me if I'd read it—the book, I mean. And I said: Yes, I've read it four times." And then they asked me to do a recitation, and I did: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen." I can't recall everything that happened, but I remember Mr. Cukor saying: "This is *David*. And I thought he meant me, but I couldn't be quite sure, and Cis and I looked at each other and I could see she was feeling the same way. And then when we found they really did mean me, we were terribly happy, of course, because of having hoped so long.

I can't say what part of the film I enjoyed best, because every scene had its sadnesses and its gladnesses, if you see what I mean—one day I was happy, then I wasn't, then I was—in the film, of course. In myself I was always happy. One reason was because of Mr. Cukor. I love Mr. Cukor. When I had to cry, some directors might have said: "Now you've got to cry." But Mr. Cukor would take me aside and talk to me about the scene and the why and the wherefore, and why *David* was crying,

and how much to cry, and just sort of work with me.

But one day, I remember, the tears refused to roll out, try as I might. You can see how that would be, can't you, if you were perfectly happy and had nothing at all to cry about? Only it was very important that I should, because in the picture my mother was dying. So Mr. Cukor called Cis and said: "Please try to make Freddie cry."

And Cis took me just off the set, and said: "Freddie, I want you to think of someone you love dying—me, for instance."

And I said: "Oh no, Cis—it must be something reasonable. P'raps if I saw you crying, it might help."

So we both sat together, and I said: "Cry, Cis, cry," and presently she did, and then I did. And suddenly I looked up, and there was an electrician looking down at us from above, and he was holding a lamp and looking down at us like this, with his mouth and his eyes wide open. And it was so very funny that we both burst out laughing and then we had to start all over again. That's one of my choicest memories, this electrician sort of gawping down at us while we sat there peacefully sobbing together.

The first day on the set I hardly realized what was happening really, because there was so much to distract me, like the booms and the lights and all the contraptions, and people calling: "Hold it" and "Save them" and "Turn them over." And another interesting thing was to see the characters come out, just as though they were coming out of the book, like *Aunt Betsy* and dear old *Peggotty* and Mr. *Micawber* and the *Murdstones*.

Oh, and that reminds me—I'd like people to know, because they sometimes ask me whether I hated the *Murdstones*. Even Miss Kemble Cooper herself—she played *Miss Murdstone*, you remember—once asked me: "Freddie, don't you hate me?" But of course I didn't—only on the set—otherwise she was charming.

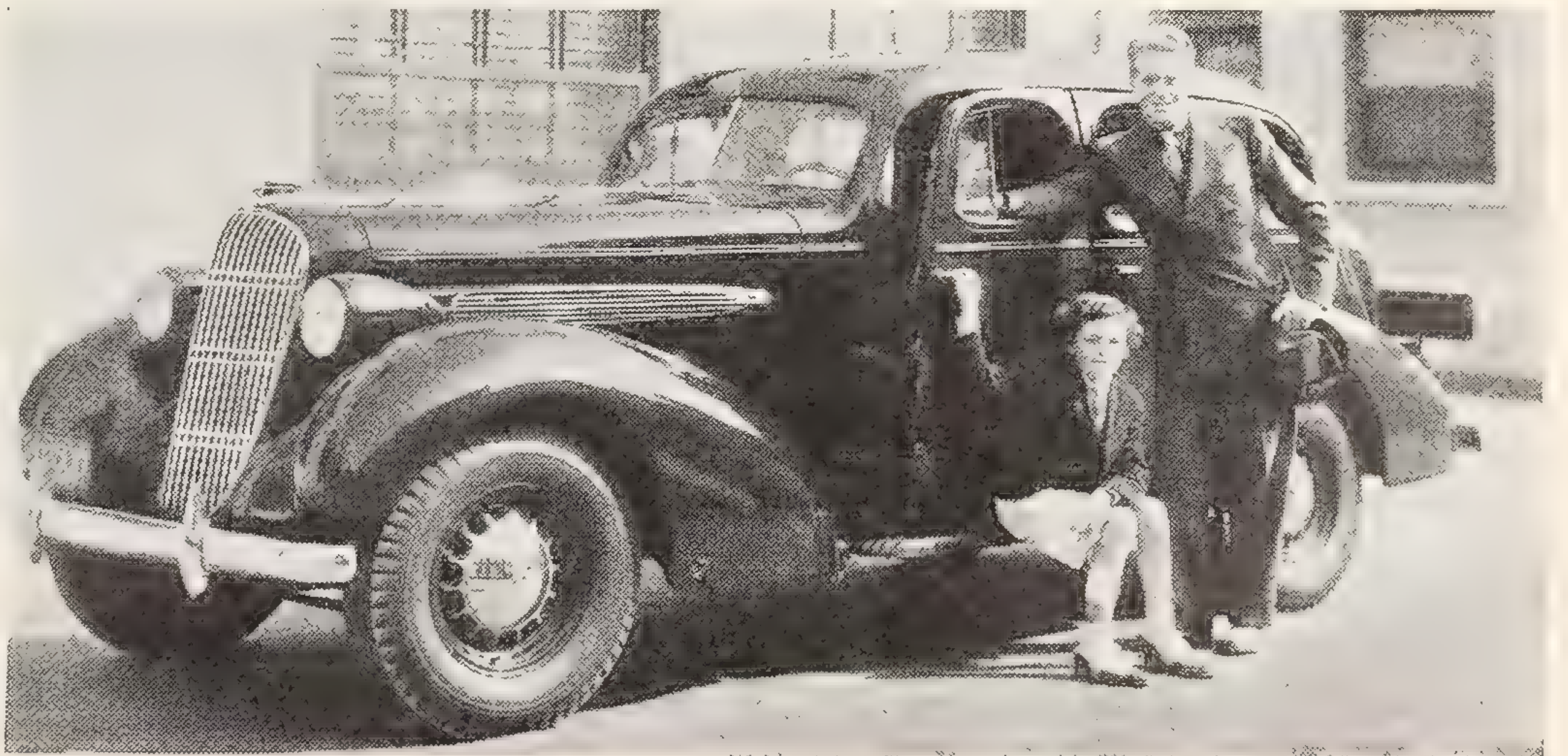
And Basil—Mr. Rathbone, who played *David's* cruel stepfather—is my friend, and my heart quite ached for him, because I knew the beating part was more difficult for him than for me. Oh, but I'll tell you one thing that was really funny. Basil, you see, is so tall, and when he arrived at *Aunt Betsy's* on the small little donkey—not a donkey, a burro—well, poor Basil being so tall, could almost cross his knees under the burro—and it did look funny to see this tall, severe-looking gentleman—he's not really severe, you understand, just in the films—to see him come stalking in on this little burro, as though he were sort of pushing it along. We had many a laugh over that burro, Basil and I.

That was when we were on location with the burros, and I loved being on location, because Mr. Cukor used to order ice cream for everyone. He had only a tiny carton for himself, because he was dieting, though I and everyone else had nice large ones. But one day he did me an even greater service than ice cream. There was something strange about it, because only the night before, Cis had dreamed about seeing me in a field, and there were horses in the field, and she thought I was being crushed under these horses, which made her a little uneasy. Well, sure enough, we were doing the scene where *David* is bidding the *Micawbers* goodbye. And how it happened I can't imagine, but as I reached up to Mrs. *Micawber*, I missed my footing and slipped under the horse and the horse started to go. But Mr. Cukor grabbed me and pulled me out before I was damaged or even had time to be frightened. So Cis decided she wouldn't worry about dreams while I had such a good protector, since she has quite enough to worry her without, poor darling. I mean she has a vivid imagination, and always expects to find me in pieces on her doorstep.

There's only one thing I didn't like about "*David Copperfield*"—or rather, about films generally—and that's being measured for costumes, because they try so many different angles and thingummies, and I'm not very good about standing still, because I'd far rather not. P'raps I shouldn't mention it at all, only when you're telling your life, I think you should mention the shadows with the sunlight, especially when they're such small shadows, otherwise it might be monotonous. Like seeing films, for instance. I once saw the trailer for "*The Bride of Frankenstein*"—all about a monster and his beautiful bride. I should have liked awfully to see the film, but Cis said no, it was too horrible. I love seeing beautiful films, like "*House of Rothschild*" and "*Naughty Marietta*," but I do think, if you see too many of them, they're likely to get tiresome after a bit. But if you see a nice little horror for a change, you appreciate the beautiful things all the more. It's one of the points Cis doesn't quite agree about.

Well, then the film was finished, and the next exciting thing was the preview. We were dressing and I remember I was snapping my garters, it's a habit I have, when suddenly I looked at Cis and realized what an extremely important event was happening in our lives, so I asked God please to make "*Copperfield*" a success and reward my auntie for all her kindness, because this was her night.

Then we went to the preview at the Chinese Theatre, and there were a great many people, and someone put me in front



Fellow artists and pals, snapped at an auspicious occasion! Nelson Eddy is shown presenting the nice new car to Freddie Bartholomew, as a birthday gift from Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M studio, their "home" lot.

of a microphone and told me to say something, but I can't remember what I said because of all the excitement. Then we went inside, and presently the film started with the actors' names rolling up on a sort of manuscript thing and people clapping. And do you know, they even clapped when my name rolled up, which was frightfully kind of them, because I was a stranger from England and they didn't know me.

I held Cis's hand because I could tell she was rather nervous, and when it came to the beating part, I kissed her because I thought she might feel badly, and I couldn't comfort her on account of not talking. It's very interesting to see yourself on the screen, because you're sitting down and yet you can see yourself moving about. But the most interesting part was later, because I hadn't watched them shooting it, and especially the wreck. By jove, that was a splendid wreck, wasn't it? I should certainly love to have been it in.

Well, I think that's all about "David

Copperfield." After the preview? Well, everybody was sort of pushing and rather excited and trying to find each other, and we were trying to find Mr. Cukor to say thank you. And we found him in the aisle, and said thank you from the bottom of my heart. And going out, other people stopped us and shook hands and asked me to sign autographs. And somebody asked us to go to a party, but Cis said it was time for me to go home, so we went home.

But we did do another exciting thing before going to bed—we cabled Granny and Grandfather about the preview, and next day we got a very lovely cable back, which said congratulations, and I think it must have been signed by practically every friend in Warminster, don't you, Cis? We were very happy about that because, since they couldn't be present to share the joy, at least they were sharing it by wire across the seas.

After that we went to New York, where so many things happened that it's all sort

of jumbled up like a hash in my mind. But I remember the newspaper gentlemen who came to see us, because they were so very jolly and, instead of asking questions, we just played ping pong and chatted about this and that. And dear Major Bowes gave a party for us; it was my first grown-up party, and I had a new Eton suit, and I took my pistol along. I have a knife, too, but I've always liked pistols better.

And I remember the Dickens birthday dinner, because I had to make a speech, so I said: "If Dickens hadn't been born, he couldn't have written 'David Copperfield.' And if he hadn't written 'David Copperfield,' I couldn't have acted it. And if I hadn't acted it, I shouldn't have been here tonight. So his being born was pretty lucky for me, wasn't it?"

I didn't mean only because of the dinner, but because of everything. And that's *not* a joke.

(Next month: What Freddie's been doing since "David Copperfield").

Fencing for Trim Figures

Continued from page 57

and have a button on your foil so that you can't be hurt. But if you have no fencing instructor in your town, or feel you cannot afford to take lessons, don't think you must forego the benefit. Fencing exercises can be done by any girl with a stick picked up in her backyard.

Evelyn Venable, Gail Patrick, Frances Drake and Grace Bradley are four excellent fencers. If you watch them on the screen, you'll notice how well they walk, how nicely they hold themselves, their poise, and their expressive hands.

The most graceful men of any age lived during the era when fencing was man's greatest sport. They were far more graceful than the women of their day, for women then were weighted down by voluminous clothes, had no freedom, never exercised.

I've said that fencing teaches you how to walk. All fencing is done on the toes and the balls of the foot. The ball of the foot takes the weight of the body, then you glide or spring lightly in the *advance* and *retreat*.

Many modern doctors say that many of our ills come from our feet. Learn to walk on the balls of your feet and you'll be well.

One of the early Roman emperors used to buy beautiful women slaves in the slave market. They looked wonderful to him when he saw them sitting on the block, but when he got them home he discovered that they walked with either a waddle or a thump-thump-thump. This worried him considerably until he decided that the difficulty was that his beautiful slaves had flat feet! He had wedges of wood made and strapped under their heels so that they would have to walk on the balls of their feet—the first high heels. Modern women, however, have developed high heels to the point where they are stilts that ruin rather than help the feet. Fencing helps correct this condition.

You can buy a foil for as low as three dollars and a half. A flexible stick 34 or 35 inches long can be used for fencing exercises. Wind some adhesive tape around the heavier end to serve as handle. The advice given by a master fencer as to how to hold the foil can't be bettered, so I repeat it:

"Hold the foil as if you had a bird in hand, firmly enough to prevent escape, but not so firmly that you will crush it."

1. Position of attention—sometimes called the carry. The body is held erect without stiffness, the chest well up, knees straight,

feet at right angles, one heel behind the other, body turned slightly to the right, left hand at side, right hand, holding foil, extended at shoulder height to right.

The right foot should be in a straight line with the right foot of your adversary to whom you are presenting your right side. The reason you don't stand squarely face to face with your adversary is that thus you would have to defend a larger target for his foil.

2. Salute. We salute our adversary at the beginning and end of all bouts. There are several variations of the salute, but the one commonly used is as follows:



Billie Burke is the height of fashion in the evening gown of gold lamé she wears in this pose.

Standing as before, bend the arm so that foil and forearm are perpendicular to the floor, the fingers facing the chin. Then the hand is dropped with fingers up until the arm is straight and the foil tip about six inches from the floor.

3. On Guard. To the trained fencer, the guard is an easy position; to the beginner, it most decidedly is not.

On guard is the position of readiness for defense or offense.

We will do it in four counts:

(1). Holding the last position of salute, slowly turn the tip of the blade to the left toward the body until you can lightly hold the tip end with the left hand, the blade parallel to the floor.

(2). Raise the foil horizontally over the head, still holding the tip lightly in the fingers of the left hand.

(3). Release the tip of the foil from the left hand, but keep the left arm in its raised position, wrist and hand relaxed and gracefully arched. Rotate the point of the foil forward until it is on a level with the shoulders. At the same time bend the knees and turn them out. This is something trained athletes find it hard to master, so be sure you work at it.

(4). Advance right foot straight forward in the direction in which it is pointing two foot lengths, knees still bent and turned out at right angles. Hours of practice are needed to acquire a correct, evenly balanced, graceful guard position.

The right hand and grip, (handle of foil), should be breast-high, the blade forming a straight line with the forearm, the tip of foil at about the level of opponent's eye. The body is turned so as to present as little target to opponent as possible. Balance is necessary to quickness and readiness. This is attained by equal distribution of one's weight on left and right legs.

Practice before a mirror to see if you have attained the correct positions. Do this over and over until each movement of the guard flows into the next. For quick action, such as is necessary in fencing, the bent knees, with feet at right angles and so separated that the balance is well placed, can endure longer and react to rapid agile movements better than any other position. It is important to practice this position until it becomes a perfectly natural one.

The way to find out if you have the correct guard position is to make the *call*.

After assuming the guard position, we ask for the *call*. This is performed by



**But
secretly
she cried
over her
pimpley
skin**



BUT, ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR.



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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

A Big Smile-



and a little Chocolate Tablet

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stamping twice with the right foot. Unless the entire body is in perfect poise, you can't give the call without losing your balance.

Footwork in fencing is naturally important.

The *advance* is performed by stepping forward about ten inches with the right foot. The left foot follows so that the same relative position is kept as before the advance. Don't change the position of hands and arms.

The command is: "Advance one, advance two, two calls, salute, carry."

The *retreat* is a corresponding figure. Instead of starting forward, you start backward with your left foot, follow it with your right, remembering to keep perfectly poised.

The *jump* advance is difficult. Its value is speed and surprise. The leaps are very graceful when well done, and through them you gain lightness in footwork. Holding the guard position, you leap forward a short step, holding the feet in the same relative positions all the time. You leap backward in the same fashion.

If you perfect yourself in each of the above movements, you will be surprised and pleased, I hope, with the improvement in your walk. But don't forget that all this must be done on the *balls* of the feet.

Now we'll take up the *lunge*, which is the climax of all fencing movements, it is made in order to reach your opponent with the point of your foil.

Assume the guard position.

From this position, we first extend the right arm fully, without a jerk, without locking the elbow or tightening the shoulder. The body is propelled forward by straightening the left leg and advancing the right foot. The left arm is dropped backward fully extended, with the palm up. The right knee is now perpendicularly above the instep. Left foot must be absolutely flat on the floor. This is necessary

in order to keep from sliding close to the opponent, and as a base to depend on for recovering from the lunge. The body is erect, but leans slightly forward to the right to give a little more ease to the natural tendency to fall forward.

From the lunge, we must in a single movement recover to the guard position. Left foot planted firmly as a base, left leg is quickly bent, pulling the body back, while the right foot returns to the normal guard position. The weight of the body must be shifted backward, and here is the chief function of the little used left arm, which in returning to the guard position gives leverage and balance to the body. These movements are simultaneous.

The lunge and the recover put a great strain on the beginner, and while good fencers can make a hundred consecutive lunges for practice, the beginner may find two or three lunges fatiguing.

When you are tired, STOP. There's always another day.

Take the lunge easily, and recover in the same way. Practice before your mirror, resting often. Do this daily until you can do it without strain.

Fencing is one sport that you need never give up. It keeps you in health as well as in grace. I have a fencing teacher on the lot who is 65 years old, and as agile as if he were 30. He will be able to teach, if he cares to, when he is 75 or 80. I attribute my perfect health to the foil and sabre. I never have so-called stomach trouble, indigestion or any other ill. My fencing keeps me in condition.

Fencing is a stimulant, the best tonic money can buy. It brings the blood coursing through the veins, burns up waste tissue and builds up new. It makes you sure of yourself. It's simply not possible to strike an awkward pose if you are a good fencer. It makes all other sports easy, because it develops your mind.

James Davies Answers to Questions

Molly M., Cumballa Hill, Bombay, India: Cut down on sweets and do the hip-roll exercise every night and morning. The hip-roll, if you remember:—lie on the floor, arms over chest, and roll ten times to the right and ten times to the left.

Pearl C., Drexel Hill, Pa.: You are about 20 lbs. over-weight. General reduction will probably reduce your bust measurement. Go in for a strict diet, cutting down on sweets, drink fruit juices, eat plenty of leafy vegetables and fresh fruits. Walk whenever possible instead of riding, and do a daily dozen night and morning.

Margaret S., Minneapolis: You ask what to do for a sagging bust. If you are over-weight, first take off excess poundage. Have you correct posture? If not, acquire this first. Here's a good exercise—which is also excellent for your particular problem:

Sit straight in a chair, back pressed against back of chair. Draw the abdomen up hard and press down with the elbows, holding the position until aware of the muscle stretch.

Betty D. V., New Haven, Conn.: Are you underweight? If so, follow directions for increasing poundage and this will help enlarge your bust. Also try arm-flinging exercises, in which you throw arms back to touch fingers behind. Take a rod, hold in both hands and raise it over your head, down to ground in front, up again and back over shoulder. Do this to music.

Mary M., Princeton, West Virginia: I believe what you need to do is to improve your appetite. Try getting up early and taking a walk before breakfast. Also walk

whenever you can and do deep breathing exercises in open air. Go in for some interesting sport.

Beatrice H., Brooklyn, N. Y., and all those who write complaining that their hip measurement is too large:

Trunk bending and twisting exercises will definitely improve your figure.

Here's another:

Stand with back to a wall, take a step forward. Stretch arms up as high as you can, chest well lifted, bend elbows and place palms flat on wall, behind you. Arch trunk as you "walk" down the wall with your hands.

Frances, Wichita, Kansas: Do not jump rope. It breaks down muscles of breast, unless done very lightly. Do above exercises.

N. Eaton, Canton, Ohio, and all those who ask about stout legs:

Stand with right foot in front of left, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right foot, knee stiff, 18 inches from floor. Give high jump upward, at same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right. In landing, bend knees and ankles so you come down softly. This exercise requires quick action. Repeat with left foot advanced.

N. E. of Chicago: Clasp hands back of neck; force head backward as far as it will go; then push chin forward until it rests on chest.

Rotate your head in a circle from left to right across chest and from right to left across back.

These are good for that "widow's hump" at back of neck.

**"MY HANDBAG CONTENTS
NEVER SPILL OR GET LOST,"**

says Sally Eilers



**"... I INSIST ON MODELS FEATURING THE SECURITY OF
THE AUTOMATIC-LOCKING**

Talon
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

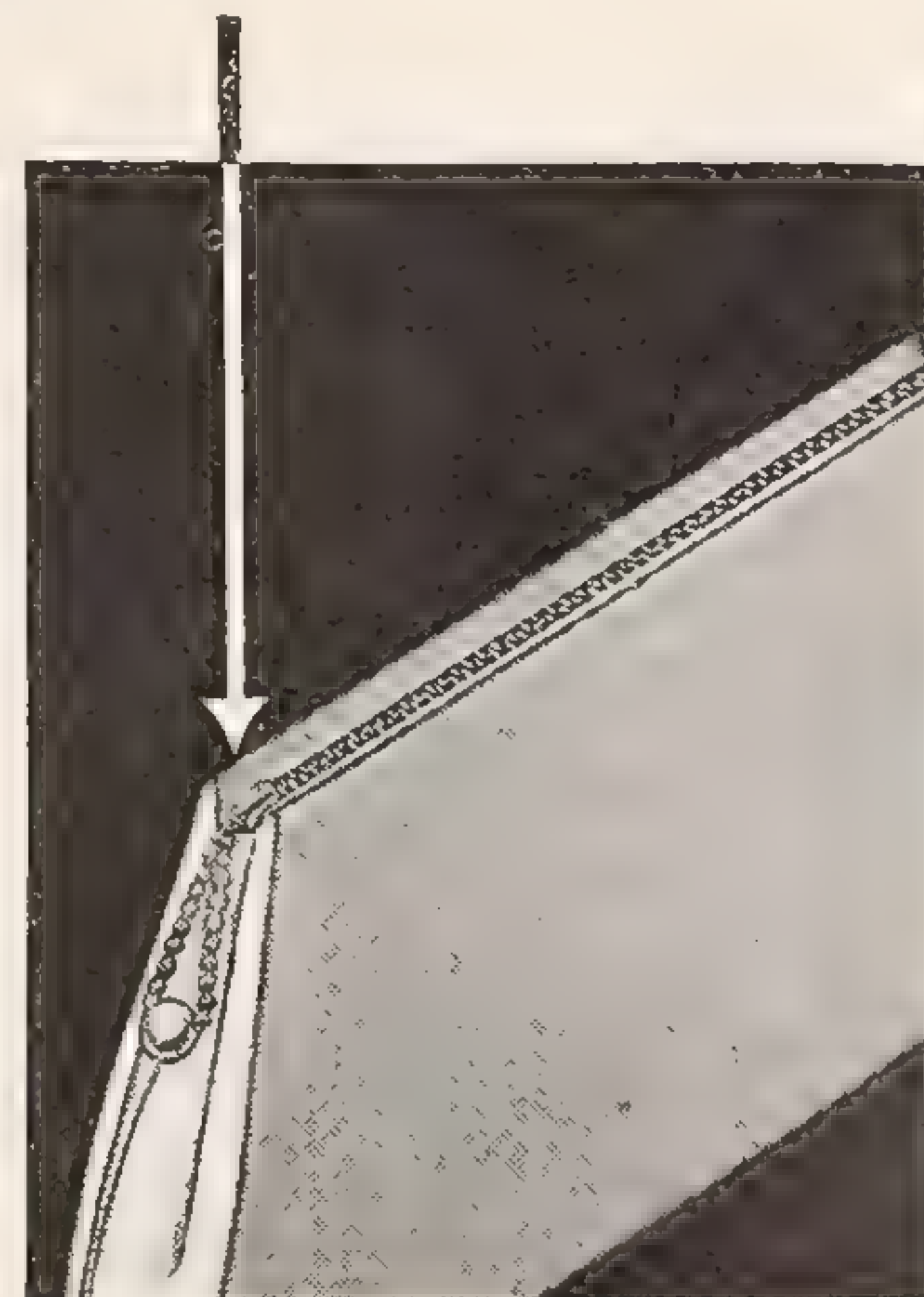
SLIDE FASTENER"

Today, Hollywood actresses are buying handbags with a great deal of caution. They are avoiding the unreliable, loose-closing kind of bags—and choosing the one kind that gives absolute security as well as smart style—handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

Handbags completed with the

small Talon fastener close quickly . . . easily . . . surely!

It's always a good idea to look for TALON on the handbags you buy. Then you can take for granted smart design and excellent quality, because only the best manufacturers feature this fastener on their models. And the best stores sell them—in styles of the latest fashion.



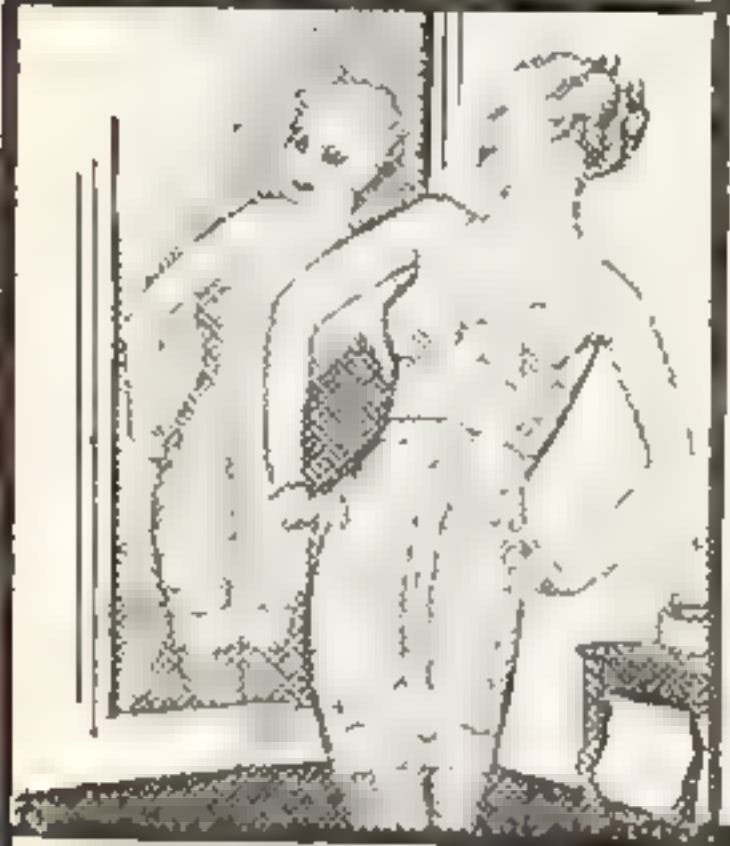
Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial . . ."

"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds".

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slender self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**

... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 7312, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

One Minute Past Six

Continued from page 13

Pacific. One by one, she brings out the note-books neatly written in pencil, scarcely a word ever changed. She shows you the manuscript that grew from a handful of sentences into the book "House For Sale." She shows you the three note-books into which she poured the fine study of a young woman, published under the title: "The Ancestor."

Elissa is the author—as well as the actress. And some day, when the actress gets too old to act, the author will carry on, ageless, perhaps living on in her books long after the actress is dead.

Clark Gable has two hobbies. Hunting and fishing.

"But they're so closely teamed, they ride as one," he tells you. "They both mean outdoors. Deep woods and distant streams—away from people, away from cities. Even when I was a boy, hunting and fishing were my favorite sports. Now that I'm a man, they're my favorite hobbies. There's a difference," he explains. "When you're content with an occasional hunting or fishing trip and the standard equipment provided by a sporting goods store, you're a sportsman, not a hobbyist. But when you carefully and affectionately collect guns and fishing tackle—when you read all the books and magazines you can find on the subject—when you spend hours planning trips into untried places in search of a certain trout stream, then it's more than a sport. It's a hobby."

"Of course, since I've been working so steadily, I haven't had time for a really satisfactory trip. What I want to do is to pack into northern Canada or into the High Sierras and stay there for a couple of months. But something's always turned up to prevent my going. Well," with a sunny grin, "I'm willing to compromise with life. One of these days, I'm going to build a permanent home. I'm going to have a room devoted exclusively to hunting and fishing apparatus. Then, even if I don't have time to go out on those trips, I can at least be happy standing in that room of mine, admiring the guns and such—and dreaming of the day when I'll be free of work."

Gable is not the only star who answers to the call of the outdoors. Henry Wilcoxon's hobby is sailing. He's purchased his own boat—and he mans it himself. And every minute that he can count as his own is spent somewhere on that blue Pacific.

No, according to one handsome Englishman, heaven's not overhead. Heaven's here and now on the sea! There's nothing like a south wind to brush away the cobwebs of care.

A hobby can be more than just a hobby. It can be a life-saver. The stars work at top speed. After a big chore is done, there's that terrible feeling of let-down. You've known it. We all have. Times when you labored under a strain, and you're wound up tight as a clock. Then suddenly, it's ended, over. Reaction sets in. Reaction—that's ten times worse than action.

It's then you need something to turn to immediately, completely. It's very important to unwind, slowly, serenely.

Well, what do you do? You—and you—and you?

Ginger Rogers finds distraction in her music. She plays it. She composes it. Ginger is a real musician.

Irene Dunne collects rare perfume. She's studied her subject, tracing it back beyond the time of Cleopatra.

Lionel Barrymore divides his talents between steel etchings and the composition of concertos. You knew he was an artist—

working in the medium of grease-paint. You didn't know that he had been to Paris, seriously courting his muse as well as his music.

Neil Hamilton is a recognized magician. In fact, he's so good, that he was once president of the National Society of Magicians.

Chick Chandler raises bees. Not the ordinary flower-garden variety. Chick's Bees are spelled with a capital B. His apiary is for champions only.



Mary Carlisle contends that the bigger the fiddle the better the obligato. OK, Toots, you win!

When he first began to be interested in antiques, William Haines collected purely for his own enjoyment. Now he's a recognized authority on the subject and has a fine antique shop in Hollywood. He interior-decorates the homes of his fellow stars. If you, like I, saw his hand-painted pianos in which he specializes, you, too, like I, would refuse to oblige with "chopsticks."

It's surprising how many high-brows you find behind the grease paint.

From the time she was six years old, books have been Evelyn Venable's love. No, she did not write them. She collected. She was particularly interested in Shakespeare. From his books, she graduated to his manuscripts. Of course, collecting manuscripts is a costly hobby. But it's worth it. It pays in the coin of that deep, spiritual beauty you see in Evelyn Venable's face.

That favorite of yours, Francis Lederer, rides a most unusual horse. He devotes all his spare time, his extra pence and his Sunday oratory to urge it to its goal. He's even organized a society with branches in many parts of the world—to carry on. No, it's not all play-acting with Lederer. Deep in his heart is his dream to end all war—and bring about world peace. The hobby of an idealist, perhaps. Well, why not? And when Francis is in lighter moods, he models in clay—and if he ever tires of acting he can always be a sculptor, and a good one.

Each star to his taste.

James Blakeley takes his mind off his work by taking to turtles. Yes, turtles.

"If you don't tell your husband, I will!"

DR. LINITA BERETTA

leading gynecologist of Milan, Italy, tells how a marriage was saved from disaster, when a timid wife found courage to face the facts



"ONE DAY a timid young woman came into my office... nervous, worried, unhappy. She told me her husband, too, had become irritable and cold. In fact, he wanted to give up his business and get away... by himself.

"Then out came the usual story of ignorance, fear and false modesty. I showed her how proper marriage hygiene with reliable "Lysol" would provide the peace of mind which would calm her worries, replace fear with assurance. Even then she was timid.

"Finally I said, 'If you don't tell your husband your real problem... I will!'

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment, but she knew that I meant what I said. A few months later she came to me again—a different woman!

"I thought you were cruel,' she confessed. 'But now I'm so grateful. My husband and I are happy again!'

"I would like to give every married woman the same advice, which has helped so many of my patients... proper feminine hygiene. Regular use of "Lysol"—because "Lysol" is a truly effective germicide. And yet, used in the proper dilution, it is gentle, soothing—and antiseptic. Physicians everywhere prefer it."

(Signed) DR. LINITA BERETTA



"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment... but my advice about "Lysol" restored her happiness."

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions... in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, or how much it is exposed.

Don't risk your happiness on untried experiments when, for nearly 50 years, "Lysol" has proved it deserves the confidence of millions of women who use it, thousands of doctors who advise it.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bathroom.

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Your favorite drug counter has it.

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Lysol
Disinfectant

Exquisite
but not
Expensive



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April
Showers
Talc

IT'S thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

You know what turtles are, don't you? No, not turtle-doves. No, not turtle-neck sweaters. Turtles. Yep, the fast ones make the race track. The slow ones make the soup. The smart ones make the Blakeley grade. Blakeley has them trained so that they answer by name when he calls to them to come out of the water. Stop wetting your little feet! No, come out this minute! And then, he rewards them. Yep, they eat right out of the palm of papa's hand.

John Lodge may have given up law for the screen but he hasn't given up burning the midnight oil. From his famous grandfather, Henry Cabot Lodge, John has inherited the finest collection of law books in the country. He plays on the screen. He works at his law. The actor is still the lawyer.

Tennis is her hobby. Early rising is her fetish. Claudette Colbert never, never, never makes engagements during the week when

she's working at a picture. What does she do? She goes to bed. Early. Very early. She stays up late only on Saturday nights and that's only because she can sleep late on Sunday mornings. She tells you that sleep keeps you vital, young, and beautiful—and tennis keeps you trim.

John Boles is a champ on the bicycle. He rides at least twenty miles a day to keep in trim physically, and reads at most one French magazine a week to keep in trim mentally.

There you go, jumping to conclusions! No, he doesn't do his reading while riding on his bike. John's an actor, he's not an acrobat.

Modern fiction has no place on her five-foot reading shelf. Marian Marsh subscribes to poultry journals. She raises chickens. Not ordinary fowl. No; fine, two-winged aristocrats. White meat—or nothing! Marian's secondary hobby is—Persian Cats. She raises them, too.

Gary's Gallant Fight for Freedom

Continued from page 15

Gary has been in Hollywood enough years to know how jealous the town is of a couple's peace. But he isn't the sort who is daunted. He is in love, and love has found a way.

This returns us immediately to his habitual silence so far as his relations to Hollywood are concerned. He is taciturn not only because discretion is the smartest system in a town where personalities are all-powerful; but also because he has concluded that, in any event, he is going to keep the girl of his heart. He has seen that the privacy he naturally thinks suitable is the safest bet. Consequently, he confines romantic discussions to screen lines. His wife, however anxious Hollywood is to X-ray her, is beyond reach.

She, indeed, is the foremost factor in his unceasing, silent campaign to safeguard what he senses should be his heritage. He will not let any adverse influences touch her, as he will not let his straightforward, simple manner of living be transformed into a spectacular splurge.

He told me of the home they are finishing. It is the first house Gary has ever built, and it reveals him more clearly than anything else to which I could point.

It is having a living-room, dining-room, den, two bedrooms, kitchen, and servant quarters. Adjoining the garage Gary is having two rooms, one of which is a little studio where he can paint, and keep his hunting trophies. The other room will be a workshop, for he likes to do things with his hands.

There are no arrangements for entertaining on the grand Hollywood scale. No private moving picture screen, not even a play-room. Gary is not one to reflect on his fellow stars. But if he were to be frank with you I suspect he would say that he considers a "play-room" an odd reflection on one's guests. That he doesn't care much for people who must be shushed off to a special room, where the floor is laid to bear the brunt of spilled drinks and the furniture is designed to withstand whoopee.

He and Mrs. Cooper have a genuine appreciation of the beautiful. Their cottage is the first true sample of Bahaman architecture in America. Last Spring they managed to steal a few weeks' vacation in the islands and were so intrigued by the picturesque places the seafaring descendants of the English have built there that they have had an exact copy of the type made for them. Several gardened acres are to conceal them from the nearest neighbors,

so that they will have a tiny kingdom quite apart.

Gary scoffs at articles pointing out new phases in his life. He contends that were he John Jones nobody would wish to comment. To him there have been no well-defined divisions.

But he is not John Jones, and he is still too modest to apprehend what a vital personage his performances have made him to many people. With content he *has* evolved. Because he has been silent to interviewers you may have presumed he hasn't much more than mere charm. I can assure you he has.

Here is a star who is up on almost everything that matters. Who is admirably sane, to whom new faces and new friendships mean much. Only he refuses to be a puppet, to be capriciously hampered by Hollywood fetishes.

Here is a man!



Page Miss Beauty, and the charmer you well might have in mind is Dorothy Page, screen newcomer.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

J. W. Sorry I can't clear up that little matter about Leslie Howard. If he does go in for the English sport of the 'unt and 'ounds, he hasn't confided in me. Mr. Howard recently completed his long run in his very successful stage play, "The Petrified Forest," in New York. And listen! Warners are making "Petrified Forest" for the screen and of course Leslie will have the lead. That's something to look forward to, J. W.

Mr. A. L. Yes, you are right about Nelson Eddy appearing in "Student Tour." His appearance in that picture started something, for the lovers of good music and better voices are begging for more of Nelson Eddy. His singing in "Naughty Marietta" was the tops. Now come on, M-G-M, and don't keep us waiting so long for Eddy's next, "Rose Marie." Nelson and Art Jarrett did the singing in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford.

A New-Comer. Here's my hand and a hearty welcome to you. Rochelle Hudson is making hit after hit in her rôles and a bright future is assured her. She was born on March 6, 1915, in Claremore, Oklahoma. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. She had a fine part in "Les Misérables" as *Cosette*. Her most recent hits are in "Curly Top" starring Shirley Temple, and "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda.

Josephine T. So you saw "All the King's Horses" three times and hope to see it again. With Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis in the leading rôles and Carl's singing *A Little White Gardenia*, no wonder you haven't been yourself or anyone else for that matter. Carl was born on December 24, 1896, in Copenhagen, Denmark. When Carl sang a duet with himself in that film, it wasn't the first time that he had done that stunt on the screen, for he had harmonized with himself in "Two Hearts in Waltz Time" several years ago. His first American film was "Murder at the Vanities." Charles Boyer has been on vacation in his native France since making "Shanghai" with Loretta Young and Fred Keating. Cheer up, he will be back soon.

Patient Mary B. Dick Powell spends his spare time, if he has any, playing tennis and golf, but with his radio broadcasts and picture work, time never hangs heavily on Dick's calendar. He was born November 14, 1904, in Mountain View, Arkansas. His first screen appearance was in "Blessed Event" in 1932. Dick is single, in spite of the fact that many lassies would like to lead him to the altar. His latest films include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Page Miss Glory," and "Shipmates Forever."

Jean E. Russell Hopton is very much in demand by the various studios but not on contract, so I haven't any definite address to give you. George Murphy can be reached at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He played in "I'll Love You Always" with Nancy Carroll. Russell Hopton has appeared in "Times Square Lady" with Virginia Bruce, "Wings in the Dark" with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy, and "Car 99" with Fred MacMurray, Sir Guy Standing and Ann Sheridan. His latest are "Front Page Woman," with Bette Davis and George Brent, and "Cheers of the Crowd."

Why does NEMO tag its corsets:

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IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap*! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby*. Use chifon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

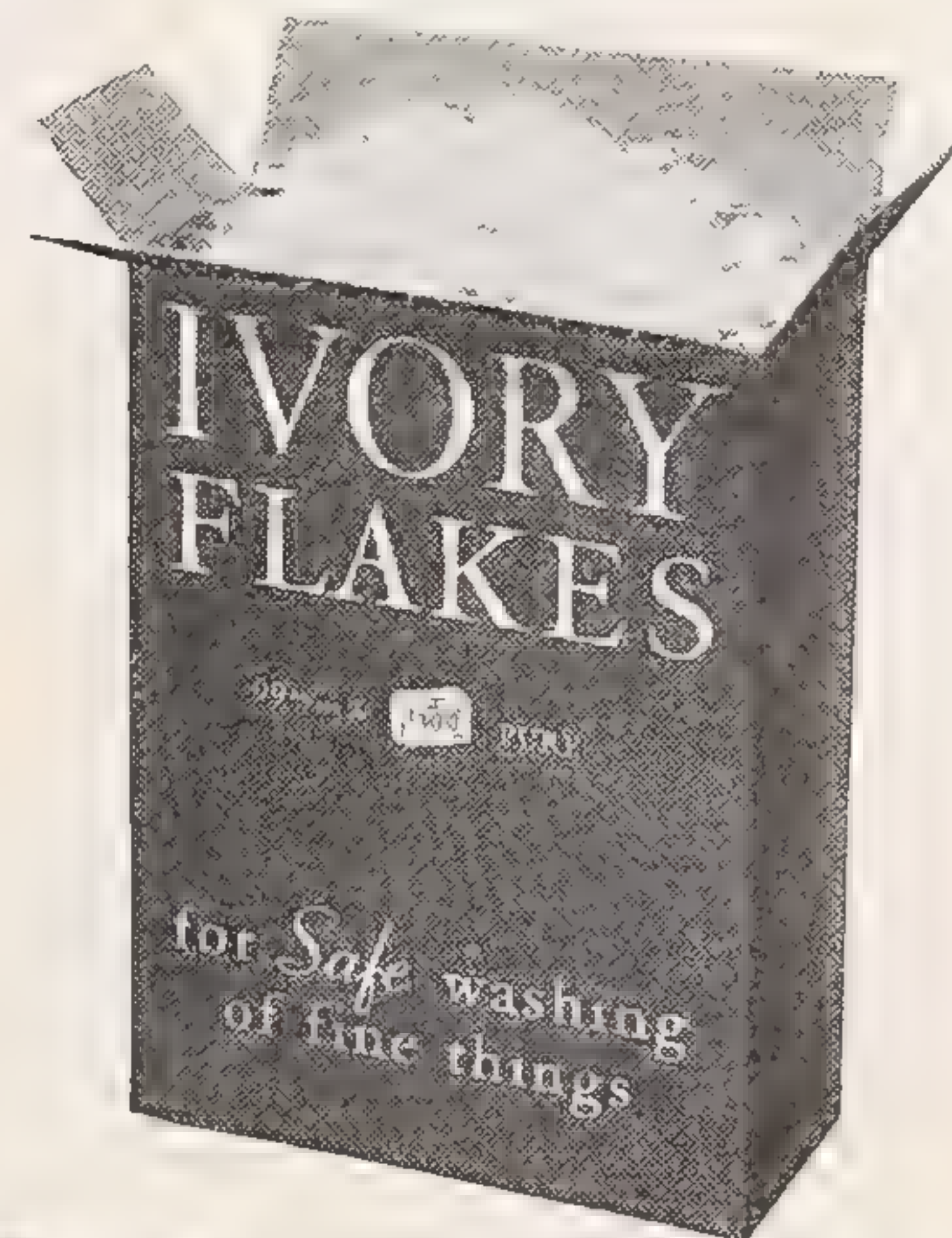
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.



IVORY FLAKES 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 60



Located on location by a group of her young admirers, ZaSu Pitts signs and signs the autographs they clamor for.

THE first thing Anne Shirley did when the studio picked up her contract was to buy a little house for herself and mother in the Hollywood hills. It's the first time in all her life she has had anything she owned, and is she proud! Less than two years ago Anne and her mother were living in two rooms over a grocery store. Then came "Anne of Green Gables" and Success.

People at the Fox studio are still telling about the time Will Rogers, who didn't go in for emotion much, broke down and cried when he was doing the jail-wedding scene with Anne Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend." Yes, the little Shirley is a real actress.



Wide World

Newlyweds! Sylvia Sidney and Bennett Cerf, publisher, together in their first picture since their marriage.

SO Sylvia Sidney finally went and did it! The rumors came true when she married Bennett Cerf of New York. Bennett Cerf is one of the most popular of the New York eligibles a member of the Random House publishing company, and the publisher of Modern Library. Sylvia met the young publisher last New Year's at a party in New York, and it must have been one of those things called love at first sight. The funny thing about the romance is that Cerf had been trying to meet Sylvia for two years, and all their mutual friends would arrange parties for him to meet Sylvia during her New York visits but invariably Sylvia, the stubborn little dope, would fail to show up. "Oh, well," Bennett Cerf would say, "I missed Mrs. Cerf this time, but wait until she comes to New York again." And soon all the mutual friends started calling Sylvia Mrs. Cerf. Well, at last they met at the New Year's party and when the amorous Mr. Cerf was



Edward G. Robinson, leaves New York for Hollywood to appear with Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest."

finally officially introduced Miss Sidney gave him the ice and said in frigid tones, "Kindly refrain from calling me Mrs. Cerf in the future. It isn't funny." And so they were married.

THE best-seller, "National Velvet," has been re-written so that an older girl has the leading rôle instead of a fifteen-year-old, as in the book. Current rivals for the part are Katharine Hepburn (who already has the hair-cut for it), and Claudette Colbert. Claudette is one up by being right on the scene of action, Paramount. Katie would have to be loaned out to them by RKO-Radio, and studios are seldom in a lending mood when it comes to a Hepburn. The part calls for an expert horsewoman, and what do you bet both girls are practicing up on their equitation, (don't we know the words, though), right now!

ETHEL MERMAN is knitting a lovely afghan, out on the "Anything Goes" set. Something about it looked familiar to Bing Crosby. He wondered about it out loud. "It's the same one I started when we made 'We're Not Dressing' two years ago," Ethel explained. And Bing remarked, "What is this fatal power I have over women? One look at me and they knit an afghan!"



A striking character shot of Lawrence Tibbett as Tonio in the "Pagliacci" sequence of his latest screen work.

Reserved for Romance

Continued from page 22

to be interviewed solely on the subject: "Don't Pray To Be Tall, Even If You Would Be Handsome," for we had heard he had lost some good parts on account of being *too* tall. We thought it might interest the readers to contrast this with some woman who had found her height an advantage. When we got into the discussion with Mr. Aherne, and this subject he was perfectly willing to talk upon, it transpired that he feels his height is the greatest single asset he has. The disadvantages are so negligible that they only point up the story of how fortunate he is to be so tall.

"Yes," he added, "there was a time when I seemed all legs and arms and far too tall to be cast as the high-school boy who comes on to the stage, swinging his tennis racquet with careless grace. The grace was all missing, for I was trying desperately to make myself two or three inches shorter.

"But, since maturity, my extra inches have brought me nothing but good luck. In British pictures, I was quite accustomed to having my charming *vis-à-vis* stand on a box or other elevation, when our close-ups were being made, as the cameraman thought the composition was not so good if I were several feet taller than the woman. Not so in America. The women would more likely remove their shoes so the difference in height would be even greater! For so many years, one requisite for stardom in a woman was that she be very slight, so when she had a leading man much taller than she, it made her seem shorter. I believe this is one of the reasons that all women like to look up to their leading men. I am speaking literally now, of course!"

This was a lengthy speech for Mr. Aherne—unless you are an old or intimate friend. Not that he is quite as shy as Gary Cooper has been pictured—he is the exact height of Gary, by the way, six feet two—but he has all the English restraint which has been ascribed to him, which I personally have always found so paralyzing in its effect on an interviewer, and about which I spoke to him as soon as we met.

He was astonished at the reference to my inhibitions produced by the much-publicized English reserve. And he certainly doesn't believe he has it in any marked degree. After an hour of delightful conversation with him, I forgot that I had thought so.

I assure you he is honest in thinking you want to know only about his stage and picture experience. He belongs to the type of actor who has been taught that his work on the stage is for the public and his private life is his own. I tried to make him understand that this does not apply to avid picture fans; that regular attendants of the cinema *will* know all about their favorites, or they will choose new objects for their adoration. This was beyond his comprehension. He wanted to be polite and obliging but he just couldn't believe that ideas of his would carry weight with readers. Surely they only wanted a good performance on the screen and cared not a whit about the type of breakfast food he ate!

No matter how exclusively personal he feels his reactions should remain, I knew SCREENLAND readers must know something more about him than how he feels about his height! He met my every onslaught with an absolute aggressive determination to keep the conversation perfectly impersonal. All the while I was wondering if George Moore, in days gone by, had been interviewing a man of Aherne's prototype when he spoke of his "literary perplexities."

Mr. Aherne doesn't want to be classified,

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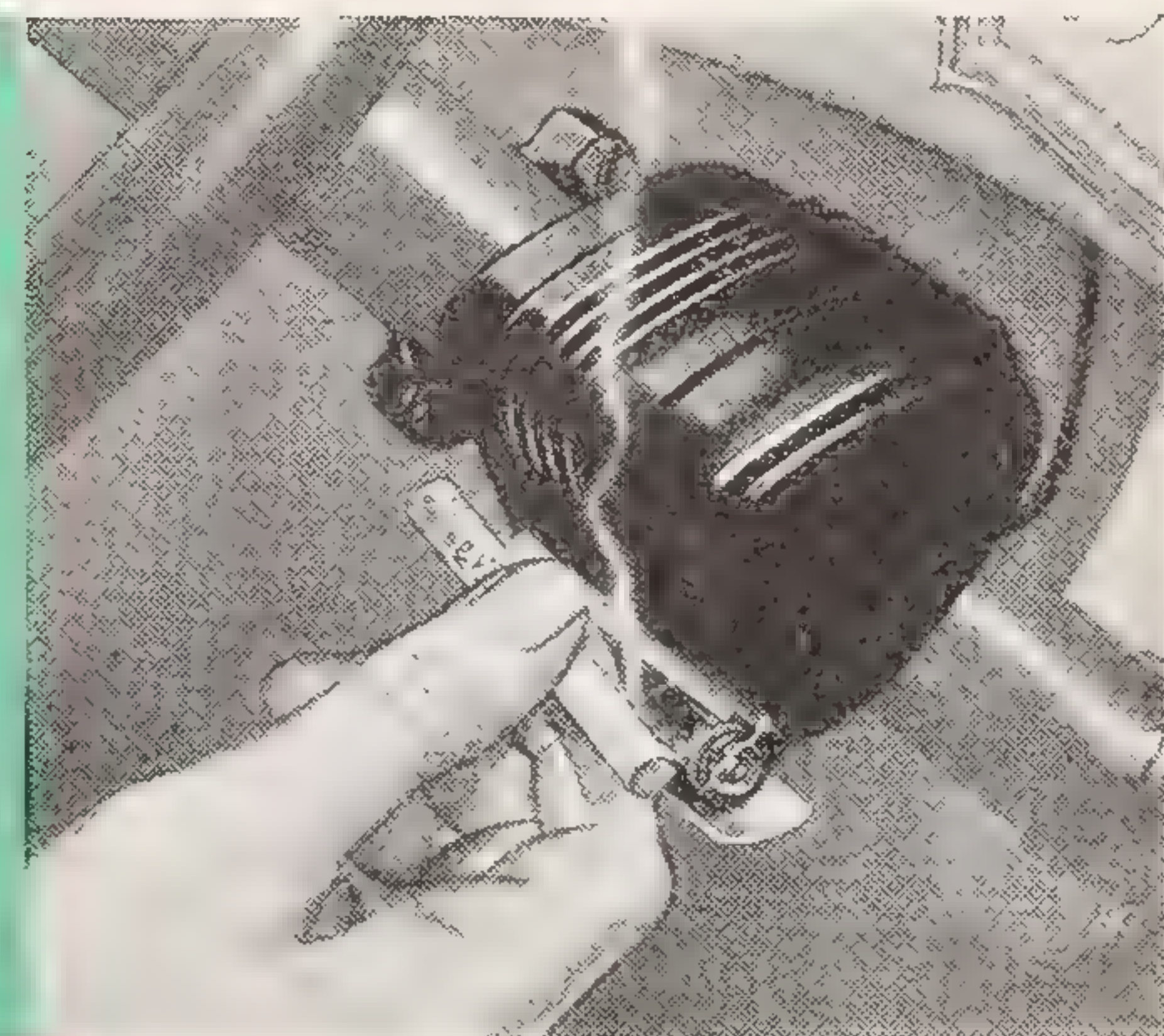
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THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of

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by
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Heath

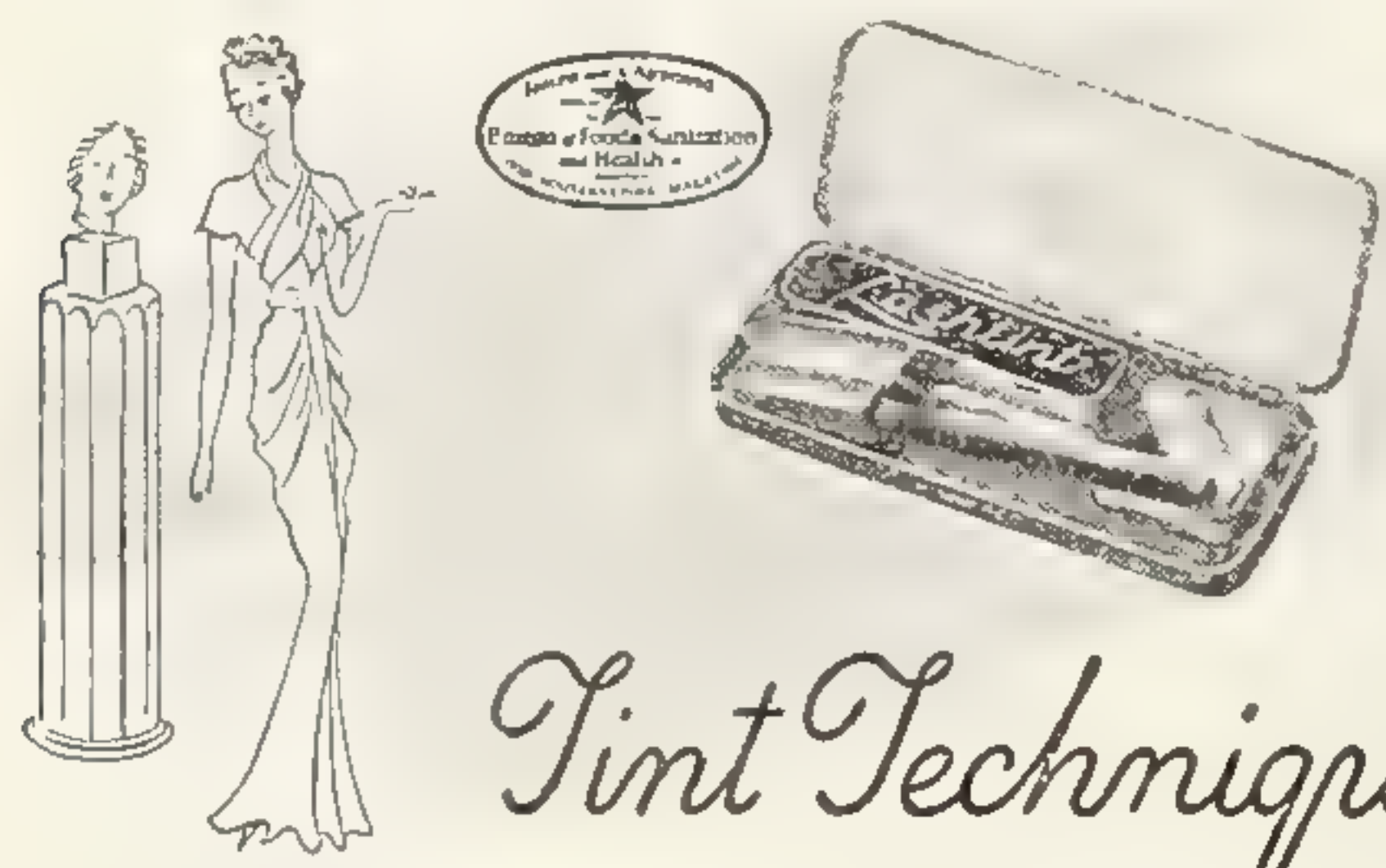
THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! \$1, at stores near you.



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Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being “obvious” eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—\$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



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Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

pigeon-holed, or tabulated; either by his abilities, his habits, or the friends he chooses. “When people know what they can expect of you under given conditions; when they realize, in advance, just how you will react to certain emotions, then they lose interest in you,” he explains his viewpoint. “I think an actor's personality should be fluidic, as it were. There should be a versatility, a transientness, an inconstancy, if you will, which even prevent the actor from knowing himself too well.”

It is easy enough to see that he means

level-headed, expert judgment of players and pictures, went into quite a dither when she learned that the M-G-M studio could not make up its mind about the person to play *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet*. It *couldn't* be they were in doubt with Brian Aherne already under contract to them!

This strange man, who has swept the staid theatre-goers quite off their feet, has one of those irregular faces that are interesting and unexpected. The intelligent blue eyes are clear and bright, his light brown



Scoop! SCREENLAND gives you the first picture of the new Bahaman-style home Gary Cooper is building—the first true type of this architecture in Hollywood.

what he says, even in the matter of being seen with a different friend on every occasion. He is much in demand socially but has divided his time between Frances Marion, Ann Harding, Marlene Dietrich, Elizabeth Allan and others.

Of course, such a thing as pinning him down to the matter of discussing his personal interests in any particular woman would have been out of the question. It is almost taboo with *any* Englishman, but with Mr. Aherne, it's unthinkable, so I took a more circuitous route and hoped to have him talk of the various women with whom he has worked. I had visions of a brilliant comparison of Ann Harding, Dietrich, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford, and Katharine Cornell, but it couldn't be done. His responses reminded me of an interview that Mark Kelly recently did with Jack Dempsey on his return to Los Angeles. Every fighter that Mark asked Dempsey about, his reply was exactly the same: “Swell guy, fine family, clean fighter.” So, every woman with whom Mr. Aherne has worked was praised by him in most glowing terms. No matter whose name I mentioned, his attitude of admiration did not vary: “marvelous actress,” “astounding ability,” “tremendously accomplished,” etc. Not once could I even trap him into “damning with faint praise.”

Those of you who have been losing sleep over this latest charmer of the screen needn't think you are alone in your dreams. The people who know him personally are even more acutely aware of his attraction, even more disturbed. One of our finest newspaper women, who is known for her

hair complacent. In his lighter moods, his face has a whimsicality, a pleasing and mischievous shimmer, it is so alive. He walks or stands with an erect and careless attitude, suggesting assurance of power. Yet there is something completely charming, inconsequential, and naïve about him! And withal a marked strength and solidity to him, as well as definiteness. He finishes his sentences.

It doesn't take an hour to sense Mr. Aherne's great appeal to women, and it is quite different from that of many. His attentions do not make you feel you are the only person in existence at the moment, as does the art of some; nor is there a marked indifference on his part that leads to pique in a woman and compels her to try to interest him. Rather is there a conscious responsiveness in the man that makes you feel if you do not charm and interest him, it is your own fault. He is like a rare violin, from whom the artist may draw unexpressed emotions, but from whom the amateur will evoke only discordant vibrations.

His good humor is so effervescent it is like sparkling champagne. It is difficult to keep your mind to the matter in hand, because you are waiting for his infectious laughter, which fills the room with a contagion of good-will, as when I explained to him that he *could* refuse to answer any of my questions, without giving offense. I wish you might have heard his laugh! No wonder he laughed, for I have rarely seen a man who has so mastered the art of not talking upon a subject he does not choose, and at the same time not offending the interviewer. He might easily be a pupil

of the great Lord Chesterfield, "the only Englishman who ever recommended the art of pleasing as the first duty of life."

On the screen, he makes a brand of screen love that produces a vicarious thrill in the women audiences. I remarked to him that while men may admire lack of sophistication in a woman—as it gives them the feeling they would like to instruct her—women cannot tolerate anything the least amateurish in the love-making of a man. Women of all ages agree on this. With that irresistible twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Perhaps that is why I am so unlucky in my love-affairs." And with every other actor praying for his brand of luck!

Brian was born Brian de Lacy Aherne, in King's Norton, Worcestershire, England, on May 2nd, about thirty years ago. The Irish characteristics he inherits from both parents. The creative instinct is strong in the entire family, the father getting his satisfaction from creating beauty in wood and stone—being an architect—and is engaged in his profession at the present time in Birmingham, England. The desire to act was strong in the mother and, while she never became a professional, she was always interested and actively engaged in amateur theatricals, being one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company.

It was inevitable that this love of the theatre be transmitted to her offspring, so we are not surprised to find all three of her children in the same profession—acting. A brother Pat and a sister, both younger, have hardly had time to make such a reputation for themselves as has Brian.

But Brian reverses all the ordinary rules of the young man who, against parental authority, runs away from school to become an actor. His parents were prepared to educate him for the theatre and at ten years of age sent him to a school for actors. A year of it was all he could stand. He wanted to prepare himself for a *man's* work, and at that moment he didn't think acting filled the bill. He even parted company with such clever associates as Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward, in order to enter prep school elsewhere. From there he went to Malvern College, after which he took a "clerkship" with a merchant in Liverpool. When he had applied himself diligently to this for two years or so, he was thoroughly convinced that his chances for promotion were slight, so he set about to make other opportunities for himself, still not seriously thinking about acting as a profession. Down to his last five shillings, he turned to the theatre in desperation. The success he made in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," "White Cargo," "Rope," "The Silver Cord," "She Stoops To Conquer," as well as a series of Barrie plays usually played only by mature men, has now become a part of theatrical history. He never gave up acting again and he has never been down to his last shilling. He has had the average amount of worry over pictures, worry over losing a part, anxiety over a play that failed, etc., but from that day to this he has never had financial worries. "But," he adds, for fear I might think he was bragging, "it doesn't take a great deal to satisfy me."

It was not, however, until his triumph with Katharine Cornell, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," that the picture magnates decided he belonged in Hollywood. It took much persuasion to bring him here; he simply could not think of himself as a photographic subject; but now he is here, we shall not let him get away again. Don't get excited if he runs over to Italy for a month or so; he will be right back, for he remains under long-time contract to M-G-M.

And, girls, the very best news yet, he believes in marriage!

When I first questioned him about it, in

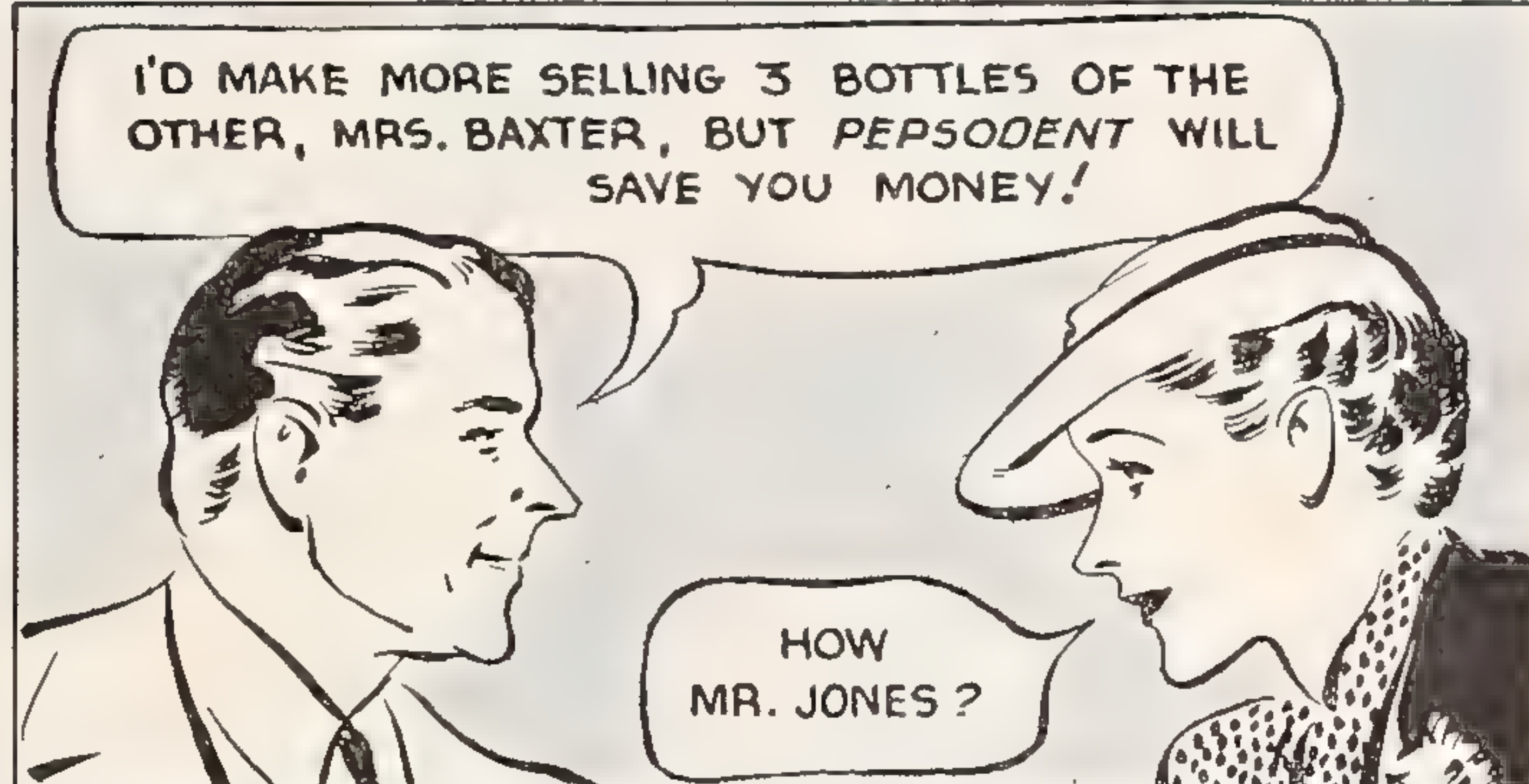


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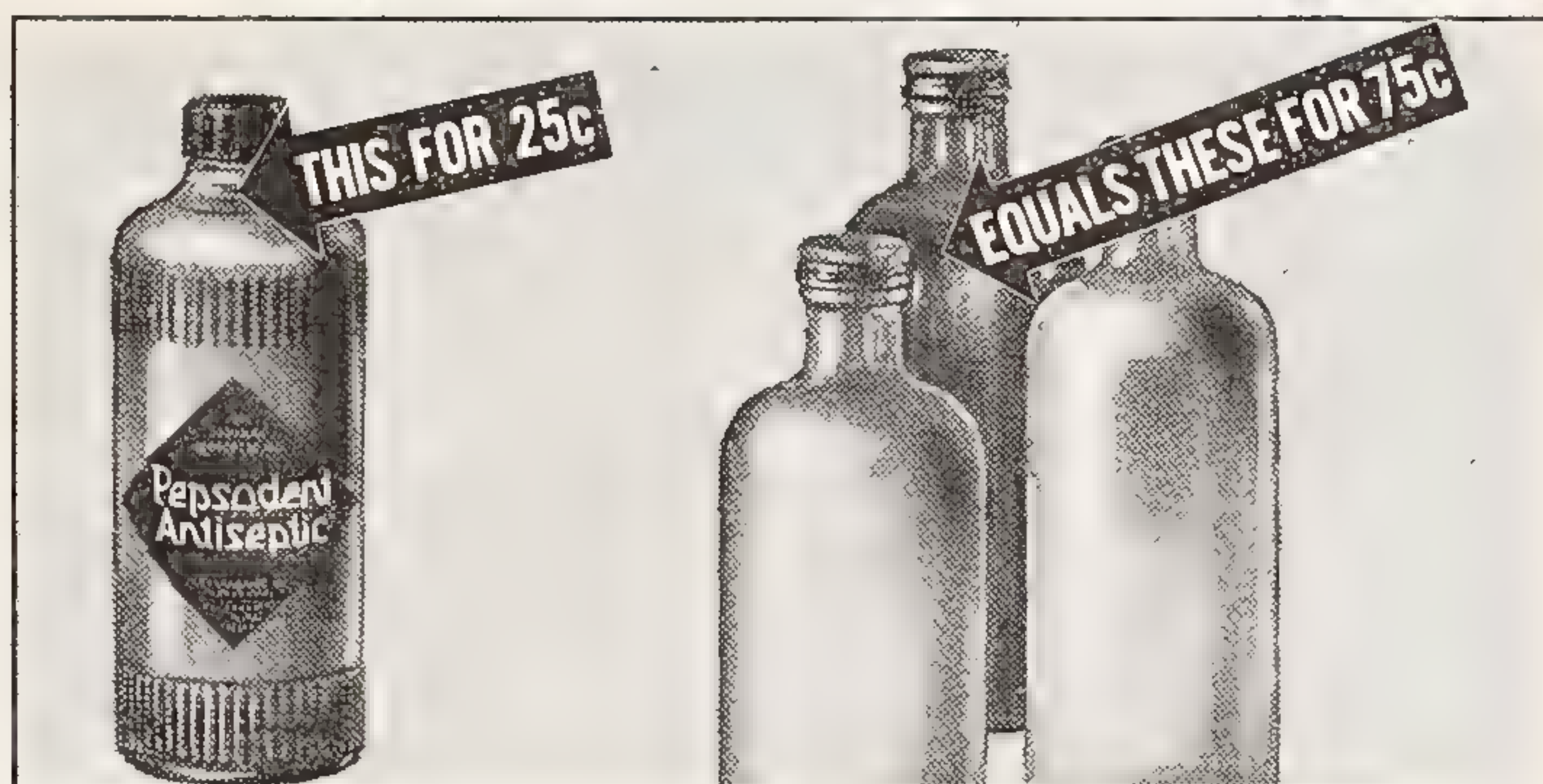


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Pepsodent Antiseptic



THE DRUGGIST EXPLAINED TO ME THAT: IN GERM KILLING POWER, ONE BOTTLE OF
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Pepsodent Antiseptic
LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I WANT TO MAKE MY MONEY GO AS FAR AS I CAN.



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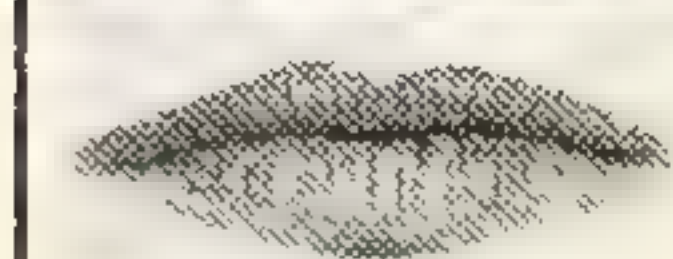
JOEL McCREA

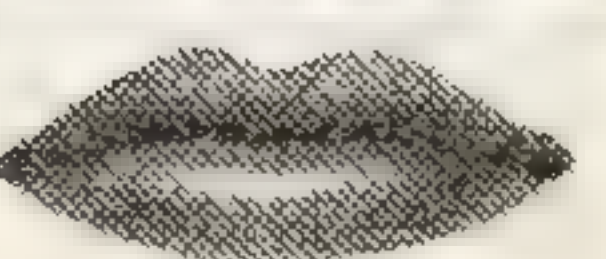
picks girl with

TANGEE LIPS



HERE'S WHAT JOEL McCREA SAW





UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

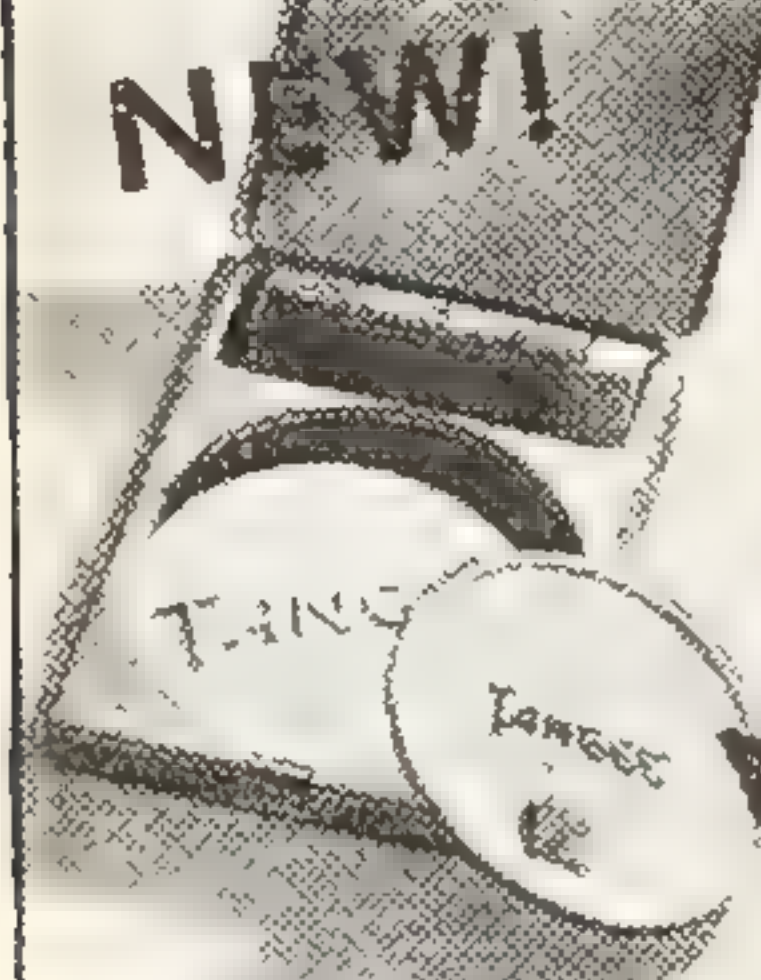
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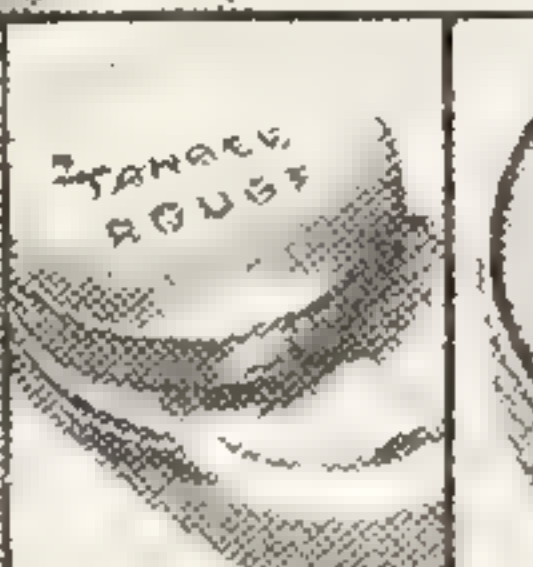
"Little Miracle"

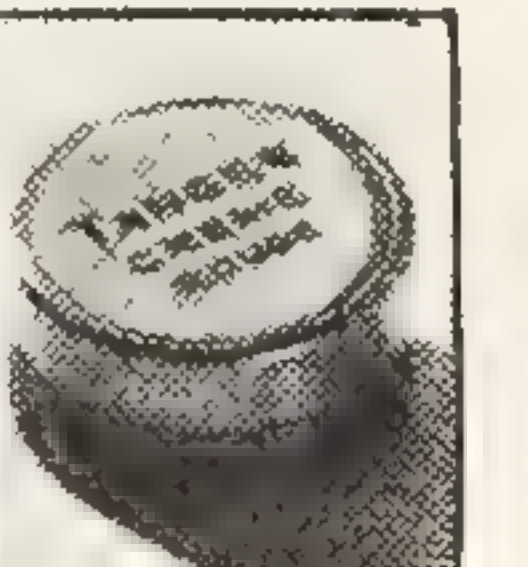
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mock-seriousness, he replied: "What do I know about marriage? I am neither married, nor engaged, nor in love!" When he saw I was waiting for further enlightenment, he said, in his most engaging manner:

"How could I help believing in marriage when I have such a convincing example in my own family? My brother Pat is married and has two delightful children. Every time I visit them, I think I must go right out and get married immediately."

The brother is married to a professional, too—one of the famous team of vaudeville artists, "The Houston Sisters," who are so well and favorably known in Europe. While Brian thinks that, generally, it is difficult for two professional people to make a success of marriage, if both continue with their careers, he insists his brother's case is merely the exception to the rule.

"Indeed, I believe in marriage. I have great respect for the institution of marriage. The most interesting people I know are the happily married. Yes, it is something to look forward to in the future, though I assure you I have not picked the woman yet, nor have I even been chosen by one." This doesn't sound as if he were even slightly disturbed by Hollywood's divorces.

He says his philosophy is "Live and Let Live." He is too young and too brilliant to make unbreakable rules for himself or

others, as only fools never change their minds.

I do not need tell you he golfs, swims, rides, and does all the athletic things, but what he enjoys most of all is brilliant conversation. He prefers small parties, where conversation is possible, as does Ruth Chatterton, who, by the way, is included among his friends. When I urged him to tell me who his friends are, (for he is much beloved in the film colony, not only by the English group but by others as well), he laughingly replied: "How can one name friends? How does one know until a friendship has been tested? And then one always has some bitter disappointments, as well as some delightful surprises."

When I thought to persuade Mr. Aherne to discuss the charms of the American women as compared with the European, he side-stepped it *too* beautifully! You will recall Leslie Howard and Chevalier both made it plain that there are great differences in the appeal of women of various nations. Brian thought a minute and then replied: "The woman of greatest charm is the woman who has a *giving* heart. I have seen all kinds, beautiful and homely, young and old, graceful and awkward; and the woman one can never forget is the woman with the unselfish heart. The memory of her never dies!"

"I Can't Write About Them!"

Continued from page 27

café. Came the day, the hour, and Mr. Schildkraut. With much bowing from the waist and a hand-kiss or two, Joe got off to a flying start and we had just about worked around to the subject of how genuine artists are misunderstood on the screen, when the waiter arrived with the menu. Me? I'm always more or less dieting, and at this time I was playing around with a slight leaning toward anemia. The doctor had ordered calf's liver, and so did I. But anemia or no anemia I never expected that the mere mention of this fine old health builder would have the convulsive effect on Mr. Schildkraut's soul that it did. "Madame," he breathed heavily through his nose, a peppering of perspiration standing out like dew on his forehead, "you will have to excuse me. I cannot remain at a table where the *intimate anatomies* of animals are exposed!" And the last I saw of Joe was his slender back "taking off" through the door of the café. And that's the reason I've never written a story on Joseph Schildkraut, though, on looking back on it all, I realize it has its very good points and is very indicative of the artistic temperament.

It's bad enough to have to confess that you're stymied by certain celebrities when there is a good reason for it. But when appointments have been arranged and gone off smoothly; when the star has been more than gracious in answering the most personal questions; and you've come away with only the mellowest feelings, it is the ultimate in embarrassment to be caught red-handed without a story in return. This sort of thing is frowned on by publicity departments as a very underhanded way of getting fed for nothing—not to mention about two-hundred-and-fifty dollars worth of the star's valuable time wasted. And still I can't write stories on two of my favorite Hollywood people, Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman, in spite of it!

I've lunched and tea-ed with Claudette twice, and nothing comes. In fact, the gal is beginning to be a complex with me. Freud might have a name for it. Maybe I've just argued myself out of doing justice to the lovely Colbert.

Certainly there is no more delightful way to spend an hour than with Claudette. She loves to gossip about who wore what where and how she looked in it, and she's worse than any fan about Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams." If you catch her in her dressing-room she'd just as soon cold-cream her face and put on a hair-net as not. And she says exciting and interesting things without taking a drop of your blood to prove you won't quote her! But what I like best about her is the Colbert ability to poke fun at herself. When she plucked out all her eyebrows to make way for mere pencil lines at the dictates of a studio cameraman, she was, by her own word, hysterical with laughter for days. And she thinks her newly reddish hair is hideous. There's very little Claudette won't talk about from her latest lingerie to her last nightmare. She



Wendy Barrie smiles her thanks when a property man gives her nice fresh carrots. They're in Wendy's diet, and she loves 'em.

understands every angle of publicity and she is willing to co-operate to the fullest. Other writers have done splendid stories on her. But the Colbert under my touch becomes a dusky, heady beauty without eyebrows; a small-town cosmopolite; a siren and a sorority sister in the same paragraph; which just doesn't make sense.

And last, but by no means least, there is Ronald Colman. If Mr. Colman has kept an expense account on me, it must be running into an appreciable sum by now. At considerable private expense, (his, not mine), I have interviewed Ronnie at least a half dozen times without one shabby phrase to show for it. He has lunched me in popular cafés and in studio commissaries. He has taken me to smart tea places. We have enjoyed cocktails in his dressing-room. And in view of the fact that he is my favorite actor both on and off the screen, you'd think something would come of it all by now!

I remember our first appointment was in a little tea-room across the street from a Culver City studio. It was one of those foggy days that you aren't supposed to mention, (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce please ignore). The pink and blue and white table lamps glowed defiantly against the gloom and with Ronnie himself there looking and acting and talking exactly as he does on the screen, it was just like a scene lifted out of one of the *Bulldog Drummond* series. Nor was Mr. Colman difficult to interview. Contrary to expectations and previously published reports, he talked freely and humorously about himself, even going so far as to deny that he was a woman-hater as advertised.

But when it came to putting the spirit of the interview on paper it read so much like one of the scenes from his picture I decided I'd better have another interview with Ronnie and get him into a less fictional background. Result: a noontime appointment in a publicity department with Colman sitting on the edge of a desk talking about his career. Now a publicity department for a setting and a career for a subject are the least glamorous angles imaginable. So when I tried to write that story it read like Robert Benchley's "Treasurer's Report" and I had to ask a by-now highly nervous publicist if we could meet somewhere else.

A year later we met over a luncheon table, but something got in the way, (maybe it was the food), and that story was never written either. The last and most recent time was in his dressing-room at the studio, all of six months ago, and I can only sadly add that the editor who assigned me the story is still waiting for it.

The other day someone helpfully suggested that maybe the reason why I couldn't say anything about Mr. Colman is because Mr. Colman never says anything, and that you can't describe his charm for two thousand words. But I know better. It isn't Ronnie—it's I. Maybe I'm just over-trained in an attempt to write the best Ronald Colman story that ever came out of Hollywood.

So I guess the only thing to do is to write my sixteenth Jean Harlow yarn, my tenth William Powell, my fifth Norma Shearer, my sixth Carole Lombard, my 'steenth Any Other Star, and yes, even my fourth interviewless Garbo.

I'm just not the progressive type!

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We will give you an intimate close-up of Randy Scott and Cary Grant in their new home.



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First Spotlight Girl—Bette Davis

Continued from page 18

struggle which will be worth-while portraying. I trust her good taste not to permit her to play even the most sordid characterizations with vulgarity or cheapness, but with a certain spiritual valor which will lift them above the ordinary, and justify them.

I *would* be ashamed, chagrined, mortified, shocked, surprised, disapproving and all these negative things about Bette's work if I felt that she were not doing the best that she could.

I do not care what parts my daughter plays just as long as she does them honestly, intelligently, squarely.

Who is going to enact the cruel, pitiless, wicked parts that show the world some important things that are the matter with it, if it is not someone who will and can?

Many a woman or girl who has never

when I felt that she would profit from hearing something about it from me. I think that is one reason why she is so direct and fearless. There are no dark and "not to be entered," mysterious corners in her mind.

It is almost unbelievable that my blue-eyed daughter with almost Puritanical New England background has her name in electric lights all over the world for playing a type of heartlessness exactly the opposite to her own natural, loving self. And that the world of critics have acclaimed her performance of a mean, low woman who did not hesitate to hold a human soul in bondage as the best portrayal of mental cruelty ever pictured on the screen.

I do not know how my daughter learned the pantomime, the leer, the shrug that pictures meanness of soul, of too much sex and cruelty—except today we know that

and she has seen what the final verdict is.

I was visiting Bette for a few brief weeks. Bette's husband and I were both out when the studio telephoned to say that the picture would be shown at Santa Barbara, so we did not learn of it until 6:30 that evening when we arrived at home. This gave us only an hour and a half to reach Santa Barbara, a hundred miles away.

Having Bette's high-powered car was the only thing that made it possible for us to reach there in time. Without a morsel of dinner we took our seats just as the first close-up of Bette was flashed on the screen. For one hour and a half of horrible realism we sat riveted without speaking a word, with only a fleeting glance now and then at each other. We left the theatre in absolute silence. Neither of us knew what to think, for we felt the picture would make or break her. We felt that the acting was superb, but would the public like the unpleasant story as well as the people at the preview seemed to?

I think one of the reasons she was so highly successful in the picture with Leslie Howard and in "Bordertown" is that she is so honest and also so without vanity. While she loves to play beautiful parts in gorgeous clothes, she is just as willing to wear ugly clothes and look repulsive or whatever it is necessary to look to portray reality. If she had been willing to accept a characterization which would only make people like her she would have missed the greatest chance for acting that has yet come to her.

"Bette owes all to you," some of my old friends have said. This is not true. I have shielded her from as many humdrum duties as possible. She has been free to pursue her way unmolested by me. I do not hover around her at the studio, as I have already intimated.

Her career has been possible only by her own indefatigable perseverance and her ability to live understandingly every part that has been given her. (The most perfect of them all so far, or at least the one I like the best, was the poignant, heart-breaking rôle of *Hedvig* in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," which Bette played with Blanche Yurka several years ago, on the stage.)

One way in which I know I helped her to develop her imagination, her intuition, her dramatic fervor, was in aiding her with her reading. From the time she could hold a book she was spelling out words and trying to read.

It was then—when she was just a tiny thing puzzling over her A. B. C.'s and fairy tales—that I learned there was a hidden land within my little daughter's heart of hearts into which neither I nor any one else would ever be permitted to enter, but outside of which I should always have to sit and wait for her.

Not that she would meaningfully shut anyone out, for no child was ever more open and friendly and generous than she; but that no one could possibly enter with her because it was a spot in which she became someone else. It was the land into which she retired with the books she read. The land of make-believe where she became one with the little girl she was reading about, and for the time being was completely absorbed in everything the story-book child did. Many children are like that of course. Perhaps *you* were!

And then the day would come when that far-away look would be gone, when her eyes would be all bright and dancing, and she would be jumping around, helping with



Cora Sue Collins and Otalie Kruger, daughter of Otto Kruger, are fast friends. Cora Sue plays with her pal's daddy in a film you'll see soon.

stopped to realize what vanity or possessive tyranny can do to another had an opportunity to see it with drastic reality in Bette's work with the incomparable Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage." Many a foolish woman in love with her husband's partner may come to realize the consequences that may come from playing with fire, as in "Bordertown."

I am willing for Bette to play the rôles of even the worst type of women on the screen today just as long as the story meets this requirement: that the "badness" receives its punishment in the end. Wickedness does not go unpunished in real life, although it may often seem to. "Badness" does not pay. A picture is immoral to my point of view when crime and viciousness or deceitfulness are left unpunished at the end. It is an added sin to send out pictures in which right does not triumph and evil go down in defeat, since most pictures are seen by children and by others whose sense of right and wrong may not yet be clearly established. Crime should never be glorified.

I do not mind but it is strange when one stops to think of it, that Bette's greatest success today has been built on the very type of "bad" woman from the knowledge of whose very existence I tried to shield Bette as she grew up, although I must say I never hesitated to talk out the subject of "bad" women or any other topic with her

thoughts automatically express themselves through certain patterns of movement, whoever thinks them. None of these things did she learn in any school she ever went to. What it was that told her what sharp, vicious jabs of words, what acid, supercilious tone would shrivel the soul of a sensitive man and make his heart sick, I have not the slightest idea. Certainly nothing I ever taught her led to the intuition that with a fluttering of the eyelids and incoherent bewildered uttering of words she could convey the mental collapse of the unfaithful, murderous wife of "Bordertown."

I do not pretend to know the alchemy of thought-forces which enables one person to move others and influence them to undreamed of effects. But I do know good work, clean-cut work, intuitive work when I see it. I do feel the surge and fire of dramatic temperament. I have always known that Bette had a gift of performance which would some day surprise the world.

I saw it proved when the first preview of "Of Human Bondage" was held in Santa Barbara, and Bette's husband "Ham" and I were held spell-bound, glued to our seats for one hour and a half while the picture unfolded. (Bette, as usual, had been too frightened to come to the preview!)

Although her confidence in her work has grown, she still sits home in terror until the previews and premieres are past

the dishes, "picking up" the living room and weeding the garden, chattering about as busily and merrily as ten little girls. And I would say to myself, "Isn't it nice that Bette is home again!"

I became used to saying goodbye to her laughingly by the name of the heroine of the new book when she was embarking on one of these make-believe adventures. And how many there were! With *Alice* into "Wonderland"! With *Jo March* and the whole *March* family in "Little Women's" tempestuously picturesque home life! Sharing the adventures of "Dotty Dimple," "The Little Colonel" and all "The Five Little Peppers," to name a few. She made up plays and carried on imaginary conversations with them. As she grew up her reading became more intellectual and cultural. She did less imagining on her own initiative, but more absorbing of what the author had to say.

Today whenever she embarks upon a new picture I say "Goodbye" to her as I did when she was a little girl, by the name of the rôle she is to play. For from the moment she receives the script and leaves for her first day's work at the studio she runs away into the land of make-believe again, taking with her the new imaginary character that she is to clothe in flesh and blood, and closing the door behind her. From then on until she finishes the picture, she lives, breathes, sleeps and eats the new story. Her sister Barbara's dresses which she has brought home from the dress shop where she is employed with the avowed purpose of selling them to her sister, languish on their hooks. And Barbara and I and "Ham," all three, will see practically nothing of our brilliant and witty play-fellow.

Sometimes Bette manages to telephone Barbara and me at 6:30 in the morning



The Davis girls, Barbara and her famous sister, Bette, ready for a canter over the Hollywood hills.

when she is leaving home for the studio, or around 1:30 at night when often she is just getting home. Sometimes when she is desperately tired or exhausted and her schedule will permit, she manages to come over and take refuge for an hour or several hours or perhaps a day or two in "Wendy Cottage," hidden away under a hill and filled with sunshine, where Barbara and I have our home.

The simplicity and charm of this tiny place rests her and gives her a chance to

do the same simple things that she did as a child at home in New England. Bring in the firewood for the delightful fireplace she recently had put in for us. Dig in the garden. Arrange my flowers. Read before the fire, while her mother shields her from pursuing friends and undue pressure from without. Nothing more wild than a mild game of cards or a sun bath on the "Wendy" roof is practically ever indulged in—unless it is a game of parchesi in front of the fire on those rainy days that come much more often than Easterners are supposed to know.

Especially has she enjoyed the restfulness of visits to this little place since her producers have concentrated on giving her the highly dramatic pictures of which we have been talking, which test her strength and disposition to the utmost.

The "Wendy" is a contrast to Bette's own more formal home with its exquisite exactions and management. Contrary to common belief, Bette is not a simple home lover with domestic inclinations. She knows perfection in housekeeping and demands it. Her home is beautifully luxurious in every detail. Three perfect servants, (my selection), carry out her every wish—and heaven knows there are many!

The tiniest scratch on her white picket fence or a scrap of paper in her back yard never escape her attention. The angle of her brass wood box or the slant of a cushion may mean an unpleasant or a pleasant evening at home. The fact that she cares for only simple food has led some to believe that it is necessary for her to diet. This is not true. She eats heartily, but her favorite foods are wholesome and plain.

One of the secrets of her growing success, I feel, is due to the regularity and charm of her life. I have never seen two people so happy and congenial as Bette

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and "Ham"—but there has been so much written about this relationship that I shall not need to say much about it. Bette finds much pleasure in watching her husband play polo or golf. She loves to entertain. They ride a lot in their cars.

As for me—I am just Bette Davis' mother, fond, believing in and utterly approving of the girl whose sweetness has made life good and beautiful to me. I am still sitting outside the little secret place in her heart of hearts where she retires with the books that she is reading, with the characters that she is bringing to life.

I always try to be on hand in case she needs comfort or such wisdom as I can share with her—not to say ginger cookies and potatoes mashed with butter and lots of cream.

But I am the mother who will always live under her own roof-tree and who does not believe that two families should try to live together. My wedding present to Bette

and "Ham" was the promise that I would never live with them, even though I like him far better than any of the boys Bette ever knew, and I am "Ruthie" to him.

I am glad that when my girls were little tiny things, even before they were born, I suppose, I decided that human beings should keep their hands off other human beings except to help them develop as their own talents lead them on. It has saved me many disappointments and heartaches as my girls have grown up.

This willingness of mine to let Bette take her own steps was one of the things that made it possible for Bette to handle the business end of her career with growing intelligence, I am sure.

It makes it possible for me to enjoy her and her work more than I possibly could if I had to think out every reason for everything she does in her work life.

I know that Bette will not always be playing the "worst women" on the screen.

The Unhammiest Actors in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

a wise person, not as elemental as the rest of us. Frank is an 'old soul.' We like to thrash things out and get to the bottom of them as well as we can. He is not particularly well-read, Frank isn't; he has too much natural sense to need the stimulation of a lot of reading. Balance seems to be the trait of the entire McHugh family; they have a fund of common sense not colored by any outside influence. Frank is the business man in our group and we go to him for advice. We are both essentially stubborn, Frank and myself, so we have a lot of good arguments; but eventually we see things the same way."

As for Allen Jenkins, he and Jimmy were chorus boys in the same show. "He is just the same now as he was then," Jim said. "Shy and self-conscious. No, I'm not kidding. He is. It isn't Jenkins you see on the screen, it's the character he happens to be playing."

"Our association goes back farther than any of the others. For years we covered the Jersey and New York coast-lines every Sunday, looking at boats. We were both boat-crazy. We followed a regular routine. Sunday morning we got up early and mapped out our itinerary for the day. We would take a subway for Coney Island perhaps, and begin looking in the boat-yards. Naturally we couldn't have bought the varnish for the deck—but those builders and salesmen didn't know we were just a couple of hoofers too big for our pants. So we'd put in the day, looking and drooling and sighing. We looked at a thousand yachts, and every other kind of a boat as well. We examined them from stem to stern, shook our heads sadly, and went on. On some of those fine gray days with the fog drifting in, we would walk for miles, then back to Coney and spend our last fifty cents on two big steaming bowls of clam chowder. Those were swell times!"

Have you ever in your mind's eye, pictured chorus boys putting in their Sundays like that?

Allen is building a boat in his backyard, and Jimmy has his yacht now. And is this ironical—every time he goes for a cruise, he gets deathly sick! But he goes anyway.

"He is crazy enough about the sea even to risk being sick," Frank McHugh told me later. "And that's pretty crazy. But you have to admit the guy is consistent. All these years he's been panting for a boat and he isn't going to let a little thing like his stummick stop him! We went for a

trip not long ago. I mean, you know, a cruise. The purpose was a rest for me, but I figured we would discuss and scream and argue the way we always do. Well, we never talked. We never even *talked*. I don't know to this day whether Jim really wanted to give me a rest or whether he just wasn't able to talk a word under the conditions prevailing.

"Oh, sure, we have lots of arguments, but none of them are personal. It is always about our work and detail and politics, things like that. We get heated about what's to be done and said in a scene, but when the day's work is over, we drop it. We never sulk or refuse to speak or any of those childish things."

"How about practical jokes? I've heard things," I remarked.

McHugh gave me a patient look.

"Lady, we are grown-up men. We are serious, earnest, and I hope intelligent. We are supporting families—I have three youngsters—and buying insurance and paying taxes. Oh, a few jokes, if they just occur inspirationally; nothing built-up or fancy. But we are all story-tellers. We love 'em—clean, half-clean, dirty, any kind, so long as they are funny and have some characterization in them. There is a constant race on to see who will hear one first and tell it to the others before they have heard it. Both Pat and Jim are never so pleased as when they get me switched onto telling yarns of the McHugh family's early days. We were a big family and we did the old-time small-town rep shows. There is one called 'Human Hearts' in which I play all the characters. They must have heard it fifty times, but they still have me at it. Some of our experiences in the rep-show days were so fantastic, Pat thought I was making them up. He went so far as to give a dinner one night for my mother and father and all the family he could get together, just to check up on me."

Pat and Frank were in stock in Baltimore at the same time, and later in New York shows. They had a favorite way of spending their Sundays, too. They would get up (reasonably) early and go over to the Lambs Club for a big breakfast of Irish bacon and eggs—nobody around, nice for talking. Then they sauntered over to Broadway and got in the front seat of an open-faced street-car, and rode down to the Battery. They would dismount, stroll around the deserted Wall Street, ("no one around but the cops"), the river at one



Lily Pons looks over, and a little fondly it seems to us, the shoes she wears in her first picture, in which she sings, acts, and dances too.

end, Trinity Church at the other, and really see New York.

Pat's wife was playing in a company with Frank, long before Pat met her. You see what a close family this really is; all of them have known each other for years. Frank says his own wife was the local girl who played fifth business in a Hartford company, and that's where he met her.

He has known Kibbee since he was a boy—that is, Frank was a sixteen-year-old stage manager of a company in which Kibbee was the character man. He says Kibbee tries awfully hard to sell them on the out-door life, hunting, fishing, and golfing—but they are tough to sell.

"We don't all do the same things, in our work or out of it. We would be pretty monotonous to each other if we did. Pat likes to play hand-ball and amuse the baby and give barbecues best of all. He's about the worst business man in the bunch, he will tell you. I like to carpenter around the house, putting up shelves and things," Frank told me.

Hugh Herbert is the picture-stealer in the bunch, but nobody seems to hold it against him. He has just bought five acres out in the Valley with 150 trees, some of them banana trees—"bananas grow in California, but don't like to," he explains)—and is about to build a house. There is a totem pole out in front of the property, a great mystery, nobody knows who put

it there; but he is going to leave it to help his friends find the place. You see they *have* to find it, because he's depending on them to build the house. He is laying in a big supply of hammers and saws and kegs of beer, because what good are your friends who brag about their carpentering if they don't prove it?

Hugh Herbert says, further, Thursday is his favorite day in the week because the cook is out and he can mess around the kitchen. So far, he hasn't had the temerity to invite anyone, but he's working up to that. He is the "ad-lib" artist in the group, preferring to think of things on the spur of the moment. "But for heaven's sake, don't get me in wrong with all the writers over here," he begs. As a matter of fact, his part is seldom written in. It's just left up to Herbert. For instance, lines like that one in "We're In the Money" when he starts overboard, and someone asks, "Can you swim?" Herbert answers "Tell you in a minute"—and jumps.

The very strange thing about it all is this—the wives are just as good pals as the husbands! They have had a sewing-club for three years which meets every week at their various homes. Mary Jenkins, Billie Cagney, Eloise O'Brien, Brownie Kibbee, Dorothy McHugh, and Mrs. Herbert.

"All they make," wails Frank, "is baby blankets! We *never* get our socks darned."



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Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

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THE final touch to make him say "Darling, you're lovely tonight," is the elusive scent of Vogue perfume. Hudnut's new gift to the sweet girl sophisticate is a divine fragrance—spicy, semi-Oriental and oh, so smart! It calls up scenes of opening nights, a box at the Opera, or the soft, gay strains of superb dance music. Not a perfume to be wasted on the ordinary events of life—Vogue is for the grand occasions that will have a very special place in your memory for poignant hours or romance shared. It comes in an attractive box—encased in white satin. An exquisite Christmas gift, unless you want to keep it entirely for yourself.

HOLLYWOOD and Elizabeth Arden provide the secret of making your face just what you want it—when you have your picture taken or for those very special evening events! We've seen make-up done with Elizabeth Arden's new Screen and Stage preparations—and the results are just too perfect. After your skin is cleansed, you apply Screen and Stage Cream Foundation, very lightly and blending it all over the face from the chin up to the hairline.

There's an immediate illusion of velvety smoothness, absolutely minus in "shine." Then "feature-molding" is done with a darker shade of foundation cream to tone down too square a jaw or chin, a forehead that's too prominent, a double chin, or a broad nose. Moist rouge, eye make-up, exquisitely soft powder and a special way to apply lip rouge—turn you out your loveliest self. Water has no effect on Elizabeth Arden's Screen and Stage Make-up, but it comes off easily with remover.

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First Aid to Winter Beauty



Be proud of your Christmas photos—and thank Elizabeth Arden!



Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, to keep hands soft and white.



A gift of beauty—new vanity and lipstick from Primrose House.

WINTERY winds remind us that Hind's Honey and Almond Cream is out in a new dress! Perennial favorite for chapped skin, it's always been. But now it's so improved you can't find a trace of greasiness after you've rubbed it in, and a new plunger top makes it easy to apply just the right amount. It's delightfully softening and whitening for one's hands. Besides this, it makes an excellent after-the-bath rub for us whose skin gets dry and "itchy" from cold weather and artificial heat. It'll fix up a dark or reddened "V," too, and it's marvelous to smooth out chapped, weather-roughened legs and heels.

HERE'S a quick pickup treatment to make you look fresh and charming for that heavy date. Cleanse your skin, then apply a generous coat of Jeanné D'Or Honey Skin Food and leave it on while you take your bath. This cream contains pure honey, one of the finest natural beautifiers, which makes it an excellent night cream.

WITH an eye out for Christmas gifts, we discovered a perfect jewel of a loose powder vanity at Primrose House. It's square with a nice deep powder-well and is bevelled down to gracefully slim edges. Black enamel, smartly trimmed with silver, and wonderfully light! Comes in a gorgeous rich shade of red, trimmed with silver, too. It opens with a spring catch, and there's another spring catch to open the powder-well, so the danger of breaking one's fingernails simply doesn't exist, and the powder won't leak out. There's a dandy combination set of square vanity and a Primrose House lipstick to match.

HOW tragic it is to see a pretty girl with a complexion marred by blemishes or acne! We're always tempted to say "My dear, you don't keep your skin clean enough." Some skins need special cleansing to get out the imbedded dirt and blackheads that lead to skin eruptions. Klerplex Wash really does that job of deeper cleansing. You simply wet your face with hot water, apply Klerplex with a gentle rotary motion of the fingertips, rinse with more hot water—and then plenty of cold.

Hollywood Stars at Their Worst

Continued from page 17

burned magnificently: "You fool!" she shouted, "why don't you look where you're going?" The "fool" turned out to be a columnist and a critic on an evening newspaper. Well, poor Madge knew just what to expect after that.

That old debonair William Powell is at his worst in any kind of a card game except poker. Now I don't mean he's a poor sport or a bad loser, none of that. Bill is the hysterical type when it comes to cards. Just invite him some evening for a serious little game of bridge—or hearts, if you prefer. The more serious you become, the funnier Bill will think the whole thing is, and very likely just as you are about to make a grand slam Bill will start laughing his head off. The whole thing is just too, too amusing to Mr. William Powell. Of course he will make very smart and disconcerting comments all during the game, and if he finds that you are getting annoyed—(you're an old frump if you do)—he will probably break into song, or maybe tell a joke. Playing bridge with Mr. Powell is nothing less than a three-ring circus.

Automobiles, it would seem, bring out the worst in Mae West. Mae has an eye for a big car and a flashy car, and she doesn't want any of that small fry on the Paramount lot going her one better. About a month ago Miss West crashed through with a new Cadillac that was a dream to behold, and parked there in front of her dressing-room it looked like the Empire State building. Now the West dressing-room on the Paramount lot, my children, just so happens to be right next to the

dressing-room occupied by Marlene Dietrich, and what do you think? Bless my soul, if Marlene didn't drive up to her dressing-room the other day in a brand-new Cadillac, but with a couple of more cylinders than Mae had, and with an engine that stuck out about three inches more. (Miss Colbert's and Miss Lombard's Fords a few yards away looked mighty tacky, you can be sure.) Well, it was a sight to see those two beautiful cars parked there side by side all during the day; but just the other morning Miss West's "old" car disappeared and in its place was a new car with definitely more cylinders and more streamlines than Miss Dietrich's car. Dear, me, how those girls do go on!

The new screen idol, Nelson Eddy, can be found at his worst at any of those long-drawn-out Hollywood dinner parties where you sit for hours and hours toying with everything from caviar to brandy. Nelson is not a connoisseur of food; to him food is just something to keep life in the old body; and he can't go into an ecstasy over a crown of lamb or a sauce Marguery.

Johnny Weissmuller and Randy Scott can most assuredly be found at their worst on "date" night at the Trocadero. Johnny is working in a new "Tarzan" picture and Randy is making re-takes on "So Red the Rose" and both boys have hair way down to there—yes, they can almost sit on it, Mable. Well, with a pair of leopard trunks and an old Confederate uniform the long locks look okay, but with modern tuxedos they look kind of terrible.

And ah, the Dream Prince of us gals,



Shirley Temple is going to have a Xmas Party! Shirley hopes that all children can join her party by having one exactly like hers.

YOU CAN GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A SHIRLEY TEMPLE XMAS PARTY

IN DECEMBER SILVER SCREEN, on sale November 7th, there is a full description of Mrs. Temple's plans for Shirley's party—the recipes for the food, the games to be played, the songs to sing and how to decorate the table. All done inexpensively, but gay and happy.

Be sure and get your copy of
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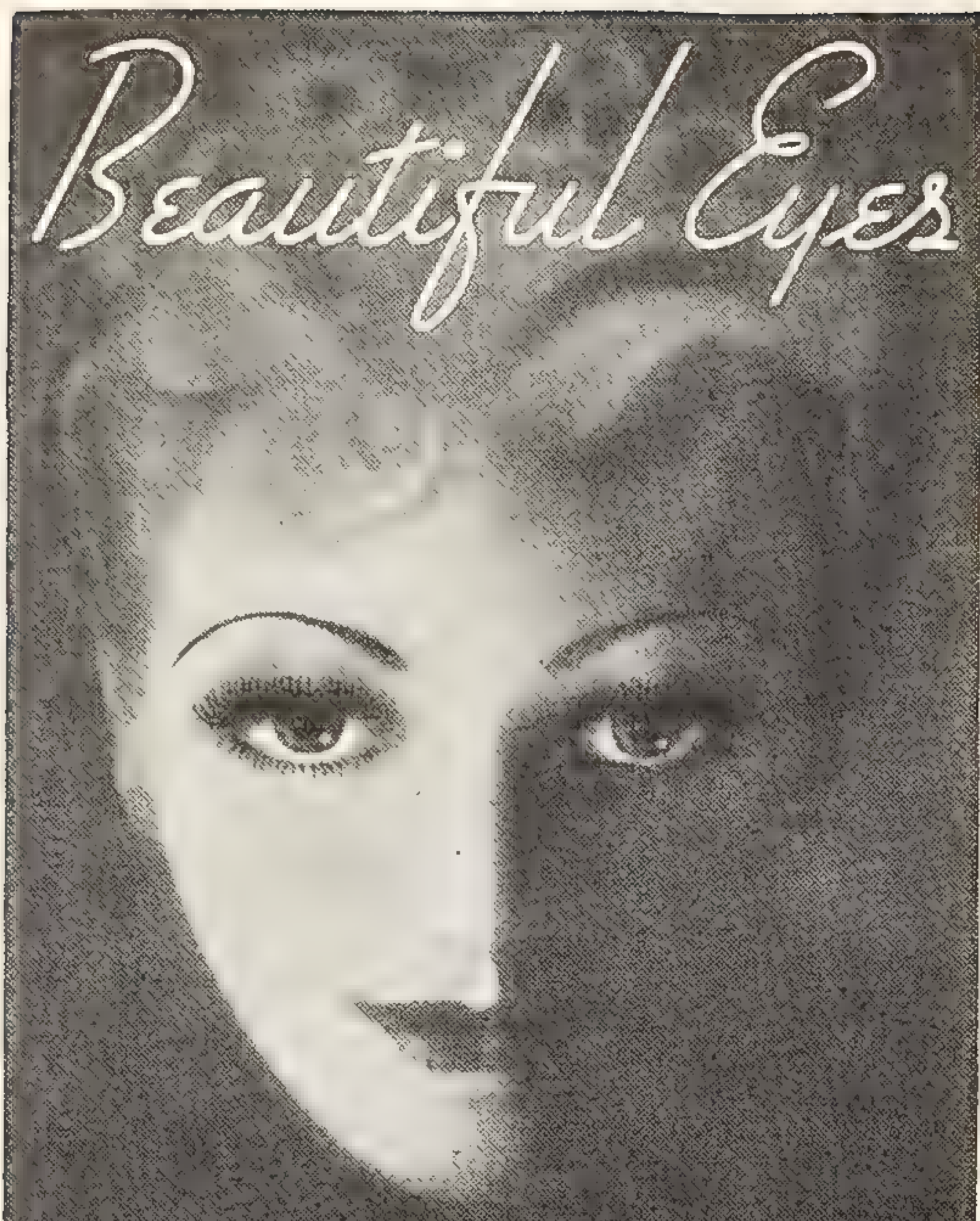
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Studio 421, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

Clark Gable! Clark is definitely at his worst of an afternoon when he drives into the studio lot just to see what went on during the three weeks he was away in the mountains on one of his hunting trips. For when Gable goes fishing or hunting he doesn't shave all while he is gone, and when it's three weeks, my, my, Mr. Gable has quite a growth. He's enough to frighten little children.

Carole Lombard is at her worst after a party. Carole's parties in Hollywood are famous; she is the one perfect hostess I have ever met. The party may last for hours and hours, but all that time Carole will stand there looking glamorously beautiful in a trailing gown, (ever since she was a child Carole has been a pushover for anything that trails), always seeing to it that everyone is introduced and being looked after, always saying the right thing, and laughing at the right time at her guests' dull stories; just being oh, so beautiful, chic, and formal. But along about three o'clock in the morning when the remaining guests have been packed away in their cars, loudly declaring for the benefit of the entire neighborhood that Carole gives the best parties ever, our Li'l Missy Lombard relaxes. Usually there are about five people left, five of the good old faithfuls who have been asked to stay. Carole flops on the floor right in the midst of the supper debris, her train is in the roquefort dressing, her corsage is being sprinkled with anchovy oil, her slippers she kicks into a corner of the room, and la Lombard goes to work on a hearty meal of fried chicken, baked beans, and cheese. I think it is then I like Carole best. I wouldn't miss a Lombard gorge and an after-the-party-talk-it-over for all the rice in China.

Joan Blondell is always at her worst when she goes on one of those back-to-nature week-ends, throws off the glamor, pins up her hair, and lets nature take its course. Nature usually does. Ever since she was a kid Joan has been crazy about camping out, fishing in a mountain stream or the Pacific, cooking at night over a camp-fire, and sleeping between blankets out in the open; and naturally you wouldn't expect her to look like a Bergdorf-Goodman model when she goes in for this little pastime. She doesn't even take a box of powder along, much less rouge and hair-curling apparatus.

One of Joan's week-end trips is memorable. She had made about four pictures straight and was dead tired, so she put on her oldest slacks and sweater, no shoes or stockings or make-up, and with her sister set out for Tent City—which is one of those places where you can rent a tent with a stove and a bed for two bucks a night and pitch it on the side of the ocean along with several hundred other people. Sure enough, just as she figured, no one suspected her of being Joan Blondell, the movie star, and for two days she swam, rested, got sun-burned, and dug her toes in the sand. And then, bless my soul, a newspaper reporter, also vacationing there, discovered her. There was nothing to do but give him the requested interview, which Joanie did. But here's the pay-off on the whole story: two weeks later Joan read in a Southern California newspaper the following excerpts from the interview: "I found Joan Blondell in a spacious cottage overlooking the ocean, tastefully decorated with fragrant flowers; here and there delightfully tinted pillows adorned the room. The scene represented a veritable fairyland . . . Miss Blondell was charmingly attired in a gorgeous Hollywood creation of black crêpe de chine with elaborate flower prints, a chic black horse-hair hat trimmed with dainty yellow flowers, black silk hosiery, black satin sandals with gold heels. On the right wrist a gold gothic bracelet, and

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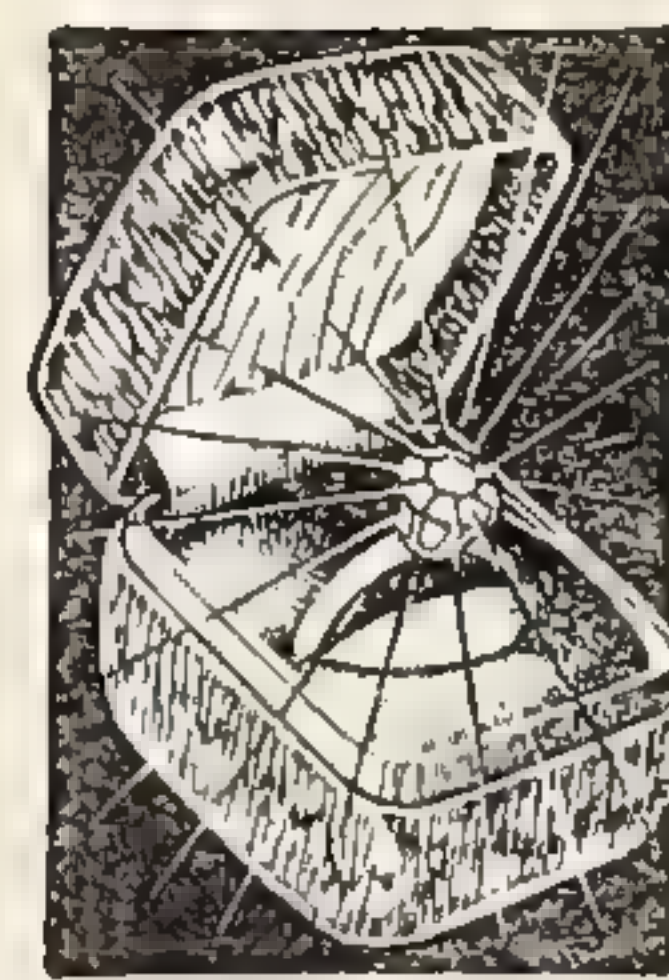
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on the left a gold wrist watch, around her neck a small gold necklace with small amber insets, a head of curly blonde hair takes the place of ear-rings. . . ."

Well, Miss Blondell nearly dropped dead when she read that. Considering the fact that all she had on was a pair of slacks and a sweater and a diamond ring the young man did very well.

Locations and sets are always good places to find stars at their worst, for there is nothing like the tedious toil of making a picture to bring out the bad in you. It was on the set at Paramount not so long ago that I discovered the long lanky form of my favorite actor, Gary Cooper, stretched out back of a lot of props. Mr. Cooper, it seems, was having a snooze; and furthermore, Mr. Cooper was emitting a series of human-like snores. Good for Mr. Cooper.

Practically the same day I was on the "Tarzan" set and found Maureen O'Sullivan wallowing in a huge tub of mud, slimy, oozy, bubbling mud, which was getting in her hair, and her ears, and eyes and everything. When Maureen climbed out, one of the grips turned the hose on her to wash her off, and she was crossing the stage to speak to me when the director shouted, "Do it over once more, Maureen, the sound was bad. I have never seen such enraged fury on a pretty face before, and I think Miss O'Sullivan without the least effort could have murdered the director, the sound man, and everybody on the set including Johnny Weissmuller.

I caught the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald being balked by a horse on the "Rose-Marie" set in the famous Sierra mountains and I must say that certainly brought out the worst in her. Jeanette isn't afraid of horses, she is a good rider, and she naturally wants to be master of the situation. Well, this horse was a country horse, by the name of George, and I rather fancied I heard the following conversation before Jeanette arrived to do her scene.

George: "Look at Maude—so stuck up because Nelson Eddy rode her yesterday that she won't speak to us. She was a good girl, too, until this movie company arrived. Meeting movie stars has gone to her head. Well, I'll show her that they don't mean anything to me. There comes Jeanette MacDonald. She thinks she's going to ride me right up to the camera, but she's got another think coming to her."



In New York for the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Above, Max Reinhardt, producer, and Anita Louise, who plays Titania.

Anyway, Jeanette swung herself in the saddle and said a polite giddup, and gave George a gentle little prod in the ribs. But George no giddup. He didn't move. And he just stood there for the ensuing minutes during which Miss MacDonald coaxed and wheedled and chuckled and did all the little things that usually make horses get a move on. Finally George, utterly bored with it all, rose on his hind legs and let out a nasty snort and Jeanette like the Indians of old was about to bite the dust when she was rescued by a whole army of technicians. What she said about George was plenty!

Charlie Butterworth can be found at his worst on a fishing trip. Not that he goes native in a pair of frayed dungarees—oh, no, Charlie dresses very well for the fish, never even removes his coat, but he does expect a little co-operation from them. I was on a fishing party with Charlie not so long ago and for two days and two nights Charlie didn't catch a thing. Charlie was beginning to get pretty sore about it, especially as everybody else was getting plenty of bites. Then he felt a tug at the reel, yelled like a school boy, and everybody on the boat rushed over to help him and it. "It must be a whale," said Charlie, sweating with the exertion of reeling it in, and having visions of a nice big tuna to flaunt at the rest of the party who had only caught nice little bass. And then the catch hove in view—it was only a bit of Pacific kelp—weeds to you. Twice again that afternoon. Charlie let out the joyous yell of the fisherman, and twice again he pulled in a bunch of kelp. Nothing is as discouraging as returning home after a fishing trip with nothing but a mess of seaweed. But finally Charlie gave up. "One more kelp," he said, "and I'll call it a day."

The lovely Luise Rainer, who became a cinema success over-night after her performance in "Escapade," is at her worst at any kind of a social gathering. Luise, who is definitely the Garbo type, hates parties and refused to go when she first came to Hollywood. But the Powers That Be informed Luise that it was good for her publicity and she would have to go to parties. So at the Right Parties now you can always find Luise in a corner glaring at the doors like a caged animal.

I sort of like Hollywood, and I want to live here a while longer, so I think it wise not to tell you how very many stars are found at their worst playing games. They all want to win, and go into perfect frenzies when they don't win. Yes, in this town where you'd think careless, gay people would play careless, gay games I have found the most deadly die-hards. When I am bored with life and things and kind of welcome a good comfortable death all I have to do is enter into a little game of bridge with three of my friends.

Next to games, when it comes to bringing out the worst in Hollywood stars, I believe is the candid camera. One little click of the candid camera when La Belle isn't looking, whether it is at the tennis matches, the studio, the polo game, or the Countess di Frasso's party, and you might just as well call off everything else for the day. Madame is going to sulk. For hours she will sulk and mouth and mouth and sulk. Mercy, how the stars, both male and female, loathe those cameras.

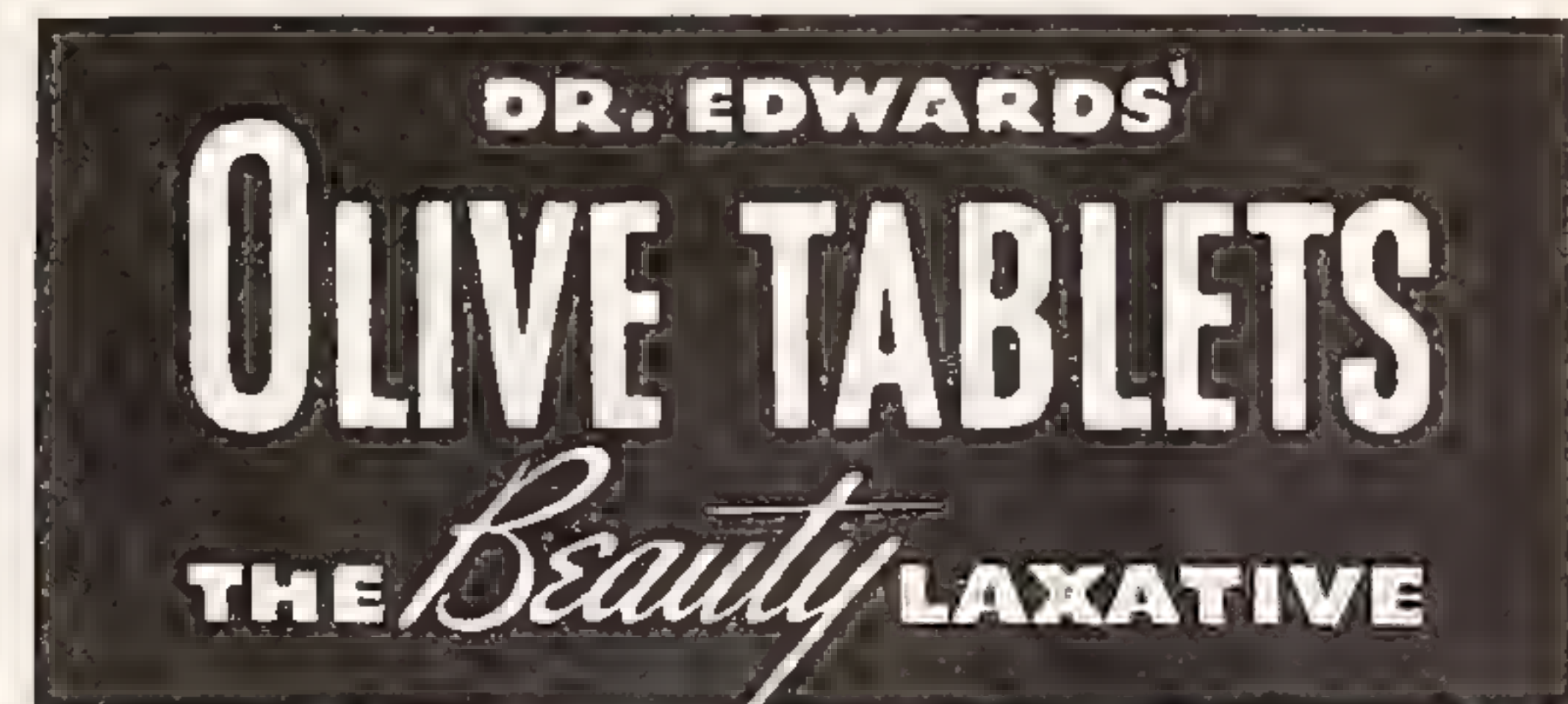
And here is the place to tell a story on a Hollywood star that only happened last week. A photographer from the East was on a certain set snapping the players with her candid camera for her publication. Suddenly she left in a huff. The director hurried over to the star and asked, "You didn't insult her, did you? She's very important." "Certainly, I didn't insult her," said the star. "You know I'm not the least bit temperamental. I just told her to get the hell off my set!"



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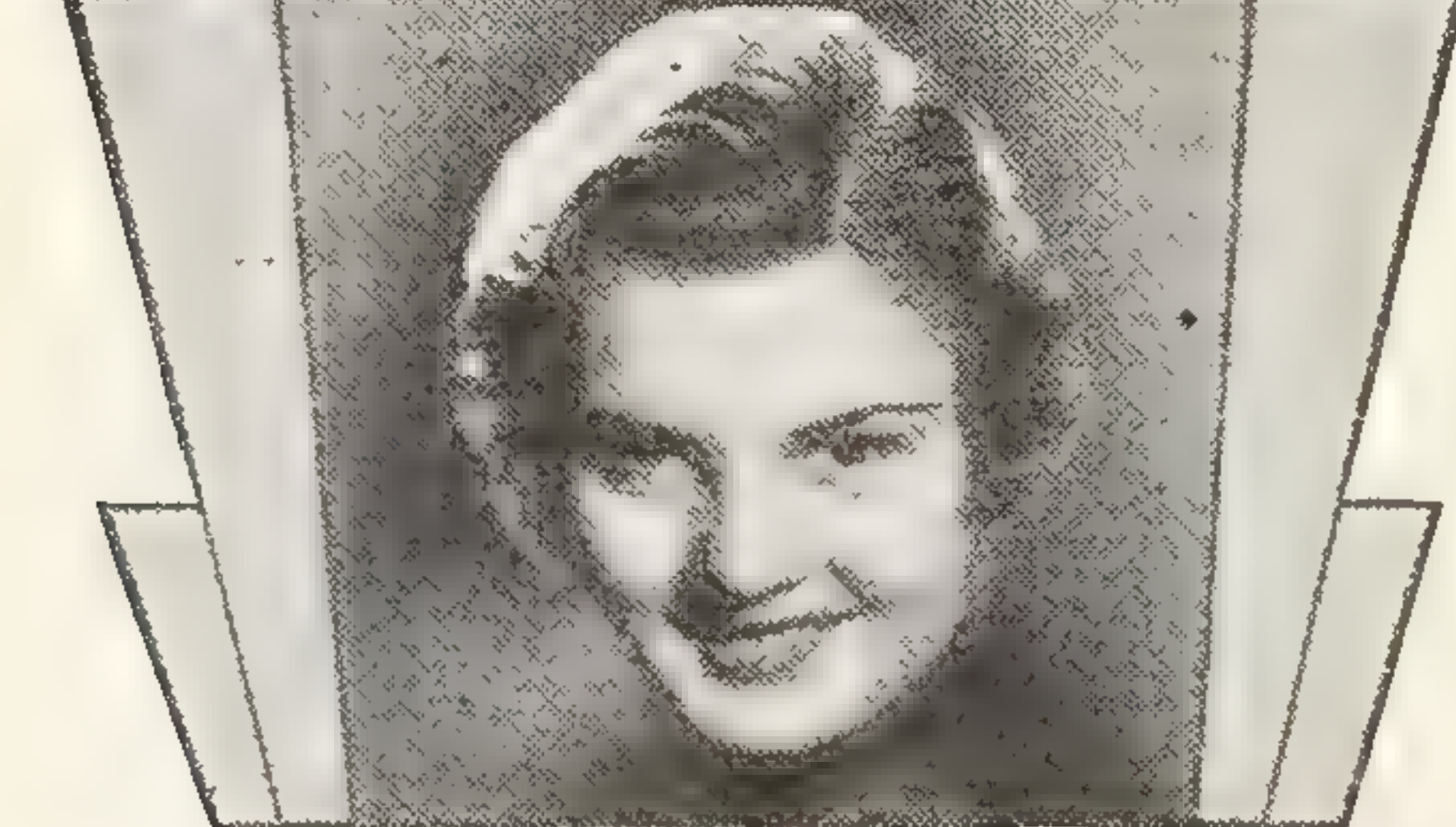
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Latest About Laughton

Continued from page 56

face, fair tumbled hair, and mischief-filled eyes, Laughton looks much younger than in his screen rôles. After all, he is only thirty-five. He has worked fast for he didn't turn to the stage until after the World War; and until after he learned the hotel business to please his father who owned the Victoria Hotel, in Scarborough, England.

His voice is very low, almost caressingly soft, but he expresses himself in startlingly frank language. Every word is to the point; he never minces them. He has definite opinions, not always polite ones, but he doesn't hesitate to speak right out.

What he likes he likes intensely. What he doesn't he avoids. He's an easy-going fellow who prefers peace, though he can fight for his rights, such as securing good rôles. He did this last year when, weary of a series of blah parts, he indulged in some vigorous language and took the first boat back to England, leaving Hollywood and a fat movie contract flat. Arriving in London, he decided to fulfill a long-cherished ambition so he took over the famous Vic Theatre, and for eight months revelled in Shakespearean and other classic dramas, at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. His wife, the vivacious Elsa Lanchester, shared honors with him, and both insist this is the high spot in their careers.

Then along came the English-made film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which sent Laughton skyrocketing to sensational world fame and brought Elsa before American screen audiences. She was the impish *Anne of Cleves*, and who will ever forget the card-game battle, a classic in finesse, played in the nuptial chamber between Henry and his newly-wedded Queen!

Hot on this success, came summons from Hollywood for both Charles and Elsa. Charles has contributed four brilliant characterizations in outstanding pictures, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Les Miserables," and now, "Mutiny on the Bounty." Elsa didn't fare so well.

Charles loves to talk about Elsa, and he told me with deep concern that her talents, so widely recognized on English stage and screen, had never been given an opportunity in Hollywood films, so after a few minor parts she had returned to London a month ago, to fill a picture engagement. This, he wanted me to know, was the *real* reason for his haste in departing for London. Too, there is the lure of playing the coveted rôle of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in an Alexander Korda production, as soon as he arrives.

"These months of idleness were very trying for Elsa," Charles was understandingly sympathetic. "No actress with her abilities likes to see Time slip by with nothing accomplished. She was cast for several big rôles, but by some strange fate these pictures were either postponed or shelved. When I'm working I am completely worn out when I reach home at night and I like to turn in early. This isn't very entertaining for a girl who has been home alone all day but," he added with a grin, "she never complained about her dull husband."

When Charles left me to make a scene in the closing episode of his picture, I recalled the last time I had talked with him. Elsa and I were having luncheon with him at the Paramount café during the filming of "Ruggles of Red Gap." It was then that I discovered that the Laughtons had two absorbing enthusiasms: each other and their careers.

Charles was in a jubilant mood that day because Elsa was with him; and he beamed upon her, frequently reached for her hand

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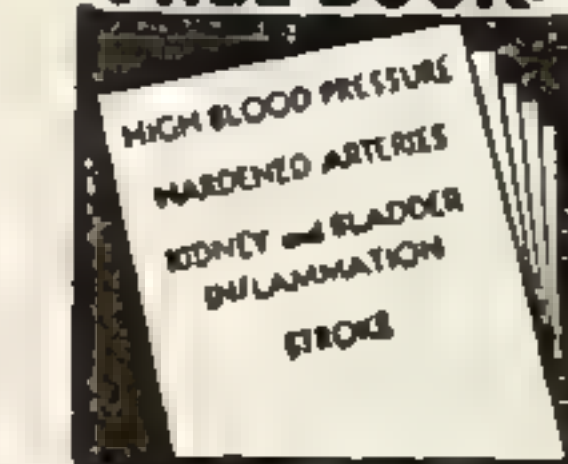
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Harold Lloyd knows how to pick leading ladies. He has two here, Dorothy Wilson and Helen Mack.

and petted it, mentioned the becomingness of the perky hat a-top her curls, and was continually exchanging gay asides with her.

They told me about their meeting during a play in London, how it was the first serious love for them both, of the ardent courtship, admitting they did all the silly things young lovers do, then of the trip to the registry office to be married before the year was up. About the romantic honeymoon, too.

"Was it your mutual keen sense of humor that started your romance?" I asked.

"Not at all," replied Charles, blandly, "it was merely low animal passion!" Then, leaning across the table he patted his wife's cheek affectionately, utterly indifferent to the hundred other diners, for the Laugh-ton's are frankly and openly in love with each other after seven years of marriage.

Then, both talking at once, they told me of their thirty-two acre place of wooded land in Surrey, an hour's drive from London. They have a picturesque rose-covered summer cottage with a thatched roof, and an English brick house where they spend winter week-ends. They had never

thought of living there while playing in London but now, having become accustomed to distances in Hollywood, where an hour's drive to the studio means nothing, they plan to make it their permanent home whenever they are in England.

"And children?" I asked.

"Never!" They chorused.

"Actors should never breed," said Charles, with his characteristic frankness. "They aren't normal enough in their living to rear a family. We pet a kitten instead."

This English actor is an amazing person. Money, fame, luxury, adulation mean nothing to him. He dislikes publicity, ostentation, crowds—even theatre audiences disturb him. He cares little about clothes, accepting them merely as a necessity of civilization. He loves pantomime and would like to do an entire stage play in silence. He enjoys the radio and Fred Allen is his favorite entertainer.

I recall that Elsa told me that day, that except climatically, they agreed perfectly on everything. Charles preens under the California sunshine, he likes the heat and dazzling brilliance of the desert, while she loves her London fogs, the sharp wind of winter, and its storms. But, she gaily added, she went to the desert with him and he accompanied her to mountain resorts.

Now—she was waiting for him in London, and he was hurrying to join her.

The next day I was told that Charles made the last scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty" at seven o'clock that night. At nine, he suddenly decided to take a swim in the pool just outside of his bungalow at the Garden of Allah. For an hour he idly played in the water. After all his impatience to be off he barely made the train.

Chief among the treasures he carried away with him were six special rubber noses and four wigs made by Hollywood's make-up expert, Ernie Westmore, to be used for his "Cyrano de Bergerac" rôle.

Standing on the rear platform of the train as it pulled out, clutching the same dilapidated hat he wore when he arrived more than a year ago under one arm, and a bunch of detective magazines under the other, this genius of the screen, this world celebrated actor, lifted his voice to shout to his friends: "Watch out for me, I'll be back the first of the year!"

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nue, Aurora, Ill. Miss Louise Harned, 207 Armory St., New Haven, Conn.

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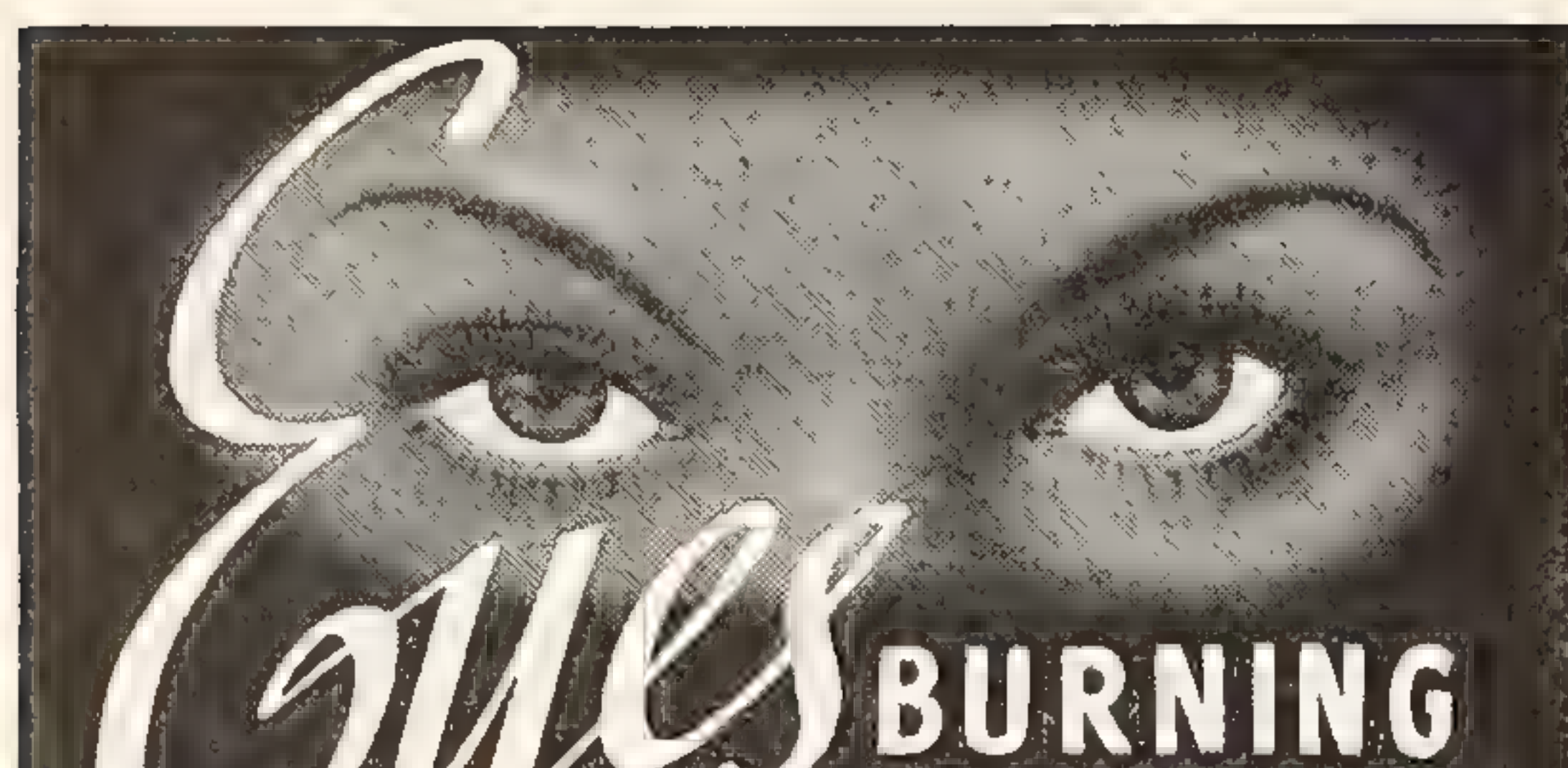
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Shirley's Chum Speaks Up

Continued from page 51

from now on!" Mock boredom, finely acted. Shirley went to Honolulu this summer and Marilyn went to Panama.

"I just have to see Shirley, mother," said Marilyn, "and exchange views on the vacation situation. I want to take her to lunch at Bullock's Wilshire. I suppose she'll have her old carrots and peas as usual. But I'm going to order a cream cheese and jam sandwich. You should see the ice cream cake parties we get at Fox every time we finish a picture. And once," here Marilyn nearly strangled with laughter as she wriggled under the table to retrieve a toy, "Mr. Cummings sat right down on a tack in his chair!"

The merriment ceased suddenly and she eyed her mother askance. I hastened to break an awkward pause.

"Is there anything you'd rather do than work in the movies?" I asked.

"No, not if I can be with Shirley," she said. "But I'm going to have a baby in about five years. Two of 'em. Twins. Two girls."

"Do you think you could take care of two babies?"

"Course. All I'd have to do is wash 'em and feed 'em and put 'em to bed. I been practicing on my dolls. And I never dress or undress 'em in the public."

"How many dolls have you?"

She thought seriously as she tried to stand on her head in the corner. Then she waved a leg vaguely at Mrs. Granas. "You figure that one out, mother."

Mother, being temporarily at a loss, made a helpless signal. Marilyn offered to show me her teeth. I gazed spellbound at a long, vacant row of gum. Her uppers are practically non-existent.

"Shirley's lost some teeth, too," she said, "but she's got some false ones on wires. She takes 'em out to eat, though. And they have to be put in a glass of water to keep the color. And one day the property man didn't see 'em, and he threw out the glass of water after lunch, and nobody could do anything more on the picture until the teeth were found. The whole company crawled around on the ground through the trees looking for Shirley's teeth. Thank goodness they were still white!"

Marilyn doesn't like pictures very much unless they are Shirley's. However, she broke down to admit a sneaking liking for Laurel and Hardy, Our Gang, and Joe E. Brown. She HATES pictures about L-U-V.

"I earn fifteen cents a week," she told me proudly. And then she sent what was unmistakably a baleful glance in mother's direction. "When I get it," she added. "You see, mother takes all my money to pay things off."

"Why, Marilyn!" protested Mrs. Granas, looking desperate.

"Well, remember the laundry man that came to collect?"

Fortunately, the idea struck the young lady at this moment to go into an intricate tap routine.

"If you know any little girls who would like to go into the movies," she gasped, her curls bobbing up and down as the house shook, "tell 'em that I advise 'em to go to dancing school. That's how I got my job."

Marilyn and about seven other little girls appeared in Shirley's first picture in a party sequence and Marilyn was chosen from the group to be Shirley's stand-in.

"It was the biggest day in my life," she told me.



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The tap dance came to a limp but abrupt close.

"Mummy," Marilyn said, climbing into her mother's lap, "I'm so tired."

Her eyelids dropped heavily: her shoulders sagged, her little mouth was pouting. The child seemed exhausted. Conscience-stricken, I rose to go.

As I walked down the path to my car, I heard Marilyn coming behind me. Her eyes were wide awake and shining, her mouth stretched into a broad grin. She was as vital and fresh as the dawn.

"I'm going to play," she shouted, turning a handspring on the lawn. "I'm going to play, I'm going to play!"

Picture-Making in Paris

Continued from page 33

let out a creak and groan at a most unexpected moment. Finally, around the tenth time, the wheels acted in a manner befitting the solemnity of the occasion and the scene was O.K.

Then, feeling very drab and seedy surrounded by such splendor I edged into a chair next to Elissa, who was a heavenly vision surrounded by the clouds of veil and yards of train. John Lodge joined us and we had a grand visit. Both of them are equally at home in French or English. Naturally, with her youth spent in Europe, I was not surprised at La Landi's French; but to hear perfect French, without a trace of an accent, flowing from John Lodge was a pleasant surprise. He seemed perfectly at ease in his red and gold uniform chatting in French. They are both enchanted with the photography of "Koenigsmarck." Miss Landi said they told her it would be good, but with the memory of perfect Hollywood camera work she went to view the first rushes with a bit of fear—only to walk out full of praise.

The exteriors were taken at a beautiful castle near Rambouillet, where the President of France's summer castle stands. Lodge is delighted to be in Paris again and renew old acquaintances. If the present picture finishes in time he will go to London to play opposite Anna Sten. If not, he has several other projects. In "Koenigsmarck" Pierre Fresnay plays the same part in both versions. He played in New York last winter with Yvonne Printemps in Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece" and is a fine actor.

A couple of days later I had cocktails with Miss Landi in her Paris apartment. Without her tiara and wedding finery she was even more lovely. Her bronze-gold hair and gray-green eyes need no other aids to set off their beauty. We talked of cabbages and kings, of movies and books, paintings and youthful days in England. Reluctantly, I left; but with a warning that I would camp on her door-step. Said she would be disappointed if I didn't ring the door-bell and walk in! Her sister-in-law and other members of her family are with her, so it's a charming, though temporary, home circle they have here. When "Koenigsmarck" is finished she will go to London to play with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in "The Amateur Gentlemen." Miss Landi is very serious about her literary work which she can't do when making films; so after "The Amateur Gentlemen" is finished she plans on playing on the stage in New York, which will give her time to wield her pen.

Ran into Richard Dix as I was leaving Elissa Landi and today's boat is bringing in Fredric March and his wife, Helen Hayes, Douglas Montgomery, and Edgar Selwyn. So you see Paris seems quite a suburb of Hollywood. I'll tell you more next month.



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O'Shaughnessy's Boy
M-G-M

For a good emotional binge, an interesting story and a fine production, this is it. The famous team of "The Champ," Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, are re-united in a circus story about an animal trainer who loses his wife and baby boy. He spends years searching for the boy. Beery turns in one of the best performances to date. Jackie is growing up to be a fine actor. Sarah Haden and Spanky McFarland, great.



The Affair of Susan
Universal

Two wistful lonely hearts, with their pitiful pretenses and frustrations, are sensitively portrayed by Zasu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell. They find each other at Coney Island, only to be lost again—but not for long. The finish goes a little too far for logic, but the rest is played and directed with feeling and a good, firm soft-pedal. Walter Catlett is amusing as the butter-inner who finally brings some good news.



The Bishop Misbehaves
M-G-M

Plenty of exciting action about an English bishop who loves detective stories and finds himself in the midst of a case to solve. Beautifully played by Edmund Gwynn, newcomer from the English stage. Maureen O'Sullivan is delightful as the spunky inventor's daughter who has her father's papers stolen back again from the original thieves. Reginald Owen, Dudley Digges and the others make up a really fine cast



Special Agent
Warners

Stylized melodrama made interesting by Bette Davis, George Brent, and Ricardo Cortez, and more than averagely stirring by reason of its exposition of how the Treasury Department lands in jail for income tax evasion those higher-ups in the crime world who are too powerful for local police. Bette is the bookkeeper for the racketeer, Cortez, and George is the Federal agent posing as a reporter. It's good.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Red Salute
United Artists



The Communist menace in colleges, with a slight touch of "It Happened One Night" influence thrown in, supplies the story material for this entertaining picture. Barbara Stanwyck rates salutes for her acting as the *General's* daughter, in love with Hardie Albright, would-be "Red." She is sent to Mexico and falls in love with an enlisted man, Robert Young. The comedy is funny, and the situations pretty good.

Powder-smoke Range
RKO-Radio



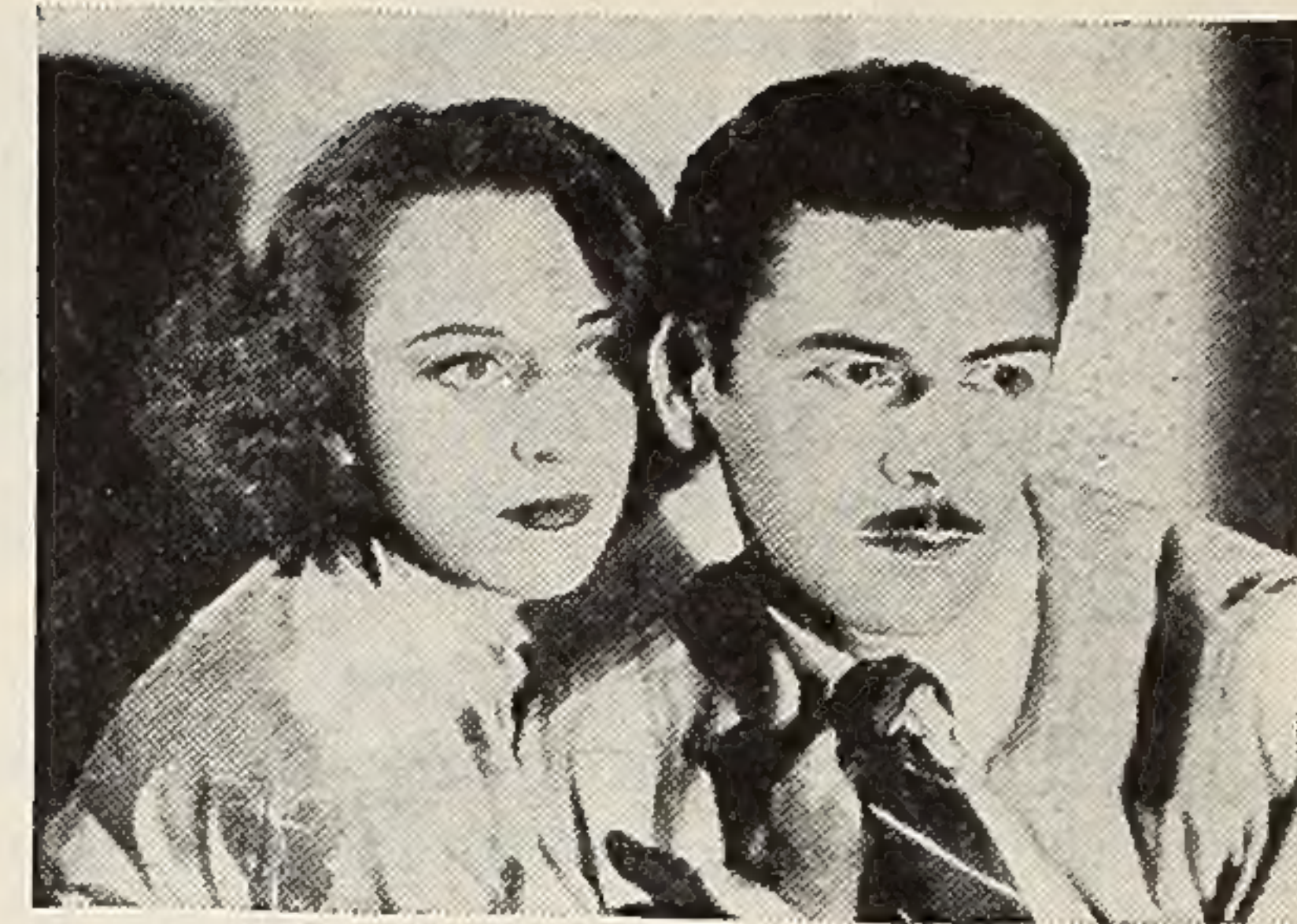
"Horse opera" *deluxe*. Whether or not you're a western fan, here's action, fun, and excitement. The cast, a regular round-up of some of the films' greatest western stars, includes Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele, Tom Tyler and many more. Boots Mallory is the pretty girl whose ranch is being raided by rustlers. Plenty of gun-play, and a pistol duel between Carey and Tyler that's a thriller. A swell western.

This Is the Life
Fox



Jane Withers proves herself an all-round entertainer *par excellence* in this story of a stage child, taken illegally from an orphanage by the cruel couple who over-work her in vaudeville. As escape, she masquerades as a boy, and on the open road has the amusing experiences and complications which make up the chief interest of the film. John McGuire, Sidney Toler, Sally Blane and others in the cast give fine support.

Dr. Socrates
Warners



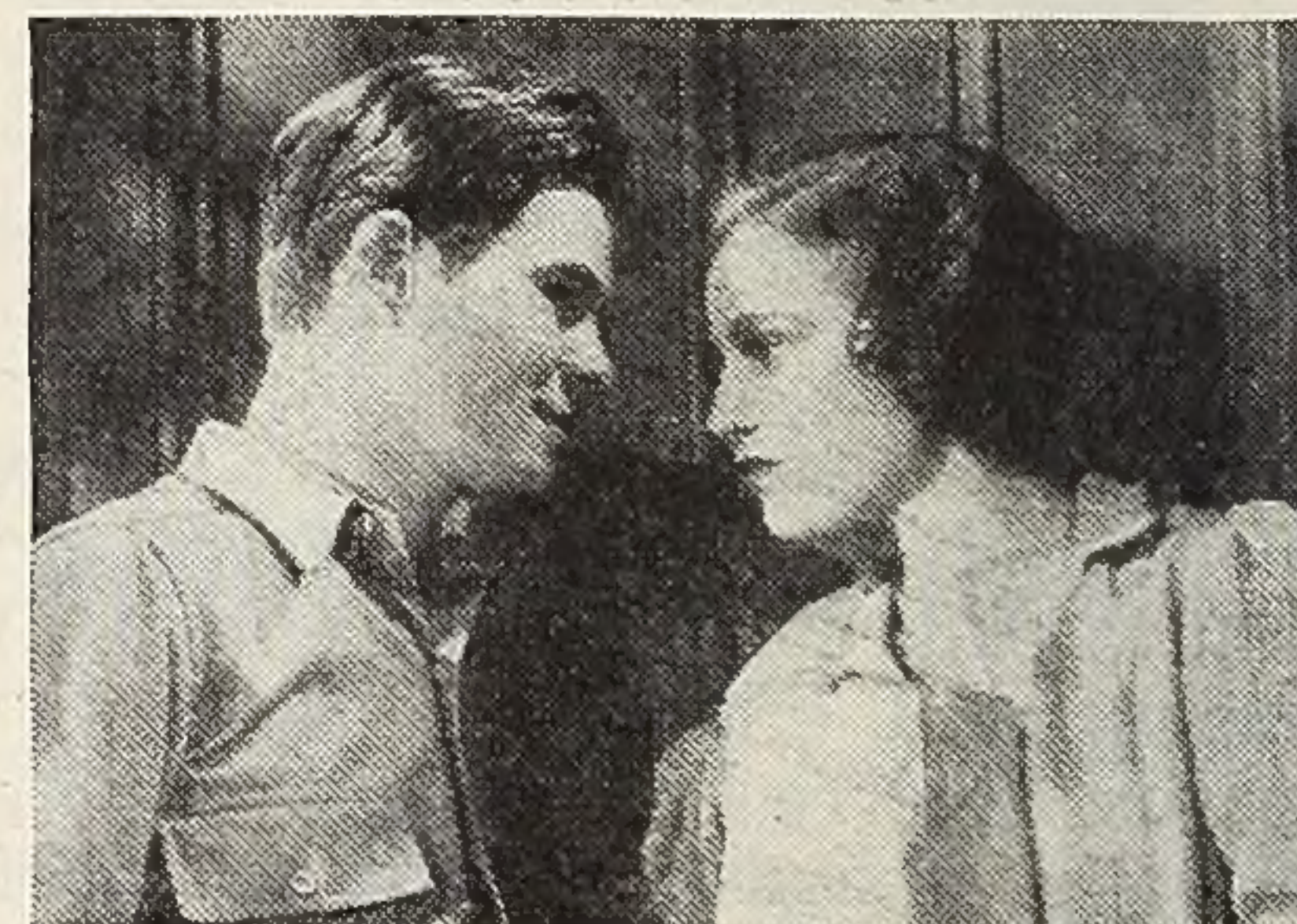
Muni never disappoints, and here is no exception. An interesting characterization of a surgeon setting up practice in a small town, facing its hostilities and getting involved with a gang of desperadoes whom he is instrumental in bringing into the hands of the G-Men. There's also an interesting romance; Ann Dvorak figures here, and engagingly. Excitement and suspense, and Paul Muni. What more do you want?

Little America
Paramount



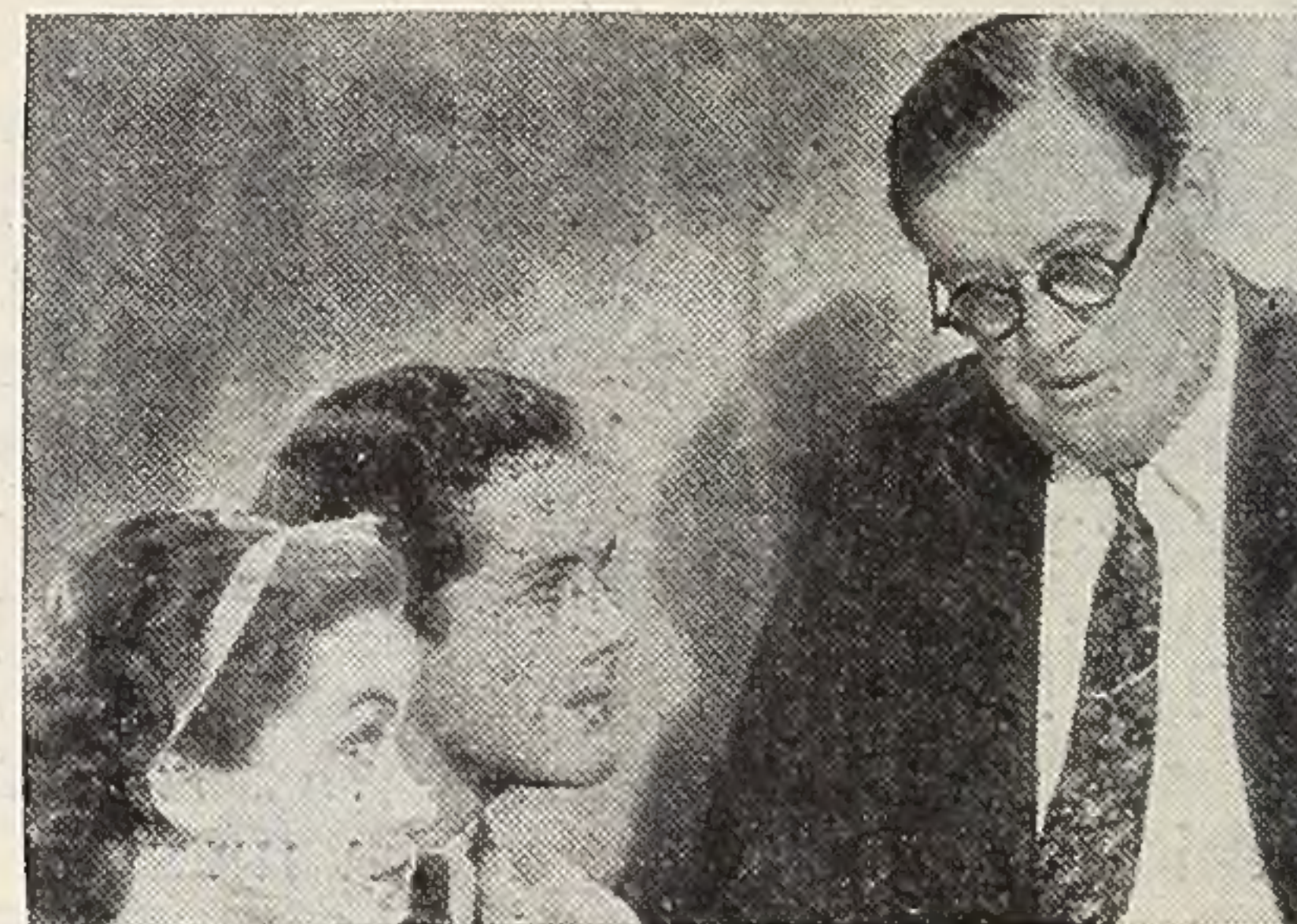
An account of Admiral Richard Byrd's second expedition into Antarctica, magnificently photographed and interestingly presented. Byrd is unquestionably the star, although his men come in for some attention. This is a screen record of exploring with every modern device available, yet it remains a hazardous adventure in the interests of science, conducted in the endless expanses of snow and treacherous water.

Freckles
RKO-Radio



A fine production of the well-known Gene Stratton-Porter story; a good clean film, with lots of laughs and thrills, for all the family. Virginia Weidler puts it in her pocket and begins to go places. She is the whole show. Tom Brown is *Freckles*, and Carol Stone is his school-teacher romance, but the love story is second in importance. A simple, sincere, and entertaining picture, recommended for everybody.

The Virginia Judge
Paramount



For a good homey evening among regular folks, and lots of laughs, you can't beat this story of a small-town judge expertly played by Walter C. Kelly. Robert Cummings does a lot with the problem-young-man who is finally won over by understanding and heroic patience. Marsha Hunt, the romance, is charmingly natural. In supplying comedy from the colored element, Stepin Fetchit really goes to town.

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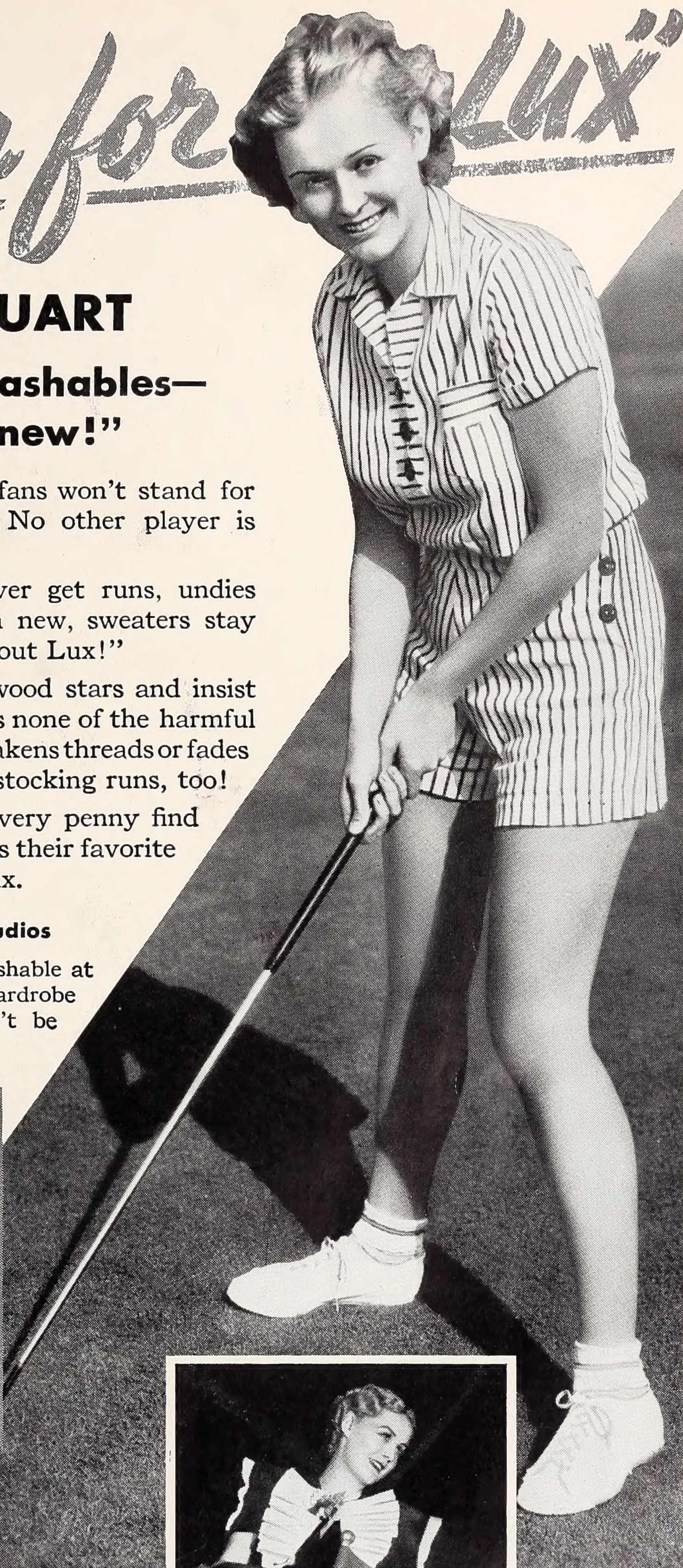
Luxable fashions are important in the wardrobe of this popular star. You'll see her wearing them in Universal pictures. Clever girls take her advice—stick to Lux!



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Mrs. Jasper Morgan



When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

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